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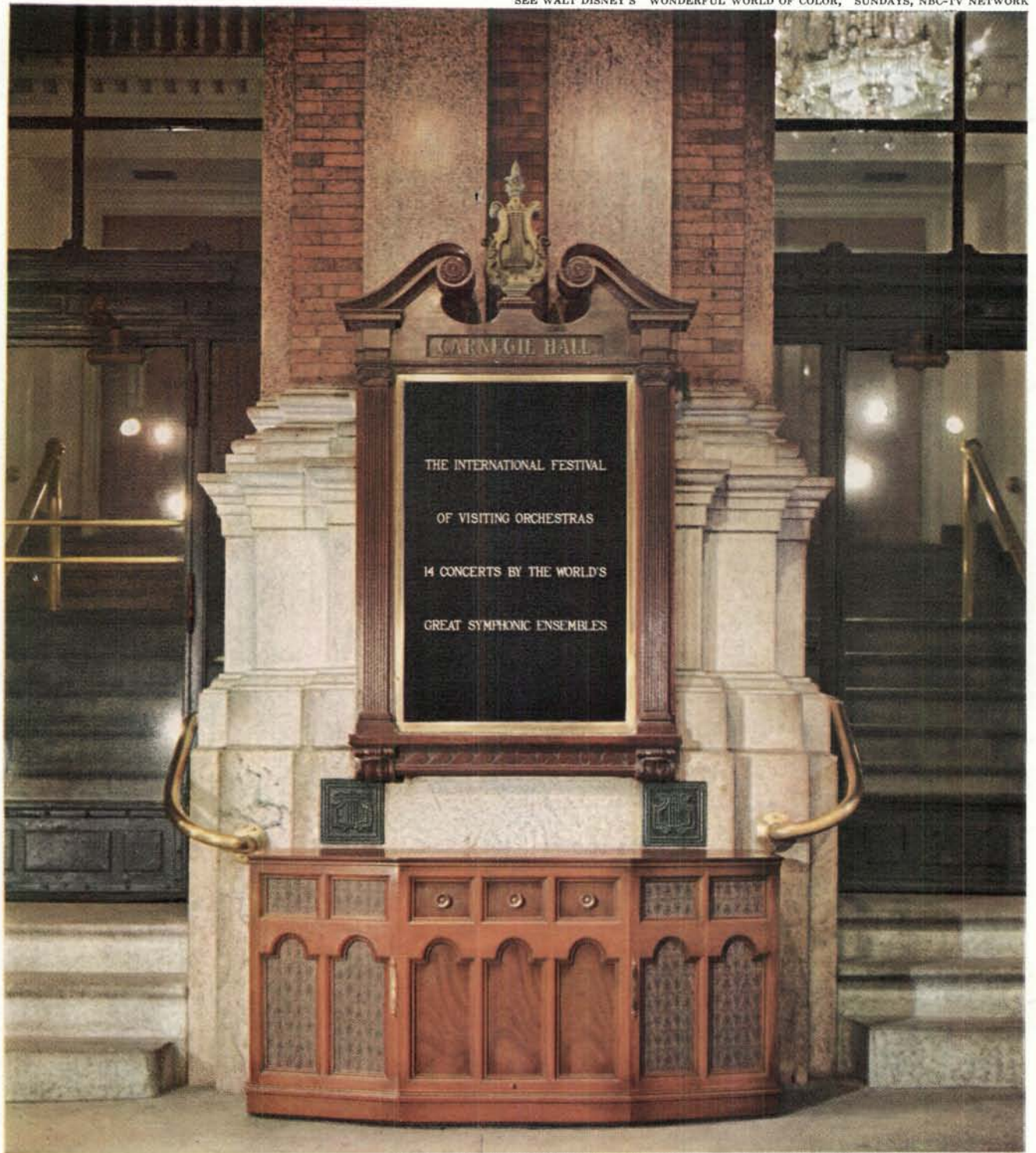
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GERALD W. JOHNSON	The Epidemic of Gooseflesh	43
JUDGE IRVING R. KAUFMAN	The Supreme Court and its Critics	47
SALLIE BINGHAM	The Ice Party - A STORY	54
GEORGE ANTHONY	Christmas in Vermont - A POEM	60
REGINALD MAUDLING	British Policy and the United States	61
N. J. BERRILL	Living Clocks	65
JEANNETTE NICHOLS	One Day - A POEM	69
DUDLEY FITTS	Conversation at the Styx	70
TED HUGHES	Full Moon - A POEM	72
JESSE HILL FORD	The Cave - A STORY	73
MURIEL RUKEYSER	Fighting for Roses - A POEM	78
JAN DOHNALIK	Pax: Poland's Proteus	79
PETER DAVISON	New Poetry	82

BERLIN: THE BROKEN CITY

LUCIUS D. CLAY	What Berlin Means	87
HELMUT ROSKE	The Textbook Factory	90
SARAH GAINHAM	The Political Cabarets	95
MICHAEL MARA	Why the Border Guards Defect	100
WOLF JOBST SIEDLER	The Building and Rebuilding of Berlin	103
	Writers in Berlin: A Three-way Discussion	110
KURT WISMACH	What Ulbricht Doesn't Know	114
OTTO FREI	The People of East Berlin	118
ERIKA VON HORNSTEIN	The Young Germans	122
HENRY C. WALLICH	Berlin's Economic Future	130

ATLANTIC REPORTS	4
ACCENT ON LIVING	136
PLEASURES AND PLACES	144
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC	148
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF	152

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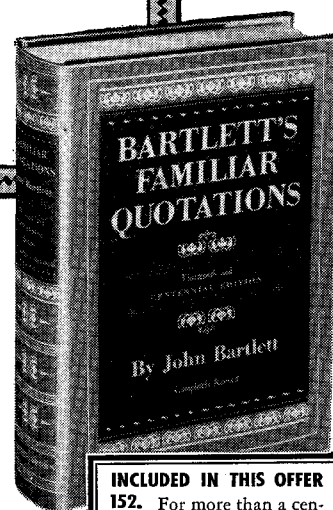
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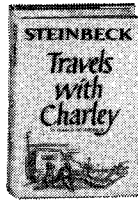
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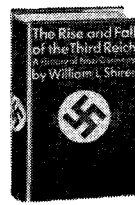
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WASHINGTON

THE struggle for the Republican presidential nomination has clearly become a battle for the soul of the Republican Party. Much more is involved than personalities, and much more is at stake than control of the party in 1964. The fight that will rage until a nominee is chosen next summer will determine the character and direction of the party for at least four years.

The extent of the Goldwater boom has come as a surprise to at least two experienced politicians, President Kennedy and Senator Goldwater. Neither expected it to develop as rapidly as it did in the summer and fall, and neither is quite sure that it can last. But neither would deny that it is a highly significant political phenomenon.

Unlike Democratic and Republican moderates who want both major parties to march closely together down the middle road, the Goldwater Republicans, many of whom are more conservative than the senator, want the issues between the parties drawn sharply and even divisively. They think the country is doomed unless it follows their leadership and reverses a host of Eisenhower and Kennedy Administration policies. To the Goldwater enthusiasts, compromise on either domestic or foreign issues means weakness. They dislike the theory of coexistence in all its manifestations. Senator Goldwater's vote against ratification of the nuclear-test-ban treaty was an expression of that sentiment.

Republican schizophrenia

Although today the anger of the Goldwater followers is directed against the Kennedy Administration, their distrust of the Eisenhower Administration was almost as great. Under Eisenhower, however, they had no alternative but to maintain a degree of silence while working for more conservative policies; under Kennedy they have no such

inhibition. The Goldwater boom is in a sense an extension of the Taft boom in 1952, and like Senator Taft, Senator Goldwater has an emotional and zealous following. It is most impassioned in the South and in the Republican heartland of the Middle West, but there are Goldwater supporters in other areas, too. New York provides a dramatic example. Its Republican senators, Keating and Javits, who can be re-elected only if they have strong support in New York City, are openly anti-Goldwater. Yet many upstate Republican representatives vote as Goldwater votes. He has more Republican support in the House of Representatives, where rural influence is more pronounced, than from fellow Republicans in the Senate, who depend in part upon city support to be elected.

A major issue of unknown dimensions, which accounts in part for Goldwater's strength, is civil rights. Kennedy supporters are asking whether it will replace the 1960 religious issue as the formidable beneath-the-surface factor in 1964. No one can tell. And much depends on events. But a visitor to Kansas last fall was struck by the extent of the anti-civil-rights talk he heard in that state, which has only a small Negro population.

Reports from other states, particularly such key electoral states as Illinois and Ohio, indicate a growing uneasiness on the part of many white voters. President Kennedy acknowledged at a press conference last summer that the civil rights issue may have hurt him politically. Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown of California said the issue had hurt the President in California, although he was quick to affirm that the President was right. A survey in Cambridge, Maryland, the scene of much racial turmoil, indicated that an overwhelming majority of white workers there who supported the Democratic nominee in 1960 would vote for anyone else in 1964.



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Report on Washington



The President's hope is that passage of a civil rights bill may meet many of the present grievances and persuade the Negro to take his fight off the streets and back into the courts. But because politicians know that in this explosive area anything can happen, their uneasiness is acute. The Goldwater Republicans are convinced that the issue could turn the election in their favor, and the fact that they think so makes for party schizophrenia.

When Governor Rockefeller made a ringing appeal to the party to remain faithful to its historic devotion to civil rights, there was almost total silence from the professional politicians. Most of them have coldly calculated that the Democrats, for the time being at least, have a corner on the Negro vote, and that for Republicans to win they must carry the South. Goldwater is in the best position among the Republicans to do that.

Republicans who want to stop Goldwater recognize the difficulty of their position. Since the decline of Rockefeller's popularity, they do not have an obvious candidate. But the moderate and progressive Republicans do not want the party machinery taken over for the next four years by the right wing. They think a right-winger could not win in 1964. They think that he would permanently damage the party image. These men, therefore, are determined to deny the nomination to Goldwater. They have been relatively quiet in recent months, but no one believes that they have been idle.

The President's budget troubles

Washington newspapers were filled with stories in the fall about the overcrowding in the District of Columbia schools and the shortage of teachers. The District of Columbia is a ward of Congress, and it may not hire new teachers without permission of Congress. One newspaper picture showed ninety-seven students crowded into a single classroom at Spingarn High School.

The critical situation was the result of the failure of Congress to enact on schedule the District of Columbia appropriation bill for the fiscal year that began July 1. All of the federal money bills are supposed to be approved each year before July 1. But on this matter, as on many others,

Congress has been in no hurry to act, although until it did act the Secretary of State could not know how much money he would have available to maintain embassies overseas, and the Superintendent of Schools in the District could not know how much he would have for teachers' salaries.

If a corporation executive had to work on such a basis — not knowing until well into the year what funds he would be allowed — he could hardly be expected to operate efficiently. When more than a fourth of this fiscal year was past, Congress had completed work on two regular appropriation bills — Interior and Treasury-Post Office — which accounted for about 7 percent of the federal budget.

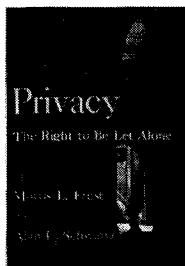
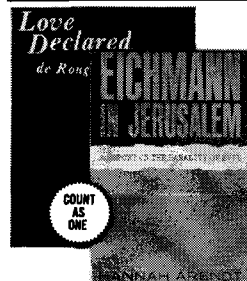
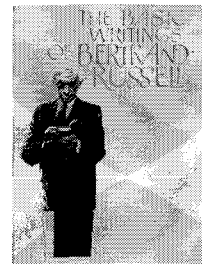
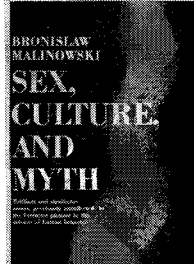
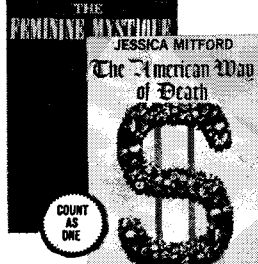
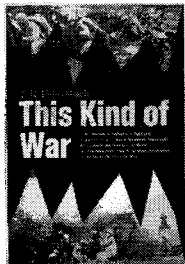
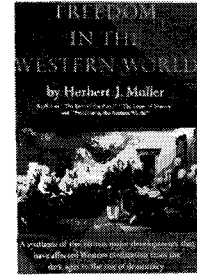
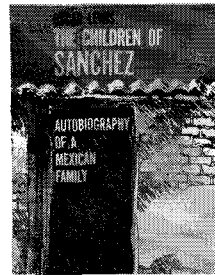
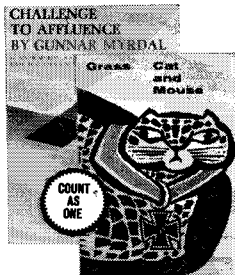
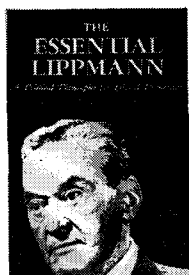
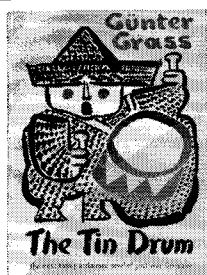
The various other government agencies have been kept operating by the passage of continuing resolutions authorizing the expenditure of funds on the basis of last year's appropriations. The failure to appropriate the funds prevented Washington from employing 344 new teachers it said it needed to handle 5126 new pupils.

President Kennedy's task is also complicated because in his economic and budget planning he could not make accurate calculations regarding current expenditures. And delay on the tax bill left him without precise information regarding revenues. Even before all of this year's appropriations are enacted, he must complete much of the work on the budget he will submit to Congress in January for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1964. He will not know until a short time before his new budget goes to press what the final appropriations for 1963 will be. He may not know even then when Congress will pass the new tax bill that is scheduled to take effect January 1, 1964.

President Kennedy announced in the summer of 1962 that he would request a major income tax cut. He submitted details to Congress in January, 1963. The House approved a bill in September. The Senate Finance Committee, which refused even to study the President's proposals until all work was done in the House, began leisurely consideration of the bill in the first part of October. Whether the bill will be enacted in time to take effect on schedule remains to be seen.

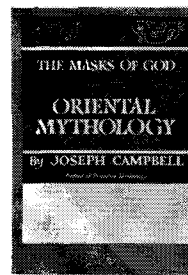
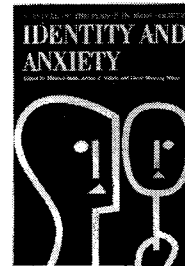
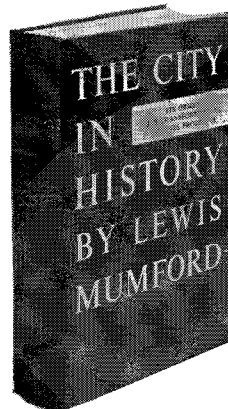
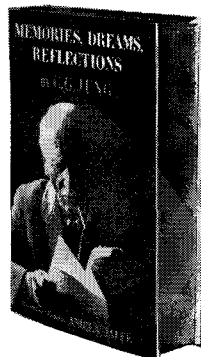
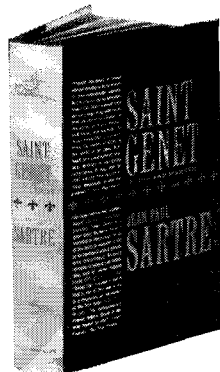
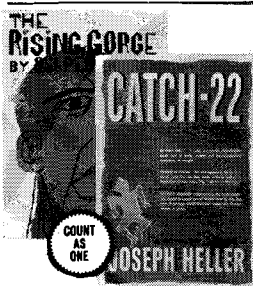
Democratic schizophrenia

Some persons have been quick to blame the House and Senate leaders for the slow pace of the current Congress and for its inability or unwillingness to enact even the essential appropriation bills on schedule. But the cause goes much deeper. The explanation for what has happened lies in the committee system, in which seniority determines the membership of committees; the absence of party responsibility; and the deliberate strategy



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Food for Thought

Novice investors are sometimes puzzled by the facts of economic life that they encounter when they first start reading the financial news.

For example, take percentages. They can be pretty confusing. If the price of a stock rises from 40 to 80, it rises 100%. If it falls from 80 to 40, it falls only 50%—and yet the dollar amounts are the same in both instances.

Then there's the matter of yields. The yield of a common stock is the return per year, expressed as a percentage of its current market value. It is calculated by dividing the current annual dividend by the current market price of the stock. Obviously, the yield of a stock increases when the dividend rate is increased and decreases when the dividend rate is decreased. And interestingly enough, the yield also increases when the price of the stock declines and decreases when the price advances—assuming that the dividend rate remains the same.

The major mystery is probably that of fluctuating prices. Why should the price of a stock vary from day to day when the company (of which the stock is a share of ownership) is likely to be very much the same on Tuesday as it was on Monday? The company's prospects clearly do not change as often as the price of its stock fluctuates. Probably the only answer to that riddle is that in the market, any market, a thing is worth what it will fetch—for whatever reason, perhaps for no discernible reason.



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Report on Washington

of delay developed by Administration opponents. Leaders alone cannot impose responsibility on a party as deeply divided as the congressional Democratic Party is today.

The House Appropriations Committee is led by eighty-five-year-old Chairman Clarence Cannon of Missouri. The Senate Appropriations Committee is led by eighty-six-year-old Chairman Carl Hayden of New Mexico. In recent years, the progress of appropriation bills has been slowed by their personal feuding. (Hayden, incidentally, who also is president pro tempore of the Senate, is third in line of succession to the presidency, immediately after the Vice President and the Speaker of the House.)

Cannon works as diligently against the Administration as House Republican leader Charles A. Halleck or Senator Goldwater. Yet Cannon is chairman of a major committee because of his seniority and because he is nominally a Democrat. As long as a man is permitted to work consistently against the party leaders and the party platform, as Cannon does, and yet is rewarded by the party with a committee chairmanship, there is no hope for even the beginning of party responsibility.

President Eisenhower encountered the same kind of party opposition during his first two years in office from Daniel A. Reed, former chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. In his new book the former President retells the story of the long fight he had with Reed, but he does not say how such bruising battles between the party leader in the White House and a leading party member in Congress might be avoided in the future.

President Kennedy has personally intervened on behalf of the District's school budget and its welfare budget. More than once the President has telephoned members of Congress or summoned them to his office for conferences to emphasize the District's requirements.

And it is a Democrat who has caused him the greatest trouble. Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Vir-

ginia, who will surely have the President's support for re-election in 1964, has opposed the President on many District matters as well as on the issue of the nuclear-test-ban treaty. Byrd is chairman of the Senate District Appropriations Subcommittee and is a powerful figure on that powerful committee. Because he is a Democrat he can count on the President's support in an election, whether or not he supports the President in Congress.

Mood of the Capital

The Administration has come almost full cycle from the cry of what can be done to the cry of what cannot be done. In 1960, Kennedy campaigned on the theme that all things were possible in an Administration led by a vigorous and resourceful President. Now he more often talks about the limitations on his power and on the nation's power. It will be interesting to see what tone he adopts in his re-election campaign to reignite the enthusiasm for the New Frontier and to persuade the country that the dynamism of his Administration has not been lost.

The inability of the United States to influence events abroad has been a theme of a number of Kennedy's recent comments in news conferences and speeches. In December, 1962, when he was interviewed by three television reporters, the President said that the problems of the presidency had proved to be "more difficult than I had imagined they were," and that "there is a limitation upon the ability of the United States to solve these problems." He has also said, "The responsibilities placed on the United States are greater than I imagined them to be."

These remarks are frank and revealing. Now, with the succession of military coups in Latin America and with the inability of the United States to influence decisively the government in South Vietnam, the stalemate over Kashmir, or the determination of President de Gaulle to oppose the Western alliance, there is an unpleasant air of defeatism in Washington.

Add to these overseas problems the President's difficulties with Congress, and the gloom that characterizes some of the President's recent utterances is understandable.



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California
Dry Sherry

The Atlantic Report



COLOMBIA

COLOMBIA'S unique formula of government is a controlled democracy planned and administered by a traditional oligarchy. Since 1958, the National Front—a coalition between the long-hostile Conservative and Liberal parties for sharing power rather than battling for it—has ruled this violence-wracked country. The coalition helps explain both the dynamics and stagnancy of Colombian society.

President Guillermo León Valencia, a Conservative, is Colombia's second head of state under the bipartisan accord. He follows Liberal Alberto Lleras Camargo. And he will be followed by a Liberal. The alternating of the presidency between the two parties every four years until 1974 is paralleled by the "parity" principle, which allocates equally to the two parties every elective and appointive government office on national, provincial, and municipal levels. Even embassy invitations are sent to Conservatives and Liberals in equal number. Parity and alternation are written into the Constitution and were ratified by popular referendum in 1958.

Almost weekly, what is simply called "*la violencia*" reminds Colombians of a principal reason for this coalition. The death toll from the banditry, blood-revenge, and protection racketeering in many rural areas has decreased to an average of two hundred and fifty men, women, and children a month. But the slaughter had its origins in partisan Conservative-Liberal warfare, beginning with the assassination in April, 1948, of fiery Liberal leader Jorge Gaitán. His death triggered the savage "Bogotazo"—a three-day mob destruction of the capital, Bogotá.

Between 1948 and 1953—the peak of *la violencia*—more than 200,000 Colombians lost their lives in civil strife resulting from the incumbent Conservative suppression and Liberal retaliation. The pitting of family against family and village against village indicated how intertwined party loyalties were with historic feuds and discontents, which over the generations sporadically erupted to lay waste so much life and property.

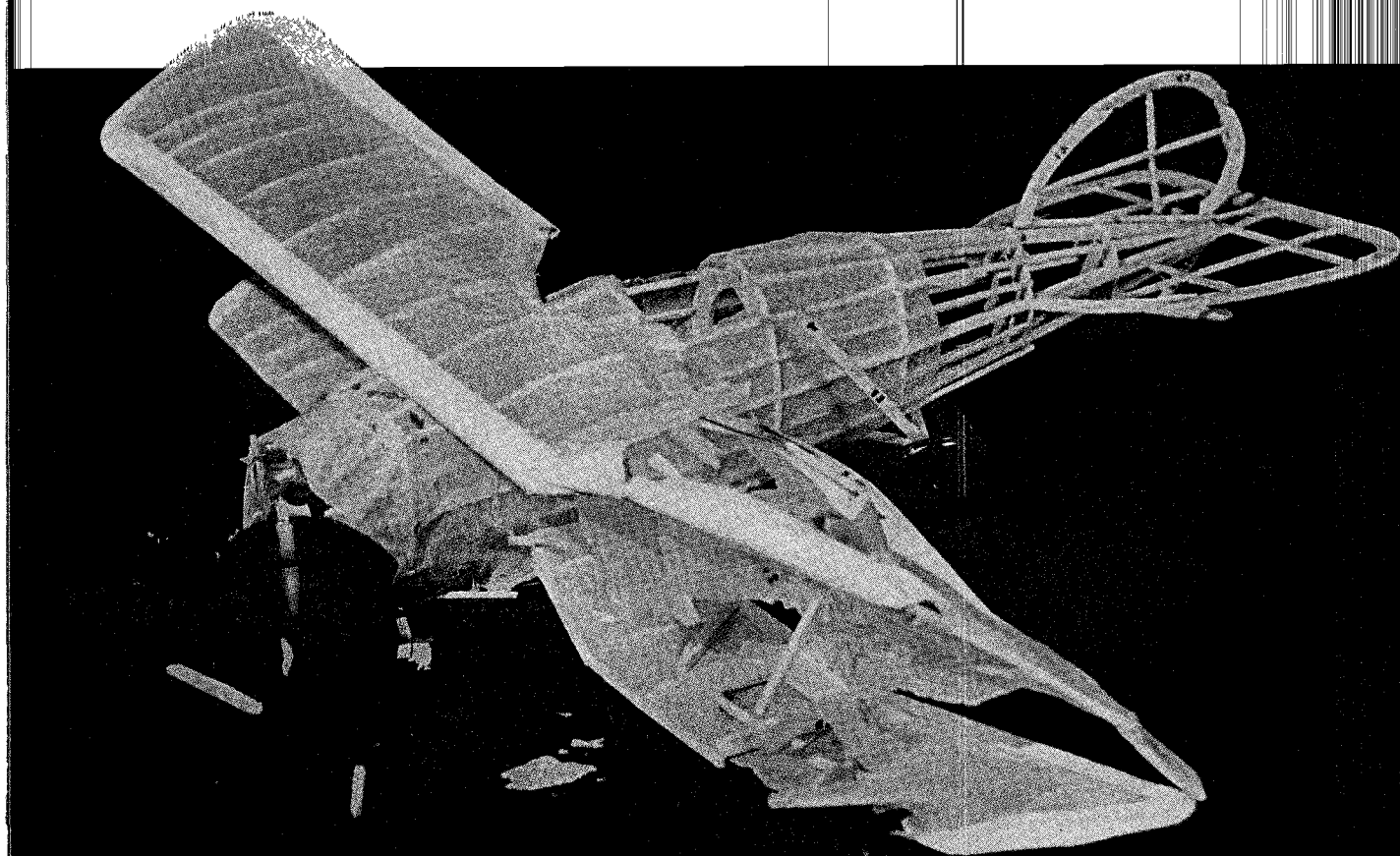
The seizure of power by General Rojas Pinilla in 1953 diminished hostilities but brought on the woes of a military dictatorship. Four years later, widespread civilian protest culminating in decisive support by the Church and a national general strike ensured Rojas's downfall and opened the way for the experiment in bipartisan cooperation.

Practical politics

It remains true that most Colombians, whether rich or poor, still declare themselves to be either Conservatives or Liberals. But increasingly, these affiliations rest on inherited allegiances, with little contemporary nourishment except insofar as parity qualifies one for a government job. Fundamental issues used to divide the two parties. Conservatives favored strong Catholic Church influence in secular affairs, centralized government, limited suffrage, and maintenance of class privileges. Liberals generally advocated greater government attention to popular needs within a federalist framework. These questions are still the subject of personal differences, but they have been submerged for practical reasons.

Notwithstanding the emergence of factions within the parties, the tight-knit groups in control are not in disagreement over the aristocratic allocation of economic and political power. They have close family ties, common interests, and understandings with leaders of the Church, press, military, and many labor unions. The oligarchy knows that a resumption of interparty strife would afford opportunities for the growth of radical forces disastrous to Liberals and Conservatives alike. Up to now, the illegal Communist Party has been of little significance, and its frustration is shown in the hit-and-run terroristic activities in the larger cities.

The National Front is pursuing what economists call the trickle-down theory of economic growth in its avowed mission of improving living standards. The orientation of the ambitious Ten-Year Development Plan spanning the sixties is production first, then distribution. Colombians will have to be patient people, for their current annual per



Epilepsy used to ruin so much of a child's life

Years ago, a child living under the shadow of epilepsy often had his happy activities shattered by a sudden seizure.

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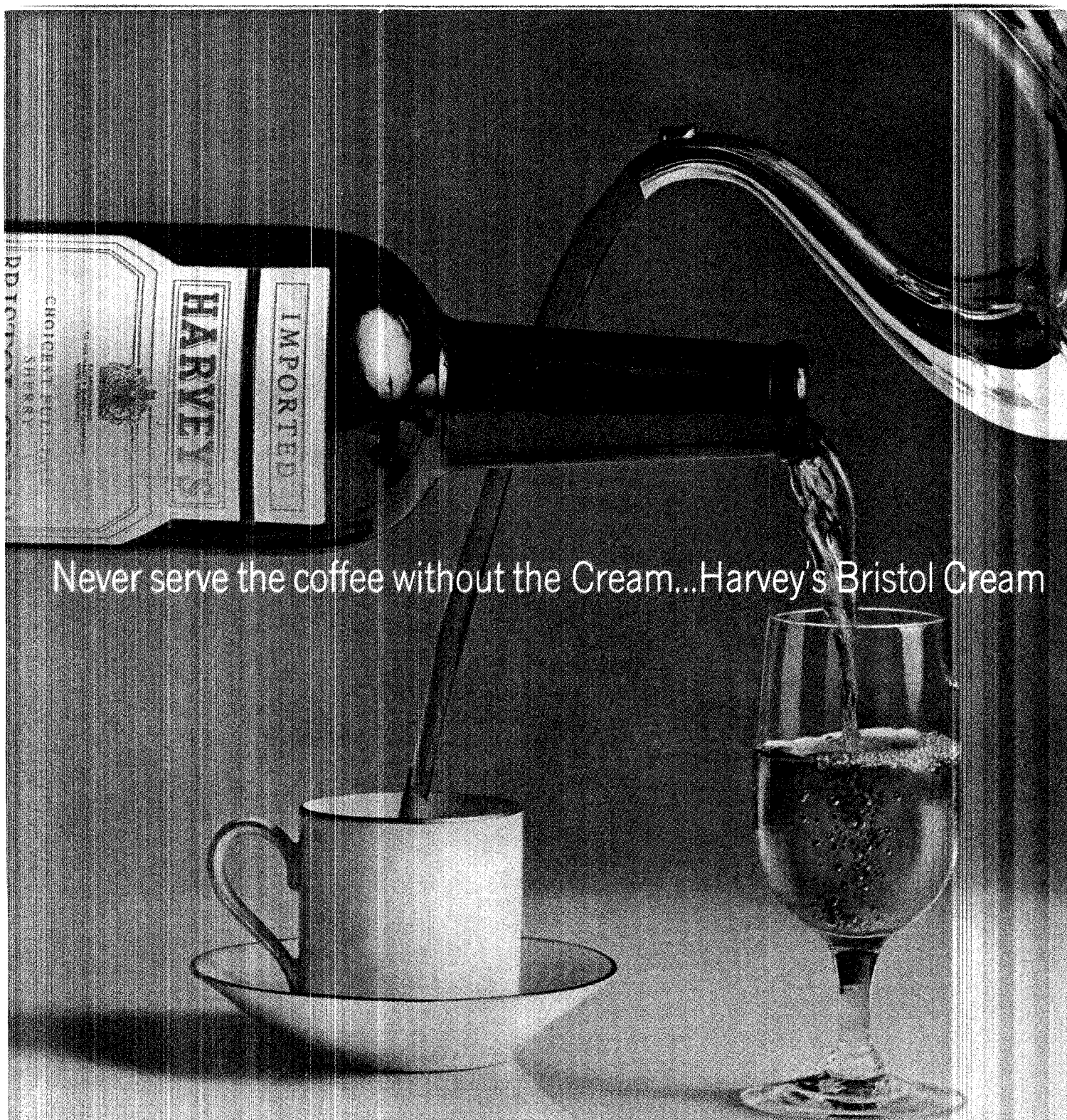
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Report on Colombia

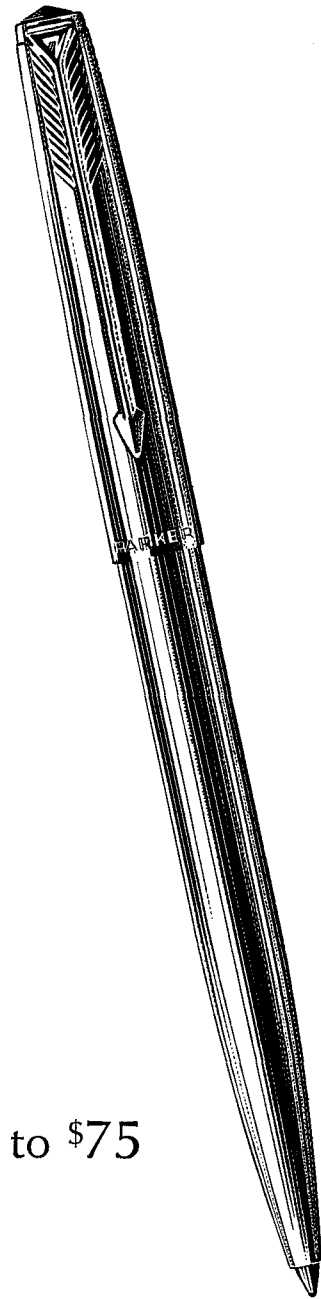
capita income of \$260, very unevenly distributed among a fast-growing population of 16 million, is expected to reach \$560 per capita by 1984, given the attainment of present targets. This projection — not the entire measure of well-being, but an important one — sobers some of the enthusiasm about the prospects for Colombia's development.

Colombia's natural resources

To a degree infrequently found in South America, Colombia possesses a combination of natural resources and viable institutions which has made it a favorite of international and United States development agencies over the past decade. Slightly larger than Texas and California combined, it has a variety of climates, topographies, and soils permitting more diversified agricultural industries than exist today, and vastly more productive cattle and forest-products industries. The eastern plains provide some of the finest pastureland in the world. Land in the Cauca Valley has no superior anywhere for sugar production, and studies have shown that by 1970 export earnings from sugar may exceed those from coffee, now the country's chief crop. Productive forests cover an area three times the size of New England. These tremendous timber stands provide the basis for important derivative industries waiting to be developed.

Energy resources, so crucial to economic growth, are abundant in the form of cheap hydroelectric power sources, coal, and petroleum. Recently, hydroelectric output and distribution have been expanding rapidly. The remarkable development of air, highway, rail, and water transportation and the installation of modern communications facilities have significantly furthered economic integration of a country deeply divided by numerous mountain ranges. These geographic barriers fostered the growth of semi-isolated urban centers with regional economies. This gave the nation the foundation for a balanced territorial growth. Today Bogotá has over 1,250,000 people, Medellín and Cali over 600,000 each, and there are seven cities with over 100,000 population.

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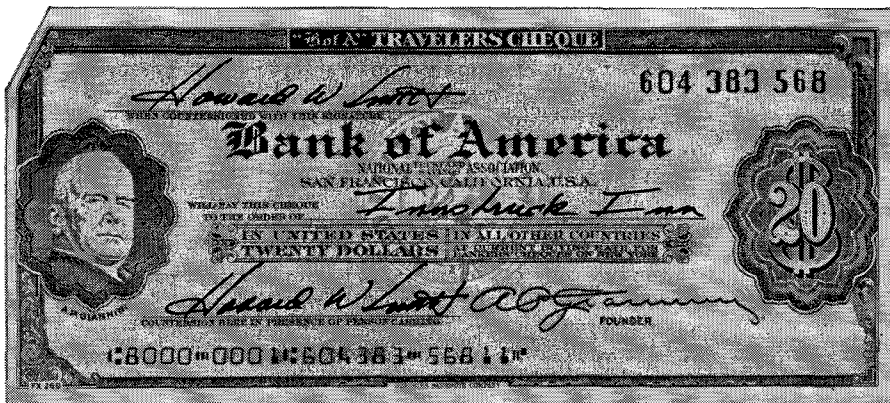
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Report on Colombia

Other factors have impressed analysts of Colombia's assets for rapid self-sustaining growth. Its entrepreneurial class has displayed considerable initiative toward industrial expansion, now accounting for 18 percent of the national product and meeting domestic needs in a wide assortment of consumer goods. The climate for foreign investment, by way of legislated incentives, free repatriation of capital and profits, and a past devoid of radically disruptive leftist xenophobia and expropriations, is considered excellent.

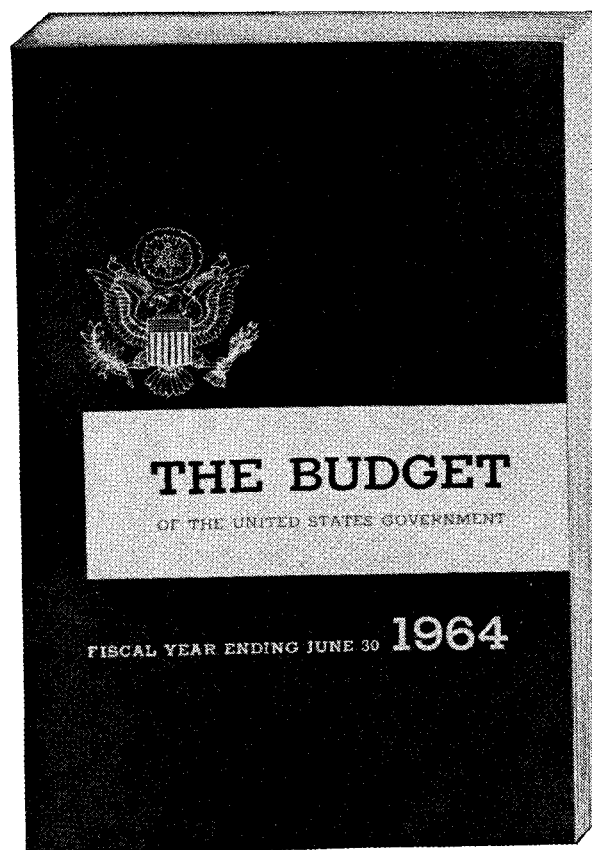
Industrial improvements

Moreover, there is widespread acceptance of the Alliance for Progress. Colombia was one of the first Latin countries to draw up a comprehensive development plan. A tax reform begun in 1960 is being amplified with emphasis on enforcement. The country receives about 45 percent of its revenues from corporate and income taxes, which is a high proportion for an underdeveloped country. A strongly worded agrarian-reform law was passed in late 1961. It established a semiautonomous agency, INCORA, to implement changes in the agrarian structure, which include dividing large, underutilized estates, colonizing public lands, consolidating tiny, uneconomic plots, and alleviating rural poverty through greater productivity and social justice.

The formation and performance of semiautonomous institutions, which try to combine public accountability with a nonpolitical professionalism, have shown encouraging results. The National Service of Apprenticeship, SENA, financed by a tax on large employers, has trained sixty thousand factory workers since 1957 in its many centers throughout the country. The Territorial Credit Institute, ICT, is engaged in the most ambitious low-cost-housing program in Latin America. Supported by Alliance and other foreign loans, it is pioneering new methods of public and private housing finance and construction that are attracting attention elsewhere on the continent. One of the most successful and efficient integrated public valley authorities in the world, the Corporation of the Cauca Valley (CVC), is making

Dear Uncle Sam:

**May we ask
about an item
on page 167?**



Under "Rural Electrification Administration" an item calls for \$425,000,000 in loans to rural electric cooperatives.

And by referring to previous editions of your budget book, we note that this amount has been steadily and sharply increasing over the past several years. As an example, in 1952 the appropriation amounted to \$175,000,000.

Yet electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout rural America. To accomplish this, investor-owned power companies worked together with co-ops financed by the Rural Electrification Administration (REA), a lending bureau of the Federal Government.

Except for the necessary maintenance and "heavying up" of existing REA-financed systems to provide for increasing use of electricity, the

mission of getting electricity to rural America is accomplished.

What then explains this massive and continually increasing expenditure for the REA?

We realize this is not a simple, black-and-white matter. But we do believe this item ought to be carefully evaluated.

REA loan money is put out at 2% interest, and electric co-ops pay no Federal income tax. Are loans being offered under these conditions to encourage the building of power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed?

Are REA appropriations being used, contrary to the intent of Congress, to help develop a Federal power system?

Are REA-financed co-ops being urged to expand into urban and in-

dustrial service not contemplated by their original authorization?

Is REA money being passed on unnecessarily to industrial plants to finance power-using equipment?

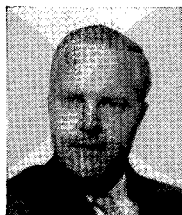
We have two reasons for urging a close examination of these matters. First, we have worked with the co-ops harmoniously and in the public interest for many years. And in the relationship, we believe a clear understanding of what the REA in Washington is trying to do will help both the co-ops and ourselves.

Second, Uncle Sam, you're asking us citizens for more than a hundred billion dollars this year, and even that won't pay the bills. So shouldn't every nonessential expense be eliminated? To paraphrase a saying, if we look after the millions, the billions will take care of themselves.

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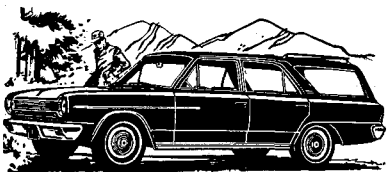
"I don't know whether or not you are familiar with the Eastern Sierras which have some mighty rugged country. Allowing for the altitude of 7,000 feet or better, my American performs like a watch.

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Report on Colombia

great strides in bringing ample power, irrigation, and agricultural extension services to the land-rich Cauca Valley. Other valley authorities are in various stages of development. Private and public development banks with suitably diffused bases of operations help coordinate the many factors involved in productive investments.

The building of such institutions has been instrumental in making Colombia one of the largest recipients of foreign assistance per capita in the world. In the past thirty months, external loans and grants amounted to \$600 million, nearly half provided by the United States. Forty international institutions, foundations, and governments have programs of technical and economic assistance in the country. The Colombian ability to obtain International Monetary Fund and World Bank assistance, as well as to be a testing ground for new initiatives by these bodies, is remarkable. One example is the International Consultative Group, composed of sixteen industrialized nations under World Bank sponsorship. This group is working to bring \$200 million of additional foreign investment each year to help assure the success of the Ten-Year Plan.

In the past two years, however, U.S., World Bank, and I.M.F. missions have grown concerned over increasing inflation and worsening government and trade deficits. Inadequate export earnings and price-wage instability are jeopardizing the continuance of foreign loans in the volume required by the domestic economy. Present conditions also do little to induce the nearly billion dollars of private Colombian capital abroad to return home.

The crisis in coffee

The country's current economic woes are heavily attributed to an inability to compensate for the steady fall in coffee prices. Along with a decrease in the volume exported, prices have declined from seventy-nine cents per pound in 1954 to about forty cents on the New York market now. This is a serious situation, inasmuch as coffee accounts for about 70 percent of Colombia's foreign-exchange earnings. A price

reduction of just one cent per pound represents an annual loss to Colombia of some \$8 million.

The crisis in coffee has made it difficult to sustain the level of capital goods, raw materials, and consumer imports which rose as an incidence of the coffee-boom years in the fifties. A three-year austerity program following Rojas's ouster drastically curtailed imports, devalued the peso, and cut down on investments. Beginning in 1960 the government eased up, relaxing import and credit controls and expanding public capital outlays. In one sphere the new policy seemed to work. During 1961 and 1962 the gross domestic product rose an average of 5 percent, just under the 5.6 percent target in the Development Plan. But government revenues did not keep up with the plan's projections, and a balance-of-payments deficit resulted.

Considerable I.M.F. and U.S. supplementary financing was accompanied by strong recommendations for a comprehensive stabilization program that was effected by President Valencia in December, 1962. It included a peso devaluation, higher import duties, restraints on bank credit, and proposed additional taxes which Colombia's Congress approved in August, 1963. But the devaluation policy was seriously undermined by sharp price and legislated wage increases averaging nearly 25 percent in the first half of 1963. Revenues from new taxes, moreover, will be absorbed mostly by new public payroll increases for the armed forces and national police, effective next year.

Exporting more sugar, bananas, cotton, tobacco, meat, cement, and timber is still a major challenge. Agricultural productivity—essential to the future of the Colombian economy—is impeded by a massive underutilization of land and a lack of enterprise among large landowners.

Conspiracy of silence

Sooner or later, Colombia must face up to the consequences of what is called the National Front's conspiracy of silence. A number of fundamental issues are deemed not to be objects for public scrutiny.

Pre-eminent among these is the role of the Church—once the basis



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Report on Colombia

for so much acrimony between the two parties. Though some maverick young priests are organizing the peasantry for immediate reforms, the Church's outlook is very conservative. Its political and social influence is felt everywhere, but most particularly in education, whose archaic state is a major bottleneck to developing the country's human resources. Many educated Colombians believe a thoroughgoing reform of teacher training and curriculum is obstructed by the Church's power, both in law and tradition, over the entire public and private school system, including the universities. Forty percent of the population is illiterate; a third of all children never attend school at all; and of the remaining two thirds, 80 percent drop out before the fifth grade.

Another institution beyond public debate is the military, a privileged autonomous body content to stay out of politics as long as it receives its desired share of the national budget and the coddling of successive administrations.

Also treated as beyond dispute is the National Front's acceptance of United States influence in the determination of Colombia's foreign policy. Criticism of U.S. pressure against Colombia's having diplomatic or barter-trade relations with Communist countries comes only from fringe groups or from the powerful National Coffee Federation, now desperately trying to find markets in the Communist world.

Also little-questioned by the National Front are the concentration of economic control in a few hands and the monopolistic features of Colombian industry. Observers believe that the country's growth is hampered by the consequent restriction of equal opportunity and avoidance of the benefits of competition. This economic pattern obstructs freedom of entry into business by the energetic but less wellborn. The future of the present coalition government will depend significantly on whether the National Front's gradualist approach can accommodate pressures of urban squalor and rural poverty, whose victims are being aroused to a sense of their own strength.



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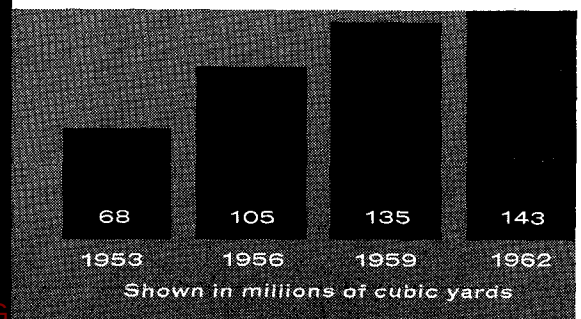
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The Atlantic Report SOUTH VIETNAM



TO PRESIDENT Ngo Dinh Diem and his family, the Buddhist crisis last summer was a cleverly contrived political conspiracy designed to bring down the government by a coup d'etat. They blamed the Communists, a handful of self-seeking, ill-educated Buddhist leaders, numerous members of the American diplomatic and military missions in Vietnam, and the international press. To the Buddhist leaders, who drew on deep wells of religious feeling to arouse a passionate political temper among the people, it was a simple question of religious persecution.

In fact, neither side was right; both deliberately distorted the facts, exaggerated, and lied. In the tangled webs they wove, truth was often hard to discern, though some of the more blatant misrepresentations were readily apparent.

Whatever it may become eventually, the Buddhist leadership has not been Communist. As in neighboring Southeast Asian countries, the Communists in South Vietnam have attempted to infiltrate the Buddhist organizations, but the most patient investigation does not suggest that they have had significant success. Nor was it true that Communist grenades caused the deaths of nine Buddhists in the old imperial capital of Hué on May 8, thus precipitating the crisis, as the government claimed. Responsibility for this blunder lay with the government itself. By attempting to conceal its guilt, which was well known, it destroyed its own credibility, thereby creating a situation that the Buddhists were only too ready to exploit.

At the same time, Buddhists' claims that they were persecuted by the government were untrue, at least until May 8. Discriminated against, they were, but not persecuted. From the moment when the troops opened fire on 10,000 Buddhist demonstrators, however, and armored cars crushed the fallen in the narrow streets of Hué, this obvious persecution became a rallying cry for political action in which the ghastly acts of self-immolation, long-drawn-out and highly emotional memorial services, and politically motivated religious rallies all had their organized part.

In some ways, the ruthless action against the monks and nuns in their pagodas on August 21 and the subsequent use of martial law to discipline wayward university and high school students appeared to be successful. By acting repressively and harshly, the government overcame the immediate threat much more quickly than many Western observers believed possible. But its short-term victory contained the seeds of ultimate defeat in the deep gulf that separates the Confucian elite from the predominantly Buddhist masses. The coup d'etat on November 1, through which the military seized control of the government, in fact had wide support among the people.

The people's religion

By too frequent references to the Roman Catholicism of the Ngo Dinh, the Western press implied, and sometimes stated, that this was an incipient war between Buddhism and Catholicism. It was not. It was actually a much deeper, older, and more basic struggle. For centuries Vietnam has been ruled by highly educated Confucianists who, venerating learning and knowledge, were remote from the earthy peasants, whose Buddhism is gay and exuberant and heavily mixed with animism and Taoism. Buddhism flourished because it was the people's religion. Two thirds of the population are at least nominal followers, and perhaps a third of the population could be described as devout.

Traditionally, Buddhist leaders have come from among the people rather than from the ruling Confucian class, of which President Diem was a striking example. Dedicated, honest, obdurate, and supremely confident of his own omniscience, he lived in a different world from his people, whose Confucian duty, he believed, is not to challenge authority but always to submit loyally to it.

Thus, the enchanting Madame Nhu, with a diamond-encrusted crucifix around her neck, was being Confucian rather than Catholic when she declared that it was a question of national honor that such a low intellectual level of Buddhist leadership should be crushed without pity. It was not merely treasonable but, worse, humiliating

Thank you,
darling,
but I'm not the
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THE KAHLÚA NOG

Add 1 jigger of Kahlúa to one serving of
eggnog. Serve with a sly smile.

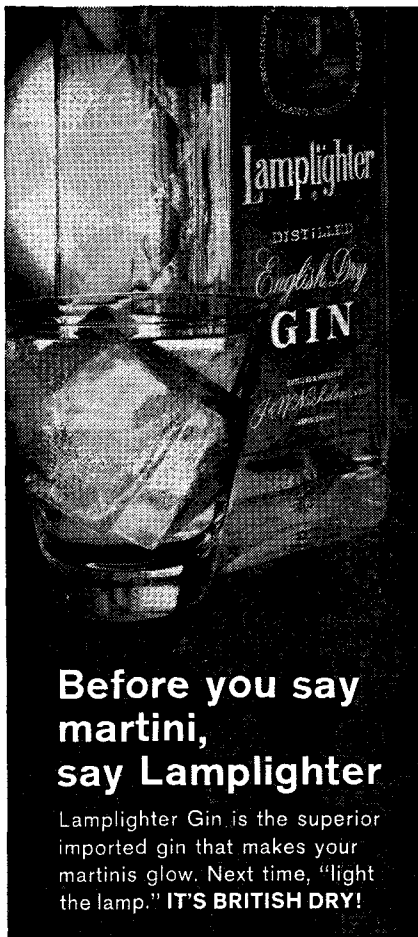


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Report on South Vietnam

that Buddhist monks should hoist such slogans as "Down with the Uppish Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu." She regarded such people, she made clear, with contempt.

The revolt against feudalism

What Madame Nhu, her husband and brother-in-law failed to appreciate, however, was that the Buddhist leaders, whatever their intellectual capacities (which were a good deal higher than the palace ever gave them credit for), were the spearhead of a revolt against Confucian feudalism. Urged time and again to make conciliatory gestures, to lead by inspiring unity, President Diem could not bring himself to step down from his pedestal and to treat with people of a lower social order. The sum of his experience had taught him that the only way to deal with opposition was to crush it. So often right in the past, he could not believe that this time he might be wrong. He failed to see that there was a fundamental difference between the unarmed Buddhists and the armed Binh Xuyen gangsters, whose corrupt hold on Saigon he broke courageously in 1955.

Suspicious of his generals, contemptuous of Saigon's intellectuals, and even of Saigon itself, which he called a place of commerce and not a capital, and rather more the little tyrant than the little father of his people, Diem forfeited any right to expect a popular following. Yet, for the discontent so obvious among his own people he tended increasingly to blame the United States. Senior American officials, who had been working overtime to help win the war, suddenly found themselves accused of being "foreign adventurers" plotting to overthrow the government by force.

The Central Intelligence Agency was the obvious whipping boy in this campaign, which persisted even after it became public knowledge that Colonel Le Quang Tung's special forces, armed, trained, and subsidized by the C.I.A. for operations inside Communist territory, had been diverted instead to Operation Buddhist and that the C.I.A. chief in Saigon still believed that the war could be won with Diem only.

Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, who arrived in Saigon in the tension-filled days following the attacks on the pagodas, took his time in assessing the situation. When he decided finally that the Nhus should go, or at least take a long holiday abroad, Diem listened in outrage, then rose in defense of his brother, who had always been the driving force and the theorist of the regime. Nhu had organized the secret Revolutionary Workers' Party, which spread the family net through all branches of the civil and military services; he also organized the security services, the Republican Youth Movement, and a huge secret contingency fund, which Nhu himself believed to be sufficient to win the war with or without continued U. S. support.

Nhu was clever, impetuous, and authoritarian. In July and August, when the army seethed with talk of a coup d'etat, he called the generals together and lectured them on nepotism, dictatorship, and the strategy of the coup d'etat. "There are two rules for dealing with a coup d'etat," he told his astonished audience. "You break it like an egg before the chicken has hatched, or, if you cannot prevent it, you join in and exploit it." His method of exploitation was to turn Saigon into an armed camp, excluding from his plans all military leaders who could not be relied on absolutely, and to organize the suppression of the Buddhists and all others who dared to speak out against the regime.

Meeting the Communist threat

The vital question was, How much had this divisive policy weakened the war effort? United States aid had not been given to prop up a discredited government but to help the Vietnamese people beat an externally initiated and directed Communist campaign to seize the country by armed revolt.

Even before the Buddhist affair had reached a climax in May, there were divided views on the progress of the war. The top American military and C.I.A. leadership and Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting, Jr., who left in August before the action against the pagodas, were all convinced that the campaign was going well. Some experienced American officers believed that, on the contrary, the war was being lost, an

PERFORMANCE EVALUATOR

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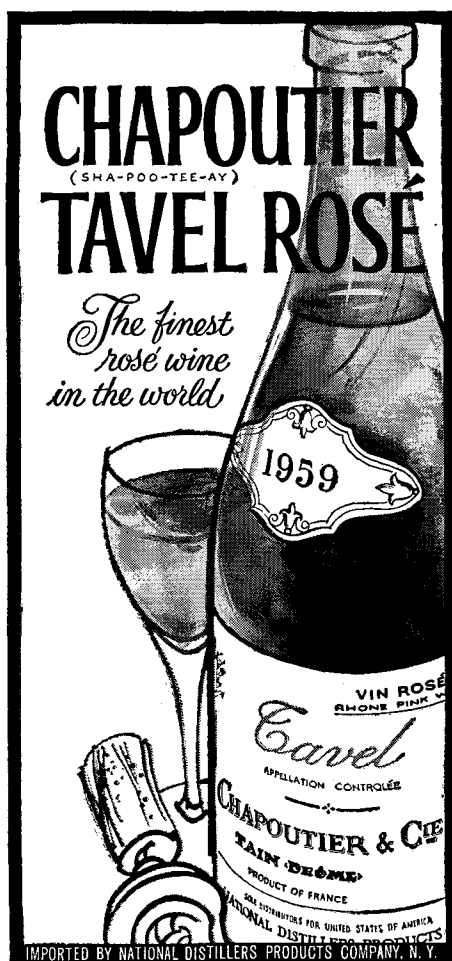
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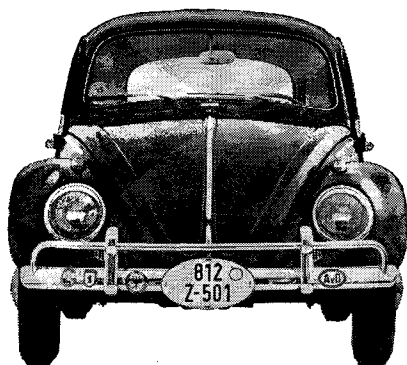
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Report on South Vietnam

opinion also expressed in their official reports by at least two other Western embassies.

Thanks largely to the recommendations of General Maxwell Taylor, who initiated the vastly increased American contribution during his visit to Vietnam late in 1961, the period between early 1962 and early 1963 was marked by significant, even great, achievement. For the first time, a real effort was made to meet the Communist threat at the grass roots.

It is true that the strategic-hamlet program went too far and too fast in some areas, and that some new hamlets could not be built at all without destroying the economic life of the peasants in the old ones, but many hamlets provided both security and improved standards of living, the principal American aim. Such indicators as rice and pig production, drawings from the agricultural credit organization, the distribution of chemical fertilizer, and the creation of rural schools all suggested that the peasants were doing better.

More and more information was available about the activities of the Viet Cong, and large numbers responded to the call to lay down their arms. A new Army division had taken the field, and in Quang Ngai Province, for so many years under Viet Minh control, it gave an excellent and aggressive account of itself. About half of the other regular units in the Army had been retrained. The civil guard and self-defense forces had been given the means and the know-how to defend themselves, and sometimes the promise of quick support if they ran into trouble. Helicopters and armored amphibious tractors had brought hitherto inaccessible Viet Cong lairs within the scope of heavy attack. In mid-1962 at least a million people lived under the complete control of the Viet Cong; by mid-1963 the number was about 700,000.

The Viet Cong hold their own

In the critical Mekong delta, it was obvious that there had been great improvement in organization among the anti-Communist forces. But in the Camau Peninsula, at the

extreme tip of the Mekong delta, the Vietnamese government controlled little but the provincial and district capitals. By day and by night the Viet Cong had the rest. Within an hour's drive of Saigon, the rice and vegetable fields and the coconut plantations and mangrove swamps of Kien Hoa Province harbored 20,000 Viet Cong, or more than three times the number of armed Communists involved in the 1950s in the campaign in Malaya, to which the Vietnam war is often, and so unwisely, compared. The Viet Cong had their own munitions factory and hospital and propaganda units, which turned out highly sophisticated propaganda leaflets in English. Here and elsewhere, the growing size of the Communist forces was less reason for concern than their growing capability. "Every day in every way the Viet Cong are getting better and better," said the chief American adviser in one of the more hard-pressed provinces.

After an indifferent start, the strategic-hamlet program went well for a time in the delta. Egged on by the dynamic Nhu, province chiefs competed with one another to build fences around their hamlets. They fenced in the villages along the main lines of road communication, but the vital waterways and the land between the main roads remained in Viet Cong hands. In this area the population is concentrated along wooded and serpentine canals. The people live on rice, on fish from the canals, and on fruit from trees growing on the banks, and they can be resettled only where an alternative source of food is available.

Since many villages have no access roads and are entirely surrounded by water, no one has yet found a solution to this problem, and the lateral hamlets needed to complete the delta scheme have not been built. Unless and until they are, the Viet Cong will continue to enjoy their current freedom to operate in large and regular formations everywhere, from the outskirts of Saigon to the end of road communications. This is not to suggest that all is lost. Yet it is not easy to be confident that the will to continue the struggle has not been gravely injured by the crisis in human relations between the Confucian oligarchy and its Buddhist subjects.



The first hundred shots were the hardest

The U.S. Air Force launched the first Agena space vehicle February 28, 1959. On July 12, 1963, it launched the 100th.

These Lockheed-built Agenas pioneered the space age for America. They were first to achieve polar orbit, maintain a stable attitude in space, maneuver in space, restart engines for maneuvering in orbit, re-enter earth's atmosphere from orbit, and have a payload recovered in mid-air. They sent NASA's Ranger on its way to the moon, NASA's Mariner on

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use the Agena in several major programs. A new standard model — now being built on the production line with consequent cost savings and increased reliability — is designed to keep pace with technological advances and to meet the unmanned space requirements of the Air Force through 1970.

The remarkable record of the Agena is another example of Lockheed leadership in the management of today's complex space and weapon systems.

The Atlantic Report MOROCCO



A YOUNG, energetic, well-educated, "modern" heir to a line which has ruled the country since 1649, King Hassan II succeeded to the throne of Morocco in 1960. Toward the end of 1962, he introduced a "democratic, socialist, and popular" constitution under which Morocco, already the freest country south of the Pyrenees, behind its absolutist exterior, was to become endowed in the space of a year with all the institutions of a functioning constitutional monarchy. Today the old freedom is gone.

Morocco is the only kingdom, and the only newly independent Muslim African country, to have a coastline which is both Atlantic and Mediterranean. Along with only five other countries, it is at once African and Arab, but its Arabism is mitigated by the presence of Berbers — highland herdsmen and Saharan Blue Men, who actually speak Berber and no Arabic — and its Africanism by its relative fertility, prosperity, and temperate climate. With 170,000 square miles divided between plain and mountain, with agricultural and mineral riches, with cities and towns, factories, roads, ports, and hotels (most of which were built during the French protectorate), Morocco appears to be a paradise of development if one comes from, say, Iraq or Saudi Arabia.

The three political parties which express the will of the 12 million Moroccans are the right-wing Istiqlal, the left-wing National Union of Popular Forces, and the Front for the Defense of Constitutional Institutions, which supports the King. Istiqlal means "Independence." Its leader, Allal el-Fassi, a man in late middle age, resembles Franco in appearance and, his opponents say, in character. If Morocco had not had an effective monarch, Muhammad V, at the moment of its independence, el-Fassi would no doubt have become the Bourguiba of Morocco; but by now frustration has broken his spirit.

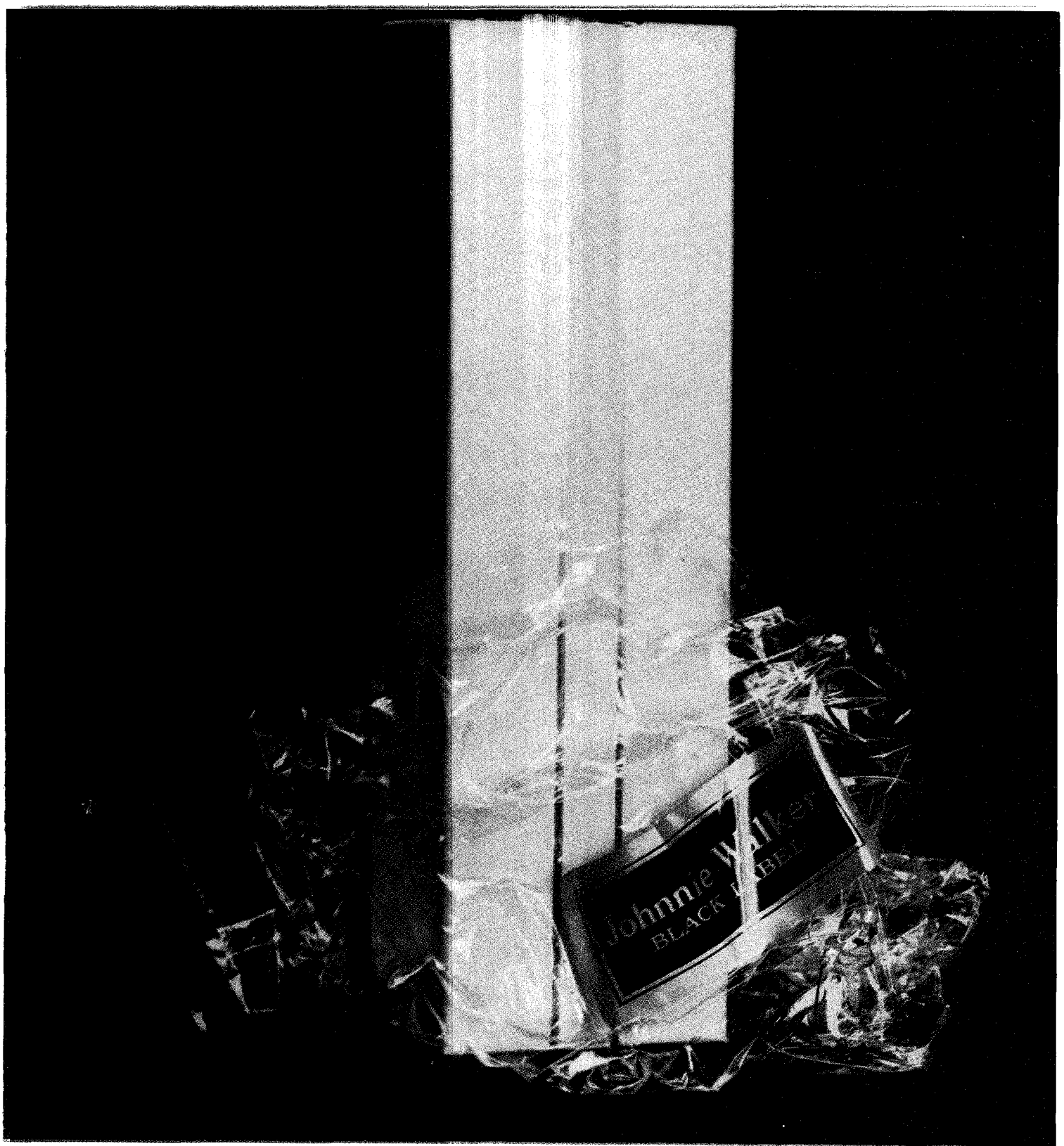
Until last January he was Minister of Islamic Affairs, and his younger associates occupied various other ministries. Then King Hassan turned on the Istiqlal, dropping three of its leaders from

his Cabinet. The reaction was especially bitter because just a month before, the party had done all in its power to get out the yes vote in the referendum which approved the new constitution. Despite its estrangement from power and the pungent attacks it suffered from the royalist press during the election campaign, the Istiqlal won 41 out of 144 seats in the House of Representatives. It is the party which claims Mauritania and most of the Algerian Sahara.

The UNFP, or National Union of Popular Forces, which is usually called by foreign commentators "the opposition of the left," sprang into being in 1960 as a sizable splinter from the Istiqlal. The UNFP is intricately involved with the Moroccan trade unions; and the head of the UMT (equivalent to our AFL-CIO) tries to dominate the UNFP chiefs, and they try to dominate him. The UNFP is the big-city party, the party of the intellectuals, and the only Moroccan party that the Algerian F.L.N., the Egyptian Arab Socialist Union, and the Syro-Iraqi Baath can contemplate without retching.

The King's bloc

When Hassan II promulgated his constitution in late 1962 the referendum turned up a yes vote of over 90 percent despite a UNFP boycott, whereupon the King (who speaks better French than most of the 160,000 Frenchmen resident in his realm) turned his eyes toward Europe and the Gaullist UNR, a group which, with the aid of referendums, De Gaulle had used to transform France from anarchy into a monarchy. Hassan II told Ahmed Reda Guedira to form a Union for the New Republic for Morocco. Guedira, a childhood friend of the King's, the director of the Royal Cabinet, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Agriculture, found time to launch the new party in March, 1963, just as Hassan II was leaving for his state visit to the United States. Named the Front for the Defense of Constitutional Institutions — the Arabic initials are JDMD, but everyone calls it the FDIC (pronounced *fuh-deek'*) — it grouped together several small parties. The opposition quickly dubbed it "the King's bloc."

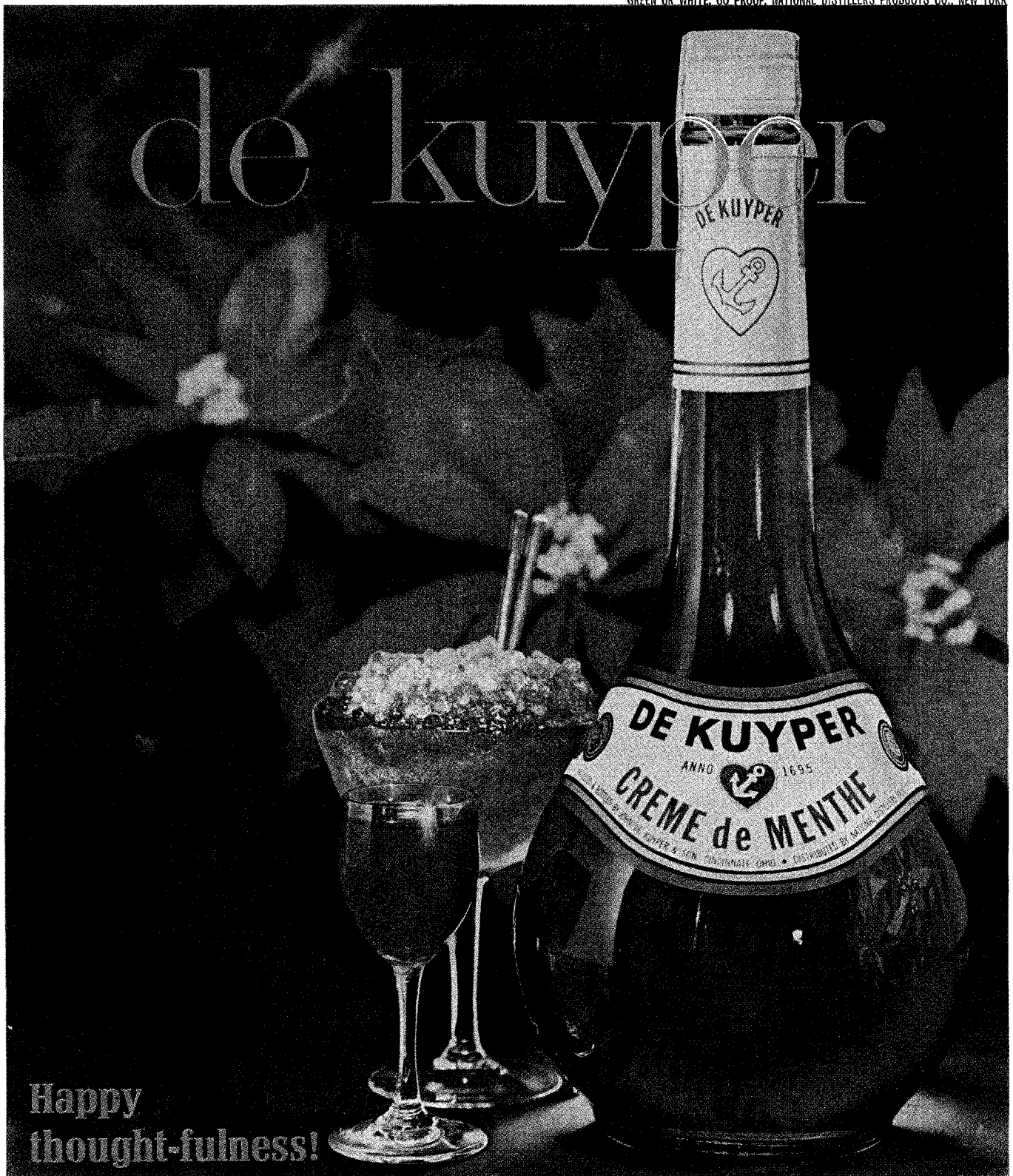


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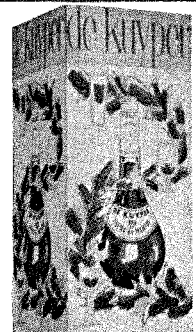
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Report on Morocco

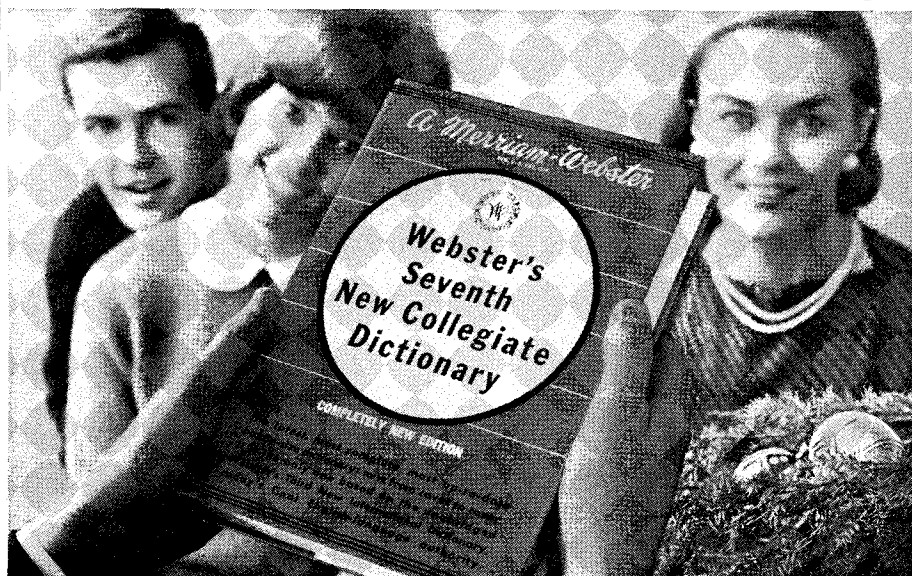
Guedira is a curious and brilliant character, about thirty, elegant in Italian-cut suits, with the gloomy and cynical good looks of a bull-fighter. His editorials in his papers *Clarté* and *Les Phares* ("Beacons") during the two months leading up to the first elections are gems of polemical French. He spared no words against el-Fassi, caricaturing him unmercifully as a muddled old mulah and a would-be *caudillo*, or against the UNFP's tendency to veer with winds from Algeria, Egypt, Baathland, and even from farther East. The Istiqlal papers and the Arabic *At-Tahrir* of the UNFP attacked Guedira and his FDIC with something like the same candor, although with less talent.

The prestige of the monarchy was high, and even the stupidest peasant was supposed to see that the FDIC was the King's chosen instrument, helped by the friendly advice of local mayors, governors, policemen, gendarmes, soldiers, judges, relief officials, caids, sheiks, and muqaddams — all of whom got their paychecks from one of Guedira's ministries or the Palace. But when May 17 came, the machinery somehow slipped. The FDIC took only 69 out of 144 seats; and 7 out of 9 ministers, all FDIC-supported, were defeated at the polls. Not only did the Istiqlal win a surprising 41 seats, but the UNFP came up with 28, and the independents won 6. The FDIC lacked a majority.

Consternation in Rabat

The elections had been managed as well as they could be, under democratic conditions; the King's bloc was certain that the Istiqlal and the UNFP deserved annihilation; but still the opposition had come up with 75 out of 144 seats. Maybe democracy was not such a good idea for a country in which people do not know what's good for them. At this moment of bitter rumination four prosperous gentlemen of the Istiqlal, all deputies newly elected, dispatched an open letter to the American Embassy to protest the FDIC's alleged use of American grain to buy votes. They were arrested for "intelligence with a foreign power" and were released provisionally only at the end of August, as a measure of clemency

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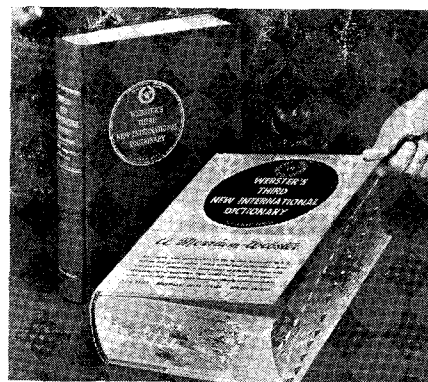
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No Such Thing as a "Mere Woman!"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

Old Fitzgerald
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Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Lo and behold, Johnny's report card listed him as the Number 2 student in his High School class.

"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this girl* . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere girl* get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

And across the land the cocktail hour is happily shared, as a pleasant respite from the cares of the day, by *both* man and wife.

At such times of wholesome renewal, our OLD FITZGERALD has special appeal.

For ours is a bourbon with a pleasing richness of flavor best appreciated in leisurely sips. Whiskey so carefully nurtured is no more to be gulped than the expertly prepared dinner soon to be served.

As our not-so-mere customers rightly appreciate, this twilight hour is a time for sharpening, not dulling, the human spirit. And in providing heightened pleasure in fewer but better drinks, OLD FITZGERALD encourages healthful moderation, at the same time fostering a pleasant day's-end "togetherness" for both the man-and-lady of the house.

If you are one who looks to the cocktail hour as a time of rest and restoration, we invite you to join an inner circle of moderate men and women who find in fewer but better "OLD FITZGERALDS" a well-deserved reward for the rigors of the day.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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Mellow 100 Proof

Report on Morocco

to mark the birth of the Crown Prince, Sidi Muhammad. The government next proceeded to the systematic elimination of every civil servant suspected of Istiqlal sympathies and fined two Istiqlal papers for falsehood.

The Istiqlal screeched ever more loudly, despite the fines, as pressure on the party grew. For two months the UNFP and the UMT had the pleasure of seeing their greatest enemy and parent forced to submit to every kind of harassment. Commentators on Moroccan affairs freely hypothesized Palace-UNFP or Palace-UMT *rapprochements* as the only way to achieve a manageable parliament over the dead body of the senior party.

Then, on July 16 the Palace struck at the UNFP, and more brutally than it had ever done at the Istiqlal. Over a hundred UNFP leaders, twenty-one of them elected deputies, were arrested at a national council meeting at Casablanca, and simultaneous arrests all over the country raised the total number of arrests to "not hundreds, but thousands," in the words of the UNFP paper *At-Tahrir*, before it was forced to close down. An official release said the national police had been following for months the growth of an armed conspiracy and that "important arms caches have recently been discovered which have led to the arrest of a certain number of plotters." The border with Algeria was temporarily closed. *Alger-Républicain* urged "Moroccan progressive forces" to "unite against feudalism and reaction."

As it happened, the arrests came just as the UNFP was deciding to boycott the "masquerade" of the forthcoming municipal elections. The Istiqlal and the UMT arrived at the same boycott decision during the following week, leaving the FDIC as the *parti unique*. The government responded that the series of elections scheduled through October would go on just the same, that withdrawals of candidacies were illegal, and that anyone who tried to keep anyone else from voting would go to jail for from five to twenty years.

Coming in the

January ATLANTIC

VIVE MOI!

The Atlantic Extra

by Séan O'Faoláin

His father was a policeman, and his mother took in lodgers from the Cork Opera House across the street. With his two brothers he lived in the garret, but the theater and the church and the rain god's green beauty of the countryside were the brimnings which awakened the imagination of Ireland's finest writer.

HOFFA

and the TEAMSTERS

by A. H. Raskin

How Hoffa has his way with a union greedy for more power. This article is the fourth in Mr. Raskin's brilliant series on labor in the United States. "The New York Electrical Workers" appeared in the April *Atlantic*; "John L. Lewis and the Mine Workers" was in our May issue; and in October Mr. Raskin wrote a definitive piece on "Walter Reuther's Great Big Union."

TIME out of MIND

by Sheila Burnford

The author of *The Incredible Journey*, who is an amateur archaeologist, goes looking for prehistoric man on the shore of Lake Superior.

ENEMY ALIENS TOOK 4 BILLION DOLLARS IN 1962

Enemy aliens have been slipping into this country — aliens whose sabotage cost the U. S. the equivalent of half its entire annual budget prior to World War II. Last year alone, they are estimated to have cost over 4 billion.

Actually, they started coming in with the first settlers. Possibly one or two were on the Mayflower. America's first clothes moth may have contentedly chewed its way across the Atlantic in Priscilla Mullins' wool petticoat. The first house fly might have flown on ahead as the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock.

A majority of our most destructive insects are aliens. From the first, foreign pests have hitch-hiked rides on passenger and cargo ships to find a haven in the new land. And they thrived, because there were no native predators to hold them in check.

Early settlers brought bedbugs, clothes moths and carpet beetles in bedding and trunks. Grubs and mites came on livestock. Seeds and provisions carried stored-product insects.

Later, imports brought crop and plant pests. The year 1869 introduced the gypsy moth, a constant threat to our forests. 1892 introduced the boll weevil, destroyer of over 10 billion dollars worth of cotton. 1909 brought the elm bark beetle, spreader of Dutch elm disease now rapidly eliminating the beautiful American elm. In 1916,

Japan gave Washington, D. C. its famous cherry trees — and with them the Oriental fruit moth to threaten the peach industry. These are only a few of scores of imported insects which plague us, cause disease, destroy food and fiber.

There were, of course, native North American insects, too. But compared with imported pests, only a few natives are as destructive — including grasshoppers, termites and mosquitoes.

An important step in stopping this insect invasion came with the Plant Quarantine Act of 1912, providing for inspection of incoming produce and plant materials. But even with rigid inspection, some slip by. In 1929, for example, the Mediterranean fruit fly appeared in Florida. One of the world's most feared tropical fruit pests, the fruit fly threatened Florida's vast citrus industry. There was no effective chemical control. In a joint federal-state battle involving destruction of hundreds of thousands of boxes of fruit, the pest was finally eliminated at a cost of many millions.

One April morning in 1956, Orlo Prior sliced open a grapefruit from his backyard tree in Miami. It was wormy. Not used to worms in his grapefruit, Mr. Prior took this one to the local agricultural office. The Mediterranean fruit fly had invaded again.

This time, however, federal and state authorities were prepared.

This time it would not be necessary to destroy crops and remove citrus from America's breakfast table. There was now a safe, effective chemical that would kill the fruit fly without harming the populace. Its name — malathion. After two seasons of intensive spraying, the fruit fly was again eradicated.

Malathion, a Cyanamid development, exemplifies the best in modern insect control. Malathion is highly effective against a wide range of insects — those attacking food, fiber and forest as well as disease carriers such as flies, mosquitoes, roaches and parasites which attack man and animal. Malathion is also one of the safest insecticides ever developed. It has low toxicity to warm blooded animals. It does not leave persistent residues. It does not build up in the bodies of man or animal or in the soil.

This is why malathion *could* be used for mass spraying in Florida; why malathion plays an important role in programs that make it possible to eliminate malaria and other mosquito-borne diseases; why malathion has become a most useful garden and home insecticide.

Most of our alien insect invaders are here to stay. Most infest such vast areas that complete eradication is not practical. But Cyanamid science . . . science in action for you . . . will continue to produce weapons to keep the invaders under control.

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Join 6 generations of kings in a LIGHT, BRIGHT APERITIF

Just pour this bittersweet
aperitif over ice and serve
with a twist of lemon. Good
with a splash of soda, too.

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from the king of aperitifs.*

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World's oldest aperitif... since 1786
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Give him an XK-E Jag for Christmas.



**Why
Not?**

Of course,
you can go one better
and make it a whole stable
of "souped-up" racing machines, and you
might even throw in a private racing layout and
everything that goes with it. Really want to be
popular? Then give official 1/32 scale Strom-
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on competition... and the thrill-a-second
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\$64.95... 14 famous racing cars... and
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Report on Morocco

In this manner Hassan II can-
celed his oppositions, putting large
numbers of their militants in prison.
A show trial of the UNFP plotters, of
whom 104 were indicted (others es-
caped to Algeria), was promised.
His throne, his lineage, his cere-
monial parasol for the Friday prayers
have not prevented the young King
of this agreeable country from be-
coming a Ben Bella, a Nasser, a
Touré, Tubman, Bourguiba, Su-
karno (the list is endless), or what
Allal el-Fassi or Mehdi Ben Barka
or any other UNFP leader would be-
come if either had enough power.

The French newspaper *Le Monde*
said, commenting on the UNFP jail-
ing, "In Africa, and especially in the
Arab countries, the borderline be-
tween opposition and sedition is often
imprecise, and those in power are
tempted to discredit and break their
adversaries by accusing them of the
blackest designs." Hassan II was
already top man when he discovered
that democracy was inefficient and
national solidarity essential. The
current heads of state of Egypt, Su-
dan, Iraq, Syria, Pakistan, France,
to name just a few, reached the same
conclusions before they came into
power and applied them after suc-
cessful coups d'état.

Patriotism as a weapon

Morocco is a country in which 80
percent of the people are totally
illiterate; 80 percent live in the
country (most of them under tent or
thatch); 50 percent are under twenty
years of age; and women have only
recently been enfranchised. For the
vast majority life is more or less as it
was in the Middle Ages, aside from
roads, transistor radios, mounting
population pressure, and rising ex-
pectations.

This describes the Morocco known
to most Moroccans, not the beautiful
boulevards and beaches and luxuri-
ous hotels and *auberges* patronized by
tourists. The King's declared aim is
to guide his people toward slow but
sure development with the aid of
Western capital, which is abundant.
He sees the Istiqlal as an oppor-
tunistic party of Old Turbans and
reactionaries, and the UNFP as an
importer of foreign and retrograde
isms from points East. To put it

briefly, he wants to make Morocco
another Spain; his opponents want
to turn it into another Afro-Arab
country.

In terms of food and jobs and the
slow buildup toward economic in-
dependence, the policy of the King
and his FDIC might win the ap-
proval of most of those who agree
with the economic theories prevail-
ing in the Western world. In terms
of pride and militancy, with accom-
panying emphasis on nationalization
and abhorrence of neocolonialism,
the UNFP and its partner, the UMT,
excite the automatic sympathy of
most Africans, Asians, South Ameri-
cans, and all Communists.

Can Hassan II get along without
the UNFP and the Istiqlal and their
internal and external supporters? In
the short term his assets look a lot
better than those of, say, Hussein of
Jordan. Hassan's army and police
forces are loyal and very well
equipped. The idea of a monarchy
is much more popular and firmly en-
trenched in Morocco than anywhere
else in Africa, and the personality of
Hassan inspires wide confidence.
The King's only real threat comes
from the immediate East — Algeria,
Egypt, the Baath — and from those
of his subjects who are responsive to
the signals of those areas.

By the end of October violent
radio propaganda threatened to es-
calate the fighting on the Algerian
border into real war. President Ben
Bella of Algeria is in more trouble
internally than King Hassan of Mo-
rocco, and both have seized on
patriotism as a way out. As a matter
of fact, the French did amputate
much Moroccan territory during the
1950s, when France thought that
Algeria was "French forever," and
Morocco has sound claims to areas
on its unmarked southern border.
But the Algerians apparently fired
the first shots, capturing two frontier
posts occupied by Moroccans in
July of 1962.

In spite of the friction with Al-
geria, the UNFP and the Istiqlal
remained in opposition to the King.
The "plotters" remained in jail —
more than one hundred of them.
Guedira remained number two man
and head of the FDIC. And the
opposition papers still attacked Has-
san's "arbitrary regime."

Attention, Belief, and Believing Action

A point we should not overlook in this review is that readers regard GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as a magazine to be *believed*. This probably requires little elaboration except to say that sometimes we seem to treat this as a limited or negative thing, when in fact it goes much further.

Our virtue is not simply that we do not print things which ought to be *disbelieved*; it is even more that we incorporate positively a great deal that deserves attention and then belief and finally believing action. Such items range from "Houston's Quiet Victory" to "What Women Really Think About Their Doctors"; from Dr. Carl Jung's "Why I Believe in God" to Dr. John Rock's "We *Can* End the Battle Over Birth Control!"

Believability, then, cannot be to us just an absence of lies as legislated by the technicians of the Good Housekeeping Institute in recognition of the Consumers' Guaranty; it must be a courageous and activist presentation of facts and ideas which deserve positive belief and the support of believing people.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Yes, Virginia, there is a superman. It's Stirling Moss, the race-car driver — superb when he speaks about speed ("Speed and Women" by Stirling Moss and Ken W. Purdy, October *Atlantic*). But, oh, those clay feet. He's an amateur with a back-alley view when it comes to women. Still, some women might think it's great to be considered merely useful, slightly inferior, and somewhat underprivileged accessories — especially when it's that fascinating superman Stirling speaking.

VIRGINIA WOODRING
Sherwood, Ohio

SIR:

That interesting statistic of the UAW quoted in "Walter Reuther's Great Big Union" by A. H. Raskin (October *Atlantic*) about the money made by the 56 officers and directors of General Motors, which tops the total salaries of 606 key U.S. government officials, does not go quite far enough. It would be additionally enlightening to know how much of the 606 salaries is accounted for in the taxes paid by the same 56. Why is the UAW, normally so quick to compute the take-home pay of its membership, not equally zealous in showing how much of the \$15 million arrives intact in the pockets of the 56 — and how much goes on to Washington?

COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD USAF (Ret.)
Beverly Hills, Calif.

SIR:

I've done a lot of thinking regarding Jessica Mitford's article ("The Undertakers' Racket," June *Atlan-*

tic) and the solution by A. J. G. Priest [willing one's body to a hospital] in the September Repartee. I'm worried.

Suppose a lot of us decide to choose that way out. Would the medical school of my choice be required to take me, or might my loved ones be "stuck" with me because the school is full up? Also, if I'm tended in my final illness by some doctor connected with this institution, can I be sure he won't prolong my final agony because the freezer's full?

Finally, a letter to "Dear Abby," in which a lady wrote that she had to pay the freight on her husband's trip to the medical school, made me aware of another danger. As the bodies start rolling in, will the medical schools start to pick and choose, and perhaps even to charge?

Once that point is reached, will their fee begin to vary depending on whether one died of something interesting to study, was a well-known personality (worth it to the college to have it known *they* cut you up), had a body the first-year anatomy student would enjoy cutting up, and so forth?

JANET ANDERSON
Seattle, Wash.

SIR:

I had occasion to lunch at Scott's in London recently and showed Mr. Smith, the manager, the article "A Meal at Scott's" by Charles W. Morton (October Accent on Living).

Mr. Smith was most complimentary about the piece, and he was mildly apologetic in offering a minor correction; but I could see that his concern was for the customer, in the best Scott tradition. "We serve the

steak, kidney, and oyster pudding as a specialty on Wednesday in the winter, sir, instead of Tuesday, as mentioned in the article. We would not want anyone to come on Tuesday and be disappointed."

C. B. CROCKETT
Dedham, Mass.

SIR:

Susan M. Black's story "Ramses to Rembrandt to Wright," in the September *Atlantic*, was particularly entertaining to me here on our desert island, for I am sure Art I is based on the course given at the liberal arts college where I taught sculpture from 1940 to 1950, and where the "technical" as distinguished from the "historical" professors usually gave one demonstration lecture each in the course. The technical faculty had a theoretical equality with those who taught the history of art; but, as it has been said, some professors were more equal than others. My own teaching was done next to the boiler room in a dark, low-ceilinged hole through which the ashes from the boiler had to be carried. The historical faculty had high, well-lighted and ventilated rooms and offices. The technical faculty had very little to do with the planning of this basic art course, but if consulted, they would have agreed, I'm sure, with Miss Black in all essentials.

RANDOLPH W. JOHNSTON
Marsh Harbour, Bahamas

SIR:

Thank you so much for Stefan Kanfer's delightful article "The Yiddish Theater" (October *Atlantic*). It is well written, informative, and a

It All Began With Myrrh From The Land of Punt



And Pharaoh Sahure was the man who started it all . . . who first gave his love imported perfume. Perhaps the most persistent of the ancient Egyptians, Sahure sent his ships to the furthestmost reaches of the yet uncharted Red Sea for his gift . . . all the way to the dark and mysteriously fragrant land of Punt. For only there did the exotic myrrh tree grow, from whose resins the world's first perfume was made. Since Sahure, people have perfumed practically everything.

Cleopatra perfumed her sails as well as herself so the fair wind would rumor her coming . . . she was always feminine first.



Japanese nobles perfumed their money . . . so there would be no taint of yen or sen when they came into the presence of court or courtesan.



Byzantine women perfumed their buskins . . .



such elegant boots from which hung small gold vessels filled with oil of sandalwood or jasmin. (The men of Byzantium followed the fashion with interest.)

Renaissance Neapolitans perfumed their sofas . . . to encourage romance in the drawing room. But Sahure's idea was best . . . the most enchanting thing

to perfume is a woman . . . and the most enchanting perfumes to give her are imported French perfumes by Coty. Sample the delights of giving fine Coty perfume this Christmas.

L'AIMANT



EMERAUDE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

COTY

Parfum \$20.00 the ounce. Other sizes \$5.00 to \$100. All prices plus tax. ©Coty Inc., 1963



The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance... of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just \$10.00 a month, \$120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

save the children

Serving Children for 31 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute \$120.00 annually to help an American Indian Girl ☐ Boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:

\$10.00 a month ☐ \$60.00 semi-annually ☐
\$30.00 a quarter ☐ \$120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is a contribution of \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Contributions are tax deductible. AM-12-3

pleasure to read. Perhaps the nicest thing about it, however, is its warmth and feeling, as well as the author's lack of self-consciousness in using the English language to reminisce about something that is very un-English in nature.

JANET BERKENFIELD
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I enjoyed William Bourke's "Copyreaders" in your October Accent on Living section. I have long been a headline hunter and quote herewith my favorite, which was clipped some years ago from a New Orleans newspaper and is dated Boston (AP):

**Bank Robbery Double Bungle,
Pose as Shrubbery Also Bumble**

The story concerned an attempted bank robbery, wherein the lookout for the robbers "became so panicky when he saw a police cruiser approach, he fell out of a tree." The other robbers fled, "but two were captured in Franklin Park after an unsuccessful attempt to pose as shrubbery." The safe they were working on was empty.

NELDA D. CLEMENTS
New Orleans, La.

SIR:

Since I have now spent the greater part of a two-year tour on Guam, I found your Report on Guam in the August issue of special interest. Although in general your Guam report was accurate, particularly concerning the economic base on the island, there were several inaccuracies which were irritating to me. You see, I am in the U.S. Air Force, but I am not in SAC.

Andersen Air Force Base is quite definitely a SAC base. However, I feel that you slighted a large percentage of USAF men on the island who are not in SAC. Military Air Transport Service (MATs) units make up the bulk of the non-SAC units here. Among these MATs units there is an Air Weather Service squadron, an Air Weather Service detachment, an Air Rescue squadron, a MATs Support squadron, an Air Photographing and Charting Service aerial survey team. The Air Force Communications Service (AFCS) also has a squadron here. And there are smaller units of the Tactical Air Command (TAC), the Air Force Logistics Command

(AFLC), and Pacific Air Forces (PACAF), to mention a few.

CAPT. EDWARD M. QUINLAN
Andersen Air Force Base, Guam

The Rand Corporation

SIR:

Saul Friedman's article, "The Rand Corporation and Our Policy Makers" (September *Atlantic*), seems to exaggerate the importance of the topic in order to abuse it. The management and employees of Rand I expect can defend themselves. I wish to draw attention to unfortunate language and poor thinking.

We are not in an era of "warlike peace" or anything like this, and it is a reflection on common sense to allow the phrase to stand. A glance at, say, the *Atlantic* for September, 1863, would illustrate the contrast.

Mr. Friedman discusses the "human computers" at Rand and the "superhuman machine rationality." If he prefers irrational ideas, he ought to say so, and perhaps form a movement.

An additional point. Mr. Friedman says that a book called *Strategic Surrender* was "suppressed." This may be an honest error, but, in any event, I have a copy of the book on my desk. It has had two printings by Stanford University Press and was published by Oxford Press abroad. Naturally, errors of this sort cause one to wonder how well the author knows his subject.

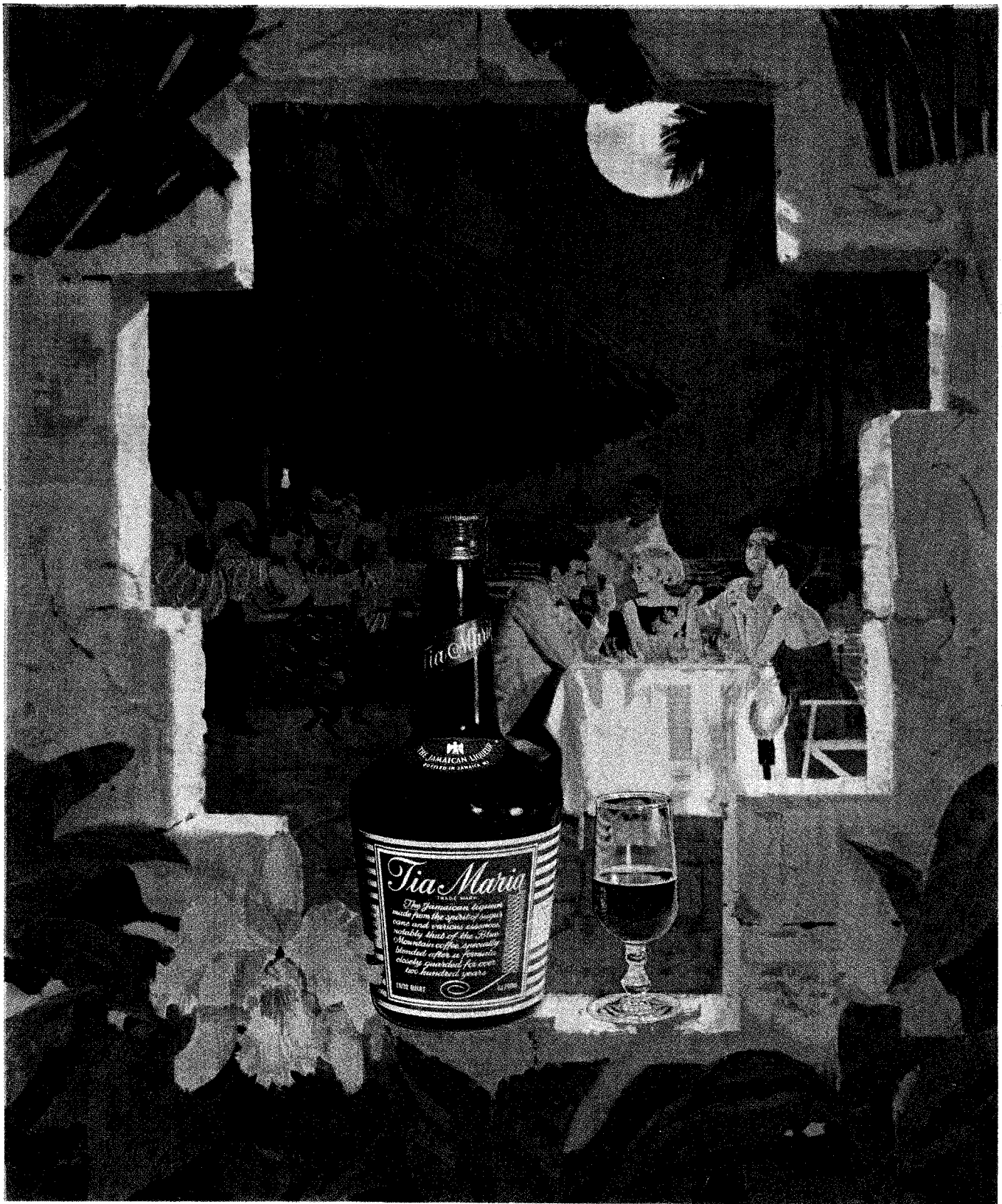
ROBERT L. BERKOWITZ
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

A temporarily expatriate American subscriber to the *Atlantic*, I had far too much to do when I left Los Angeles the other day to be able to send this letter off to you, much as I wanted to do so.

Thus, I'm now under a double compulsion to fire off a celebratory rocket from this side of the other Atlantic in praise of Saul Friedman's carefully documented article. The Rand Corporation, as it happens, is a near-next-door neighbor of mine when I'm at home. I find it most reassuring that sound, well-balanced criticism of Rand and its objectives, written by a good journalist, has at last found its way into print in a respected publication such as yours. For several years I've been waiting for this to happen.

FREDERICK CLAYTON
London, England



Grand Finale

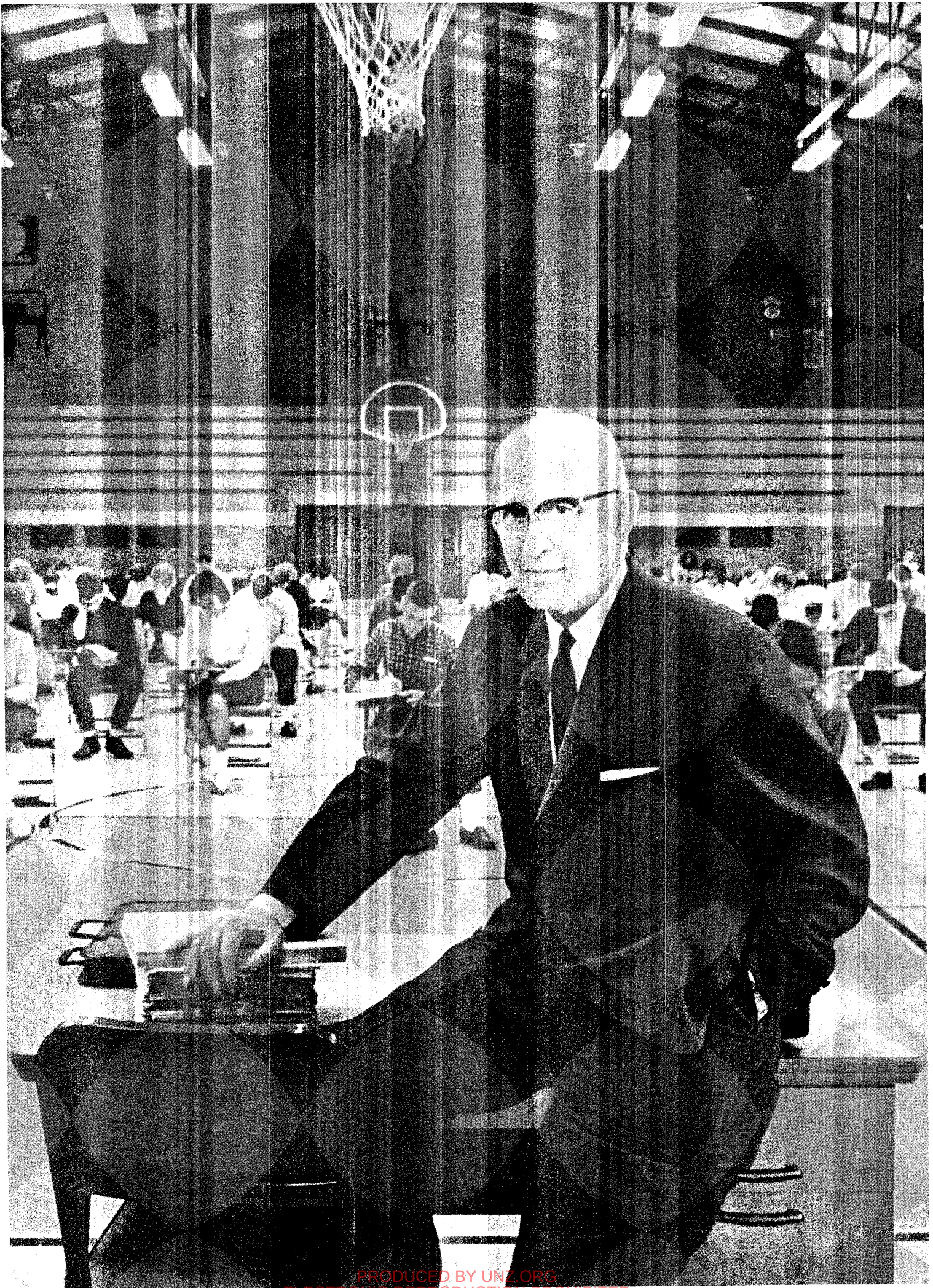
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You bring it to your lips . . . its mysterious fragrance greets you. You sip . . . and the perfect meal begins its grand finale.

Tia Maria

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“Send me a man who reads!”

International Paper asks the man who awards \$4 million a year in scholarships how to win one

John Stalnaker is president of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation. In this I-P interview, he tells why he feels reading is the key to winning a scholarship.

National Merit Scholarships have paid for a good part of nearly 6000 college careers since 1955.

Last year, over half a million high school juniors took the qualifying examination. Only 1041 of them won Merit Scholarships.

“That’s almost twice the number of scholarships we gave when the program began,” says Mr. Stalnaker. “But we had to choose from nearly *ten times* the number of candidates we had the first year!”

How to win a scholarship

“National Merit’s examination is actually a *reading test*,” says Mr. Stalnaker. “The best way to prepare for it is reading—broad, omnivorous reading.”

Mr. Stalnaker advises parents: “Encourage your

child to read as soon as he shows an interest. And don’t be afraid that he is sticking too close to the books.” Even the best students find time for other activities.

Varsity lettermen, presidents, editors

Says Mr. Stalnaker, “Over 20 percent of the National Merit Scholars graduating from college in 1960 were varsity lettermen, class presidents, or editors of major student publications.”

As of last year, 5932 hard-working students had become National Merit Scholars. Each of them is living proof that *men who read more achieve more*.

Free reprints. To date, over two and a half million reprints of this series have been requested. If you would like reprints of this advertisement write: International Paper, Box 66, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

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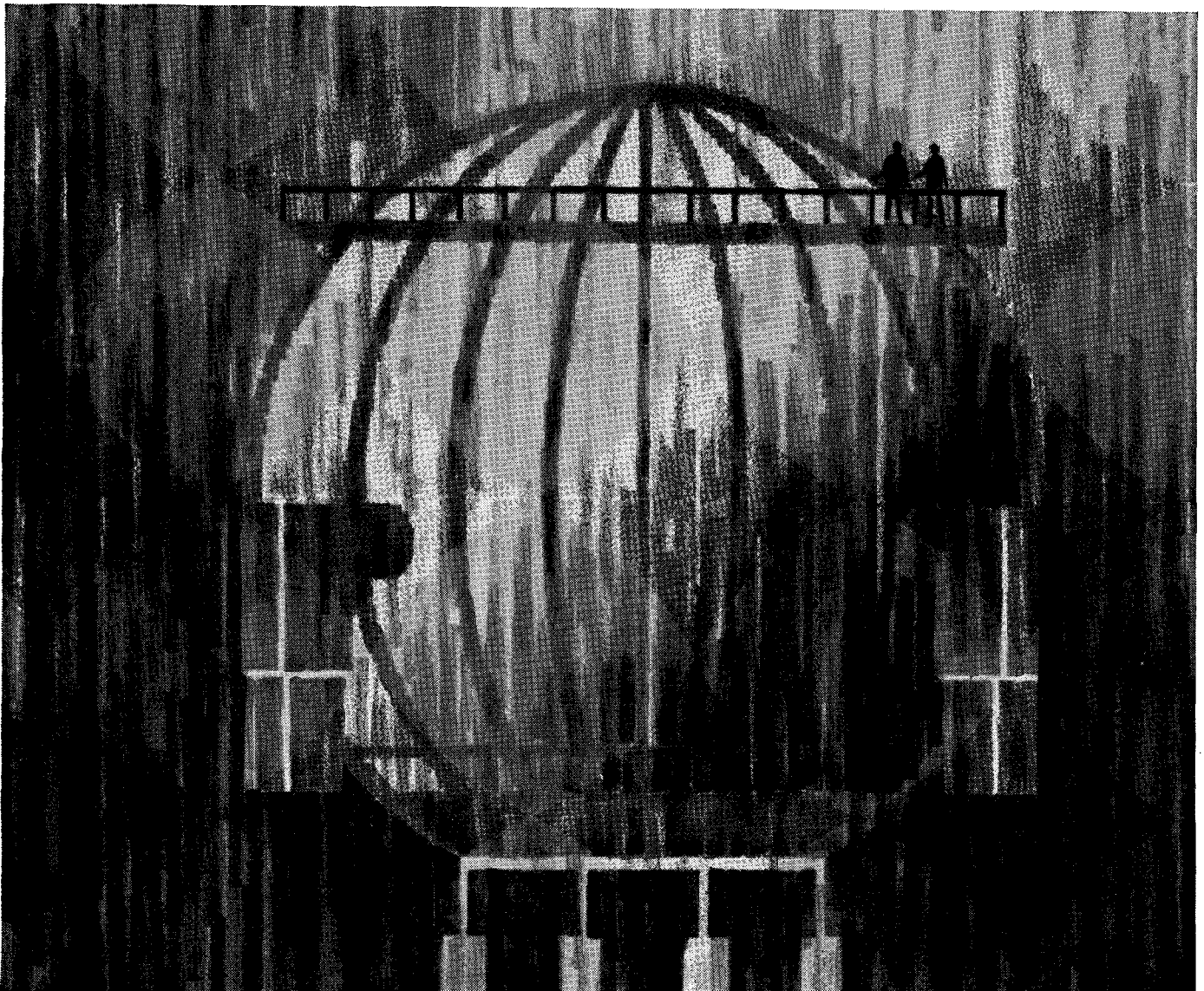


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What will man's problems be in the vast emptiness of outer space? How will the materials and systems he will use stand up? Will his communications with earth work properly? □ At the new Douglas Space Systems Center in Huntington Beach, California, many of the required answers will be found. Part of the Center is an environmental laboratory where space "hardware" up to 30 feet wide can be tested at vacuum levels and temperatures which would be encountered 500 miles out. Other units can produce deeper space conditions down to a vacuum of 10^{-14} torr and with any required radiation and gravity situations. □ Such research

FAR OUT FACT FINDING facilities are basic for the development of manned and
...AND WHAT DOUGLAS IS DOING ABOUT IT unmanned satellite systems, launching and space vehicles, earth to moon communication devices, lunar housing and vehicles, life support systems, and similar projects in which Douglas is involved.



Other research programs covering some 23 broad technological areas are under way in the major Douglas divisions located at Santa Monica and Long Beach, California, Tulsa, Oklahoma, **DOUGLAS** and Charlotte, North Carolina.



THE EPIDEMIC OF GOOSEFLESH

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

A salty, courageous critic whose happiest days as a newspaperman were spent in company with Frank R. Kent, Henry L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens, all on the Baltimore SUN, GERALD W. JOHNSON is the author of biographies of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson, and John Paul Jones, and of A LITTLE NIGHT-MUSIC, as charming a book on amateur musicians as one can remember.

IN THE spring of 1963 the senior senator from California, the Honorable Thomas H. Kuchel, hit the ceiling, thereby becoming, of course, front-page, top-of-column news, for a raving senator is ever the reporters' pride and joy. It is inexact to say that the Californian was hoist with his own petard, although it was one engineered by members, at least titular members, of his own party. Mr. Kuchel, a Republican, was sprung by the activities of those persons who professed to have found a Communist agent in Dwight D. Eisenhower, a parlor pink in Richard M. Nixon, and in the school segregation decision of a unanimous Supreme Court, obedience to a command from Moscow. These persons — typified by but not confined to the John Birch Society — for the most part profess to be Republicans, of the right wing, to be sure, but still Republicans.

This was the goad that pricked the California senator into fury. He made the point, and supported it with notable plausibility, that they are not Republicans but a terrorist group. True, up to the time of the senator's speech they had operated exclusively with psychological explosives rather than with "villanous saltpetre," but the effect, according to Mr. Kuchel, is none the less shattering; and it made him apprehensive for the future of the republic.

It is hardly to be denied that his anxiety was based upon reason. Since no country ever ran itself

or ever will, it follows that the national future always hangs upon the quality of the individuals in whom the people repose their confidence. If the fact that a man has brainpower enough to move him to get in out of the rain is, as the terrorists imply, proof positive that he is a Communist or a Communist dupe, it is a necessary inference that, as anti-Communists, we must entrust the conduct of public affairs to the completely brainless. Then, when those who advocate this course insist that they are Republicans, and the only simon-pure, twenty-four-carat Republicans, acute embarrassment is caused those Republicans who retain faith in government by intelligence. But what can they do? Little, it appears, but squirm.

Senator Kuchel was disturbed by this situation. So, indeed, are some others. The Declaration of Independence asserts the right of the people to choose the form of government that "to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness." The choice is restricted only by the opinion of the people; yet, to persons of like mind with the senator, imbecile leadership seems unlikely, highly unlikely, to effect anybody's safety and happiness. Nevertheless, the possibility that it may be the people's choice takes on the look of probability when the wholesalers of terror are doing a thriving business.

At such moments a long memory, often an affliction, becomes consolatory. A citizen of the United

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States who has endured in a state of partial awareness for more than sixty years has this advantage over youth: whatever damn fool thing comes up, he has seen the like before and has observed that in the long run it didn't amount to much. The development that agitated Senator Kuchel in 1963 is a case in point. It was the effectiveness, or what he considered the effectiveness, of the work of the terrorists. In this the senator obviously descried evidence of some deterioration in the national character; but to an older American it is merely evidence of the continuing prevalence of Dr. Wirt.

It was in 1934 that Dr. William Albert Wirt, already a pedagogue of some fame, achieved a sudden political notoriety that jarred to their heels such equivalents of Senator Kuchel as then flourished. He laid before Congress information that Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been President of the United States for about a year, was not the leader of a reform movement, as was generally supposed, but was merely a stopgap, comparable to the Russian who held power briefly between the execution of Czar Nicholas Romanov and the advent of Dictator Vladimir Lenin.

But, in measure, as the scale of events had enlarged between 1917 and 1934, it might be assumed that Roosevelt, obviously a bigger man than Kerenski, would presently be ejected to make room for a successor correspondingly bigger than Lenin, one of a redness that would make Lenin's hue a pale flesh tint by comparison. This information, Dr. Wirt averred, he had from authorities so close to the center of power as to be unimpeachable.

The epidemic of gooseflesh raised by this pronouncement spread from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. Its dimensions were such as to bring the ordinarily imperturbable Edmund Wilson onto the scene as an investigator. His report to *Scribner's*, published in August, 1934, was doubtless factually correct, but I have never believed that it got at the truth.

The facts as reported by Wilson were that Dr. Wirt, on a business trip to Washington, was entertained at dinner by a former associate who then held a position in a government department. The other guests were three or four minor officials, all of them young and enthusiastic New Dealers. The doctor seized the occasion to promulgate his views on fiscal policy, including certain theories of monetary reform that he was urging at the time. The evening turned into a monologue of four hours' duration. It was the testimony of the witnesses that nobody mentioned the name of Kerenski; nobody mentioned anything else very much, for the doctor held the floor and brooked no interruption.

This Wilson chronicled, obviously in good faith, and there is no reason to doubt that it was literal truth; but that it was the effective truth I, for one,

will never believe. It is simply not congruent with the spirit of the early New Deal, and I doubt that any social event in Washington in that period was entirely unaffected by the spirit of the time. It was blithe, adventurous, and intellectually alive, even to excess. In 1934, Washington was hell on solemn asses, and to assume that Dr. Wirt escaped unscathed strains credulity beyond the breaking point.

I shall go to the grave believing that Wirt did have authority for his statement and that he did regard it as unimpeachable. He was trapped by a constitutional inability to comprehend sarcasm. The probability, so great as to approximate mathematical certainty, is that by the time the monologue was well into its third hour some young New Dealer, bored beyond endurance, interjected a comment so obviously satirical as to pass unnoticed by the rest — and so, forgotten — but which was swallowed at a gulp by the doctor.

THE reader, who is certainly rational or he would not be reading these lines, may be tempted to reject this as incredible; but it is a hasty judgment that he will retract after brief consideration. He has only to ask himself, Why was Dr. Wirt there at all? The answer, common knowledge at the time, excited no startled comment: Dr. Wirt was there to advise the government on its very serious monetary problems.

The fact that this occasioned no astonishment reveals, on analysis, one of the chief fascinations of life in the United States during the first sixty years of the twentieth century. It alone might persuade one to echo Adlai Stevenson's remark that he is glad to have lived at this time, for it touches a folk belief intensely American and florid enough to match anything in any of Frazer's twelve volumes.

Dr. Wirt in Washington was a reiteration of faith in an American myth noted by nearly all observers but most aptly named by Walter Lippmann "the myth of the omniscient citizen." From Tocqueville through Bryce down to Maurois and Brogan, visitors from other countries have been struck by the curious belief of Americans that excellence is not so much an acquired characteristic as a status, a level in the psychic hierarchy comparable to the peerage in the British social hierarchy. Even as the British hold that if a man is a duke, he is totally a duke and cannot be other than ducal, so Americans hold that if a man is able, he is totally able, and it is not admissible that the same man can philosophize on one subject and merely bray on another. If experience shows us that it is possible, so much the worse for experience.

Hence, if one appeared among us demonstrating such superlative ability at the painting of barber poles that never in recorded history had there been

another who could approach him as a painter of barber poles, it is a moral certainty that in the spring of the next election year someone would propose the painter for President of the United States. Have we not seen advocates of Henry Ford, J. Edgar Hoover, and Will Rogers for the White House?

Now, Dr. Wirt in early and middle life had been a dominie of note, not merely agile enough in body to dodge spitballs and fragments of chalk, but also agile enough in mind to devise a system of shifting pupils in such wise as to increase the operational capacity of schoolhouses impressively — he claimed by 40 percent — and to speed up the educational process by 20 percent. This system, first applied in the steelmaking town of Gary, Indiana, and known to educationists as the Gary Plan, seems to have been an adaptation of assembly-line technique to the tutorial process.

The Gary Plan so elevated its inventor in the esteem of his fellow citizens that few saw any incongruity in his appearance at Washington to advise Treasury officials on monetary theory and fiscal policy. If a rose is a rose is a rose, then surely a wizard is a wizard is a wizard, and butter must be good for the works of a watch provided it is the very best butter. A genius capable of adapting mass production to scholarship ought to have no trouble at all with a relatively simple problem, such as stabilization of the currency.

As for the young New Dealers who apparently stuffed the doctor with chaff, one may say of them as of Hamlet's players, "They do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' th' world." Presumably they were of one mind with Senator Kuchel; they could not understand how such stuff could be swallowed by any rational man. It did not occur to them that he would accept it avidly; like the senator, they fell into the common error of assuming that fear is consistently unpleasant, therefore avoided by all but the abnormal.

But as a matter of fact the discomfort of fear is relative. Boredom is a worse affliction. When people's lives are sufficiently dull, they may invite fear as a break in the monotony. If nothing else scares them, they will scare themselves. Why else does the world delight in ghost stories? Unwittingly, no doubt, but obviously, Dr. Wirt came to Washington determined to be scared, and the young New Dealers only saved him the trouble of devising means to scare himself.

Senator Kuchel's agitation might have persisted, but hardly with the same intensity, if he had borne this fact in mind. The people of the extreme right experience a delicious horror in discovering in Eisenhower a Communist dupe, and in the Chief Justice a commissar in disguise. Shock relieves the tedium of an otherwise empty existence and so is not entirely unwelcome.

Suppose, though, that such people became so numerous as to constitute a majority able to take over the government. Was not the senator justified in assuming that such an event would signalize the end of the republic as we have known it? That hardly admits of a doubt; but two comments on the possibility would seem to be relevant. The first is that it is remote; a large proportion of vacuous minds conjure up their bugaboos outside the field of politics. The second is, Who wants the republic as we know it to survive indefinitely?

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM has tried often enough to take over, and sometimes its efforts have been strong enough to alarm the judicious. When the late Joseph McCarthy was raging, some highly intelligent men were half persuaded, momentarily, that he had won over a majority. It was an illusion. The event proved that his real followers, as distinguished from the gaping bystanders, had never been numerically strong; it was vocally that they were overwhelming.

This has been true of earlier aberrations comparable with McCarthyism, back to the Know-Nothings and the Anti-Masons of the early nineteenth century. There is reason to believe that Huey Long came much closer than McCarthy to winning a national majority, but even the Kingfish fell far short of the mark. True, there must be a first time for everything, and the eventual appearance of an American Cleon is possible. But that it is fairly distant seems likely because it is contingent on one, or both, of two developments, either of which must be a rather long process. Some master demagogue may sweep the country, but not until the American people have slipped back from their present level of political maturity, or until the art of demagoguery has been perfected to a degree beyond the capacity of McCarthy, Long, or any other known practitioner.

Against this, one must balance the possibility that our level of political maturity instead of sinking may rise, in which case success of the demagogue would tend to become less and less probable. I am persuaded that this has been the tendency since adoption of the Constitution. It is admittedly a guess, and some formidable authorities have guessed the contrary — the Adams brothers, for instance, and even Justice Holmes, in moments of exceptional acerbity. But the great men were guessing, too, and the latest guesser has the advantage over all predecessors that with each passing year there is more evidence on which to base a guess. Hence, there is no logical necessity that some future McCarthy or Long will take over the White House; and it may be plausibly argued that the trend is in the direction of making such an event less probable every year.

But the survival of the republic as we have known it is a proposition of a different order. The word "survive" as applied to any part except the name of the United States of America is a semantic sin. What is left of the government over which George Washington presided is hardly visible to the naked eye. The United States has not survived, it has evolved — a completely different concept. That its evolution will continue seems to me as near to mathematical certainty as any political prediction can come.

Theoretically, it might evolve into a monstrosity comparable to a saurian of the Mesozoic, whose sheer dimensions guaranteed its extinction in a changing environment; or it may evolve into something admirable but indescribable because it has no historical referent. Neither outcome can be precisely described as survival. When my father built his house in Thomasville, North Carolina, there was before it a sapling no taller than a schoolboy. Now, sixty years later, the spot is occupied by a large hickory tree, an ornament to the property but emphatically not a sapling. The sapling is not there, although it never died; no more is the republic that existed when Washington was inaugurated as its first President existent now; and it is a reasonable assumption that the republic I know will not be existent when my youngest grandson is as old as I am now.

Obviously, living men fall into two classifications as they regard this prospect gloomily or serenely. Since nobody lacking the gift of prophecy can by any process of thought determine which is the more probable outcome, the class into which one falls, optimist or pessimist, is presumably a matter of temperament. Yet who will admit it? All of us believe implicitly and usually explicitly that, whatever may be true of others, our attitude is determined by logical cogitation. Hence philosophy.

It seems that Bertrand Russell, as age crept upon

him, grew more rather than less cheerful. He always was contrary. For instance, at eighty plus, he said, "We are equal to all that we can understand." I feel sure that at sixty he would have said, "We are equal to no more than we can understand," and at forty, "We are equal only to what we can understand, which is precious little." Since the quantity of truth that each of these sayings would assay is indeterminate, I choose to adhere to his lordship in his eighties and, on the theory that we are equal to all that we can understand, hazard the prediction that this nation will be equal to more and more as understanding widens with the passage of the generations. Perhaps it will eventually be equal to what Kant called the greatest task facing humanity — to wit, creation of civic order based on justice rather than on force.

But to date it has never been equal to that task, perhaps because the task has never been understood. I am hopeful, therefore, that the United States as I know it will not survive through an indefinite future. It is not that good. In the assurance that it will evolve I can cheerfully face the possibility that it might evolve monstrously, seeing that it is equally possible that it may evolve beautifully, whereas mere survival would mean no change. If the time had come when we could be assured that the United States would never be appreciably better than it is now, a man of sense should attempt to make a reservation in the next space capsule, for all that makes it tolerable would be extracted from terrestrial existence.

I do not flatter myself that this kind of rationalizing will do much to relieve Senator Kuchel's distress at finding himself in intimate, unwanted contact with political grotesques; but it may help if he can be assured that his personal discomfort is not necessarily the prelude to national disaster. Which is really about all that can be done for a man luckless enough to be kissed by the intellectually slobbery.

THE SUPREME COURT AND ITS CRITICS

by JUDGE IRVING R. KAUFMAN

IRVING R. KAUFMAN is a judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, which includes New York, Connecticut, and Vermont, to which he was elevated by President Kennedy from the United States District Court upon the recommendation of Judge Learned Hand. As district judge he presided over several prominent civil and criminal trials, among them the Rosenberg atom-spy case, the Apalachin conspiracy, and the New Rochelle segregation case.

FOR those of us who have lived through the Great Depression and the early years of the New Deal, criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States can hardly be thought novel. The Court of the early thirties, conservative and dogmatic, was enough to pique the most patient observers. Today, more than at any time since then, the role of the Supreme Court in a democratic society has been the subject of a searching, often hostile, popular scrutiny.

The frequency with which decisions are rendered by a divided Court is not surprising. Before a case can reach the Supreme Court, it must have failed to be resolved by the mechanism of private adjustment and have been forced into the arena of litigation; a trial judge will have passed upon the problem and have had his judgment reviewed by one or more panels of judges of the intermediate appellate courts, who often find themselves in serious disagreement; and the justices of the Supreme Court, who to a large degree have control over the cases they will hear, will have thought that the problem merits the painstaking and time-consuming consideration of the highest court of the land. This filtering process tends to bring before the Supreme Court not only the most perplexing problems of public law, but also problems of broad-ranging application, affecting far more than the individual litigants directly interested in the outcome of a particular case.

But perhaps most conducive to a vigorous and often unkindly public reaction to the work of the Court is the fact that questions of public law frequently concern questions of morals, involving the

balancing of the needs of society or government as a whole against the asserted rights of the individual citizen. When a prisoner's conviction is overturned because a confession made by him and introduced in evidence at his trial is shown to have been the fruit of physical or psychological coercion, the Court expresses the moral judgment that it is *wrong* that police lawlessness should be employed as a means of rooting out lawless individuals. When the recitation of a prayer of sectarian origin, compelled by state legislation, is declared improper, the Court expresses a moral judgment: it is *wrong* for an individual to be deprived of the responsibility for choosing whether or not he will worship and the precise form which his worship will take. These cases are merely illustrative of the great questions of political morality, answers to which, even if not always accepted by the lay public, truly separate the free nation from the slave.

To accuse the Court of improperly reading morality into the Constitution is to misunderstand its function; for that document embodies vaguely worded ethical injunctions, which the Court is given the responsibility of interpreting. The Constitution provides that an individual must be rendered due process of law and extended the law's equal protection. But in the relationship between man and government, the determination of what process is due is of a different order from the determination of when payment of rent is due; and the equality of the equal-protection clause is rather less precise than the concept of equality in Euclidean geometry.

In recent years, the Court has extended the reach

of these proscriptions to areas previously believed outside the pale of federal judicial authority. Institutional considerations, formerly invoked to limit the Court's jurisdiction, have been subordinated or ignored in the Court's attempt to reassert fundamental values and apply them to the solution of the nation's most pressing problems. Thus, for example, the Court has rejected Justice Frankfurter's eloquent warning that a judicial body is ill equipped for the "clash of political forces" and should not inject itself into controversies concerning legislative apportionment. On the other hand, in the area of criminal law, matters formerly left to local discretion are now being regulated by federally imposed standards.

I believe that the Court sees at least two significant roles for itself in its expanded sphere of activity. In the cases involving reapportionment and school segregation, the Court has apparently attempted to express the will of a popular consensus which has been frustrated in its resort to more traditional political instrumentalities. Despite the forcefulness of Justice Frankfurter's appeal, it was precisely the inability of the electorate to achieve adequate and effective representation in a gerrymandered legislature which brought the apportionment cases to the courts. Similarly, in the segregation cases, it was precisely the failure of local officials to comply with nationally accepted standards of equality which compelled federal judicial intervention.

In the recent school-prayer decision and the spate of criminal procedure cases, however, the Court has appeared to venture a broader and even more controversial undertaking: it has attempted to perform an educative function — to shape, rather than reflect, a popular consensus. Woodrow Wilson, while professor of political science at Princeton, wrote a *treatise on congressional government* in which he depicted Congress as the prime national institution of political education. Today, the Supreme Court seems to have assumed that role, and it has been argued that the Court is well equipped for the task by virtue of its political insularity, its storehouse of time for research and reflection, and its responsibility to articulate constitutional principles and to persuade by reason rather than fiat.

Yet the specter of the early New Deal Court, hopelessly out of tune with the spirit of the times, should make us seriously ponder the questions raised when an appointive federal body attempts either to gauge and give force to popular sentiment or affirmatively to lead that sentiment along lines thought more in accord with fundamental constitutional verities. It is my purpose to consider some of the Supreme Court's recent decisions, or "teachings," in the field of public law and political morality, so that such questions may be better understood.

LEGISLATIVE APPORTIONMENT

A constant feature of American life since before the turn of the century has been the population shift from rural to urban and suburban communities. This shift, accompanied by a laxness in redrawing political boundaries, has in the great majority of states led to inordinate voting weight in the rural areas. A remedy for this political imbalance is usually difficult to find, for the very political forces within the state which can act as a corrective are themselves tainted if not created by the illness.

The constitution of at least one state, Tennessee, provides that state representatives and senators be apportioned among counties every ten years on the basis of population; no such reapportionment has been undertaken by the legislature since 1901. Sixty years later, an action was brought to overturn the existing scheme of apportionment, which gave to 37 percent of the voters of Tennessee the power to elect twenty of the thirty-three state senators, and to 40 percent of the voters the power to choose sixty-three of the ninety-nine members of the House. The federal trial court dismissed the complaint outright, relying on a number of Supreme Court cases which suggested that a court was not the appropriate body to rectify such matters and that relief would have to lie with the legislature or with other purely political devices that are in the hands of the public.

The case made its way to the United States Supreme Court, which held that the action was improperly dismissed. It is possible, said the Court, that numerical disparities among a state's electoral districts may be so irrational and so grievous as to work a denial of that equal protection of the laws guaranteed its citizens by the federal Constitution. The Court did not determine how irrational or grievous the political imbalance would have to be before it could be deemed a deprivation of constitutional rights; nor did it clarify what steps a court could take to remedy that deprivation. The Court will confront these issues in subsequent cases. But, by thus leaving the problem open-ended for some two years, the Supreme Court has initiated a political debate in every corner of the nation.

So profound was the problem, so urgently was a solution required, that the Court was willing to enter what Justice Frankfurter called the "political thicket" and risk the sacrifice of much of its reputation for political detachment in order to vindicate a moral conviction deeply felt. This conviction is at the root of what has been called the Court's "double standard" of individual freedoms. The Court has at least implicitly conceded that there is a special class of rights which merits the most zealous protection by the judiciary; these are the rights through which political opinions may be

freely and intelligently developed and expressed. Thus, freedom of speech or of the press is a necessary incident to the sound functioning of a democratic form of government, for the free exercise of such rights can be instrumental in correcting any impurities in our democracy. A government which suppresses free speech on matters political impedes the dissemination of ideas and criticism essential to responsive and responsible leadership.

Similarly, the First Amendment to the Constitution guarantees the right to petition the government for redress of grievances. Although this provision has rarely been a source of public concern, the recent movement for racial equality, employing peaceful picketing and orderly demonstrations, has brought it to the fore. The President, by defending the right of minorities to call their grievances to the attention of the government by peaceful methods, has implicitly recognized that this is one of our "preferred" freedoms.

The rights in issue in the legislative apportionment cases are of the same order. An apportionment device which weights the vote of a white citizen more than that of a Negro, or of a man more than a woman, would be patently unconstitutional, as an intolerable clot in a political system which should function so as to be responsive, impartially, to an educated electorate. How, then, asked the Supreme Court, "can one person be given twice or ten times the voting power of another person in a state-wide election merely because he lives in a rural area or because he lives in the smallest rural county?"

Yet even here legal scholars have expressed grave doubts as to the propriety — indeed, the capability — of a judicial body to engage in such traditionally nonjudicial activity as telling state legislatures how to go about drawing political boundary lines. The Court's intellectual arsenal, its reason and judgment, is said not to be equipped to deal with the statistical data, the historical oddities, and the traditional political influences which go to make up that unique area of human affairs known as state politics. But in this area, the gravity of the problem and the absence of alternative solutions were determinative. As one member of the Court noted, "[T]he people of Tennessee are stymied and without judicial intervention will be saddled with the present discrimination in the affairs of their state government."

It is fair to assume that the Court was aware that its decision would be supported by a broad consensus of opinion throughout the nation. The *vox populi* is never far from the Court's ear; indeed, the Court would have agreed with Justice Frankfurter's admonition that its authority "ultimately rests on sustained public confidence in its moral sanction." But, unlike their dissenting brother, the

majority of justices must have been confident that the Court's moral sanction would not be tarnished by this particular entry into the political thicket. And, despite the experts' fears, the lower courts — both federal and state — have risen to the challenge of lawsuits attacking the apportionment structure in more than half of the states and have apparently survived unscathed. Wherever possible the courts have merely admonished the legislatures and encouraged them to draw the new political boundary lines themselves; only as a last resort have the courts stepped in and directly engaged in the art of political cartography.

EDUCATIONAL SEGREGATION

To the lawyer the school-segregation decision was not as much of a thunderbolt as was the Tennessee reapportionment case. Indeed, its legal antecedents rendered the Court's decision somewhat predictable. In 1938 and again ten years later, the Court held that a state could not deny an individual the right to secure a law school education within that state merely because of his color. In 1950, the Court went further, holding that the quality of education at a small law school established exclusively for Negroes could not be deemed substantially equal to that offered at the state law school. Differences in such intangible factors as "reputation of the faculty, experience of the administration, position and influence of the alumni, standing in the community, and traditions and prestige" were sufficient, the Court asserted, to require that the state permit a qualified Negro to attend the formerly all-white state law school; otherwise, the state would not be affording its citizens "equal protection of the laws" as required by the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution. And even admission of a Negro to a graduate school would not necessarily discharge the state's constitutional responsibility. In another case, the Court ruled that the state could not require a Negro to occupy a special seat in the classroom in a row reserved only for Negroes, a special table in the library, or a special location in the cafeteria.

In the 1954 segregation case, the Court expressly and unanimously abandoned the "separate but equal" doctrine, holding that state-enforced separation of the races in education is in and of itself an unequal application of the laws and therefore unconstitutional.

Since then, we have come to learn that discrimination or separation in almost any form of state or municipal enterprise — traveling facilities, playgrounds, and the like — is unconstitutional. But it is significant that the breakthrough came in the area of educational opportunity, for this seems to me to fall squarely within that category of preferred

freedoms discussed previously. Does not our democratic system of government really rest upon a belief in an educated and enlightened electorate, apprised of political and social problems and capable of an intelligent choice of means in their solution? If educational opportunity or access to a free and fair ballot is stifled, does not the underpinning of democracy become that much less stable?

The Court's moral commitment to what I have called the preferred freedoms was here mirrored in the elemental sense of fairness among most citizens of the nation, and the Court could therefore withstand the attacks of those critics who charged that its opinion was an unprecedented foray into the sociological rather than the legal and an inexcusable interference with states' rights.

And, as has been suggested, the Court was seemingly impelled into action largely by the inability of any other institution to correct what it deemed to be a grave injustice. Long experience had shown that the two great political branches of the federal government were slow to act in the field of civil rights. And access to the delinquent state governments in question was effectively foreclosed by the existence of the very conditions whose constitutionality was challenged: educational, social, and political inferiority, governmentally created and perpetuated. Once again, the Court, if not the ideal agency to settle the problem, was the only branch of government able to lead the way to an effective solution.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The interplay between Court and public on the religious issue makes a fascinating chapter in our recent political history. And the violence of the outcry aroused by the Court's decisions was hardly surprising. To a large extent, the opinions were misunderstood, at least partially owing to the tendency of the mass media to communicate, and the public to learn of, only the barest outlines of the decisions. Headlines screamed: "Religious Prayer in Schools Prohibited!" "Lord's Prayer and Bible Reading Outlawed!" The Court's careful reasoning, its historical analysis, its philosophical underpinning were generally ignored. Very few realized that the Court, in prohibiting compulsory devotional exercises, did so in the context not of irreligion but of our heritage as a religious nation.

Perhaps another reason for the enraged response to the 1962 Regents' Prayer decision stems from a partial failure of the Court to fulfill properly the educative role it set out to play. The prevailing tone of the opinion was one of proscription, with a corresponding failure to emphasize the limitations of the decision. By stressing the proscribed and underplaying the allowable, the Court seemed to

fashion its opinion primarily for the legal community and not so much for the community at large.

Finally, the uproar regarding the first prayer case is quite understandable when we realize that it was, indeed, the first noteworthy case of this generation in which a common and seemingly innocuous religious practice was overturned. The older generation might have remembered that some twenty years earlier the Supreme Court declared invalid, upon the suit of Jehovah's Witnesses claiming interference with their religious freedom, a state law requiring the recitation of the flag salute and exacting punishment for noncompliance. The public's memory is, however, short.

It is interesting that by the time the Bible-reading and Lord's Prayer decisions were handed down, a year after the Regents' Prayer case, many of the sources of public misunderstanding had been eliminated. Popular reporting of these opinions appeared to be somewhat more responsible and comprehensive. And this was largely due to the tone of the Court's opinions themselves. Written much more with an eye toward public perusal and in anticipation of public criticism, the opinions drew with greater clarity the line between the proscribed and the permitted.

[I]t might well be said that one's education is not complete without a study of comparative religion or the history of religion and its relationship to the advancement of civilization. It certainly may be said that the Bible is worthy of study for its literary and historic qualities. Nothing we have said here indicates that such study of the Bible or of religion, when presented objectively as part of a secular program of education, may not be effected consistent with the First Amendment.

All who read the later opinions were aware that the Court was taking pains to emphasize that its decision was founded upon a profound appreciation of this nation's religious heritage, but that this was a heritage of *private* religiousness.

The place of religion in our society is an exalted one, achieved through a long tradition of reliance on the home, the church and the inviolable citadel of the individual heart and mind. We have come to recognize through bitter experience that it is not within the power of government to invade that citadel, whether its purpose or effect be to aid or oppose, to advance or retard.

The sentiments expressed by Justice Clark, a Protestant, speaking for the majority of the justices in the Lord's Prayer and Bible-reading cases, were echoed in the concurring opinions of Justice Brennan, the one Roman Catholic on the Court, and Justice Goldberg, the one member of the Jewish faith. It was Justice Goldberg who, again emphasizing the limited nature of the Court's decision, noted that

it seems clear to me from the opinions in the present and past cases that the Court would recognize the propriety of providing military chaplains and of the teaching *about* religion, as distinguished from the teaching *of* religion, in the public schools.

If the Court was trying to instruct the American public in a matter of political morality which touches the conduct of our everyday life, it seems, on the whole, to have succeeded. The Court, quite accustomed to receiving letters from a critical public, was met by a flood tide of letters after it rendered its decision in the Regents' Prayer case in the summer of 1962. Word has it that the critical mail following the 1963 decisions was minimal. Public commentary, on the whole, was more moderate in tone. There are still protestations, but they seem directed more at what it is believed the Court said than at what it in fact did say. Most state governments, still properly concerned with respect for law and with establishing an appropriate balance between government and religion as explicated by the Court, are responsibly formulating programs of silent meditation and of secular instruction in the history of religion and in the development of our great historical and religious literature.

The widespread public dialogue touched off by the Court's opinions has, to my mind, been salutary. It is fairly safe to say that an outgrowth will be a greater understanding, by the schoolchild as well as his parents, of the role of religion in family, society, culture, and history.

But if much is gained when the Court takes a broadened view of its function and ventures into areas not previously deemed within its special competence, we must also bear in mind the dangers present. At the last convention of the American Bar Association, Justice Harlan cautioned against the "subtle capacity for serious mischief" contained in the view "that all deficiencies in our society which have failed of correction by other means should find a cure in the courts."

Such a warning seems particularly apt in the context of the school-prayer cases. For in its eagerness to pass upon the question of religion in the public schools, the Court has relaxed requirements of "standing" which have traditionally limited the type and number of problems which the Court is called upon to decide. "Standing" rules, requiring that the parties involved possess a certain minimum interest in the subject matter of the litigation and the relief sought, are designed to ensure that the Court will not be confronted with purely abstract, quasi-legislative questions brought by citizens seeking to vindicate the public good, rather than with a concrete dispute between particular individuals. Injuries to society as a whole are felt the concern of the legislative and executive branches of government; judicial resources are thought better equipped

to pass upon specific individual and real grievances.

Some years ago, the Court did dismiss an appeal in a school-prayer case, on the grounds that the young students had already been graduated from school and that the individuals suing in their behalf, although taxpayers, had not shown themselves to have a discernible financial interest in the outcome of the litigation. In the religious cases of 1962 and 1963, however, the parties were schoolchildren presently being subjected to the challenged religious programs and the parents of those children. The Court found the distinction determinative, concluding that all parties were "directly affected by the laws and practices against which their complaints are directed."

Yet one wonders whether this was a distinction without a real difference. Especially when it is remembered that the Court did not stress the coercion of particular pupils but instead condemned the religious practices as an "establishment of religion," it is difficult to pinpoint the injuries suffered by specific individuals. Rather, if any injury was involved, it would seem one to society as a whole; and hence the problem of religion in the public schools may tend toward the sort of broad-gauged, loosely defined issue that the courts have traditionally been advised to avoid.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

There is, of course, one area in which the Court's activity is most familiar: the administration of criminal justice. Most fundamentally, the Court must determine how best to satisfy society's need for protection against crime and at the same time accord to all accused individuals every procedural fairness. In the Middle Ages, the accused would be subjected to an ordeal, such as walking across red-hot irons, as a test of his innocence. The modern-day analogue would be the confession coerced by the rubber hose or by more subtle methods of physical and psychological pressure.

We have long known that social peace is not to be purchased at the price of tyranny. But cannot the courts err if they indulge themselves in too great a solicitude for the accused criminal? If, for example, we exclude from a criminal trial evidence of narcotics or of a deadly weapon seized from the accused without a search warrant, do we not give procedural niceties unwarranted supremacy over society's fair concern for the apprehension and detention of criminals? In the words of Judge Cardozo, ought we to permit a criminal to go free simply because the constable blundered?

Such are the vexing moral questions which confront our courts of law. The public is, almost in the very nature of the case, biased in outlook. Solicitude for the accused in a criminal case is not, I daresay,

one of the hallmarks of our national conscience. The people are inclined to seek vengeance, especially when a heinous offense has been committed. Indeed, there is little solicitude displayed when they stigmatize an attorney for his defense of an unpopular client or an unpopular cause, even though such a defense is in the best tradition of the Constitution and the bar.

All too many believe that it is the sole function of the prosecutor to secure convictions. In truth, his function is to see that justice is done, even if this means aiding in the acquittal of the innocent. We have viewed in our lifetime the perversion of the criminal process, characterized by summary trial and unspeakably harsh and summary punishment in totalitarian countries. This is a message which should not be lost on us. And the Supreme Court has set the theme: "The methods we employ in the enforcement of our criminal law have aptly been called the measures by which the quality of our civilization may be judged." The Court, in the past few years, has devoted itself to implementing this profound statement of principle.

Admittedly, public opinion on these issues is not articulated to the degree noted in the areas of racial segregation and of religion in public education. And there are hints that the Supreme Court's decisions on the problems of criminal justice might well merit great publicity among the public, for one fears they have fallen on deaf ears. In a speech delivered before the American Bar Association, Justice Brennan cited a survey of American high school students which revealed that more than one third condoned the use of third-degree police methods. The fact that these are the students schooled for tomorrow's leadership is hardly consoling.

In the last five years, we have observed a gradual but determined effort on the part of the Court to establish fixed rules of law by which police, prosecutory, and judicial agencies — state as well as federal — must abide when enforcing the criminal law. In effect, there has been a swing of the pendulum from state laissez-faire in matters of criminal justice to a more uncompromising control by the Supreme Court and the federal courts generally in certain areas of political morality.

The field in which such a shift has been most evident is that dealing with the use in a criminal trial of evidence secured by the police by means of an unreasonable and unlawful search or seizure. Roughly half a century ago, the Supreme Court decided that such tainted evidence should be excluded from criminal trials in the federal courts. This was not deemed a dictate of the Fourth Amendment to the federal Constitution, which bars unreasonable searches and seizures on the part of the federal government, but a means of controlling the fair conduct of trials within the federal judicial

system. For this reason, courts of the individual states were not compelled to exclude evidence which, although unlawfully seized, could generally be of probative value in the case for the prosecution. In 1950, the Court ruled that the constitutional proscription of unreasonable searches and seizures did apply to the states, but held that exclusion of the illegally procured evidence was not a required method of enforcing the ban. Finally, in 1961, the Court, perhaps sensing the anomaly of its permissive position and noting the trend among more than half of the states toward voluntarily excluding such evidence, reversed the position taken only a decade earlier and held that the exclusionary principle was binding upon the states as a matter of due process of law.

A similar development may be traced in the Court's treatment of the right of an accused to secure court-appointed counsel. For many years, the Court was universally understood to say that a criminal defendant without financial means had a right to an attorney appointed by the state *only* when conviction brought with it the possibility of a death sentence. In noncapital cases, due process of law was thought to require the appointment of counsel only in special circumstances, such as when the age, education, and mental condition of the defendant were so deficient as to warrant the conclusion that he would not be able to conduct his own defense competently.

Neither the effect nor the logic of the Court's distinction was wholly satisfying. Many individuals, thoroughly incapable of conducting an adequate investigation before trial (generally, they were imprisoned during this crucial period) or unable to interview witnesses and to prepare and conduct their own trial, were forced nonetheless to joust on the awesome question of guilt or innocence with the overpowering forces of the prosecutor's office. It does not tax the imagination to observe that under such conditions the struggle to secure justice becomes lopsided. It was difficult to perceive, moreover, the reason for the capital-noncapital distinction. Why was "due process" denied when no counsel was appointed in a case involving the threat of capital punishment, although it was thought amply accorded when no counsel was appointed in a case involving the possibility of a severe sentence of imprisonment? The Constitution has always required that there be due process of law before one is denied life or liberty.

These questions were extremely troublesome, so much so that federal courts, to a degree responsible for overseeing the fairness of trials in state courts, increasingly discovered from case to case those "special circumstances" which in a noncapital case necessitated the appointment of counsel for the indigent defendant. State governments also became

increasingly aware of their own frontline responsibility and passed laws providing for the appointment of counsel in all criminal cases and for the establishment of legal aid societies and public defender organizations. And, finally, in its past term, the Supreme Court re-examined this troublesome area and discarded the capital-noncapital distinction. It ruled that all defendants are entitled by the Constitution to representation by counsel in criminal trials in the state courts. In the case in which the Court set down this principle, the state conviction of the defendant was overturned and a new trial permitted, at which the accused was to be accorded the right of appointed counsel. The way of legal history was somewhat poetic in this case; for, although convicted some years earlier after a trial at which he was forced to represent himself, the defendant, now represented by counsel, was able to secure an acquittal.

Enough has been said to illustrate the point that the Supreme Court, in establishing the rules of fair play by which an individual is tried, engages in a figurative dialogue with centers of local government and with the public at large, often reflecting current trends of thinking, often initiating those trends. And there are many questions still to be answered. To what extent, for example, should the federal judicial system interfere with the conduct of state law enforcement agencies and with the administration of the fifty individual systems of state criminal law? Even more pressing is the question of retroactivity. For when the Court determines that formerly acceptable methods of conducting criminal trials can no longer be considered "due process," what should be done with the individuals tried, convicted, and imprisoned under the *ancien régime* of legal principles? The Court has thus exposed itself to the criticism that, in being overzealous in safeguarding the rights of the criminally accused, it has not been sufficiently mindful of the institutional demands of our bifurcated federal

system and of finality in litigation. The Court's message in the recent past — as revealed in the apportionment and segregation cases, as well as the cases involving criminal procedure — is that institutional imperatives such as these are clearly subordinate to the moral imperatives embedded in our Constitution. The members of the Court apparently are of a mind with the English judge who once noted, "Finality is a good thing; but Justice is even better."

It is, of course, difficult to quarrel with such a sentiment. Yet if the decisions which we have reviewed truly reflect the philosophy now prevalent among the majority of justices of the Supreme Court, we might rephrase the notion to read, "Judicial self-restraint is a good thing; but immediate cures for society's ills are even better." And as to this proposition, all will agree that there is room for debate.

It is always pleasing to have our problems solved for us. Indeed, many of the Court's opinions effectuate substantive solutions with which few can quarrel. But, as Justice Harlan has warned, we should be wary of relying upon the Court to settle all our vexing problems, particularly questions which are more properly within the province of the legislative or executive branch of government; of shirking our duties as citizens to resolve the problems which beset society at the ballot box and of acting rather as spectators to the actions of a judiciary which is appointed for life.

In short, we must never forget, in our eagerness to find answers to troubling social problems, that at least on some occasions the means by which a society resolves its difficulties will have a far more enduring importance than the immediate solutions themselves. In any event, as the Court well knows and as its decisions vividly demonstrate, judicial solutions in a dynamic society such as ours are rarely eternal; and today's "settled law" may tomorrow be transformed in a way which is most unsettling to the Court's lay critics.



THE ICE PARTY

by Sallie Bingham

Southern-born and a graduate of Radcliffe, class of 1958, SALLIE BINGHAM started the writing of fiction while she was in college. One of her short stories won the Dana Reed Prize for 1957 and was reprinted in THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1959. Her first novel, AFTER SUCH KNOWLEDGE, was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1960.

ROBIN WINSLOW stood in the bay window at six o'clock on a winter evening and drummed with his fingers on the freshly painted white sill. Outside, beyond the glass which clouded with his breath, then cleared, the lights of the city were spread from the dark boundary of the river to the bay. For all its brightness, the city seemed to him to lie as peacefully below his window as a meadow or a rug or a tranquil inlet of the sea. He knew it well. When he moved his head slightly, the view of the city was replaced in the pane by the reflection of his wife, a steamy essence, coiled in her bed. The cold glass seemed to take only reds and whites, only the violence of her cheeks and the pallor of her nightgown. She was nursing the baby and sighing.

"I do wish you'd go out, Robin," she said. "You make me nervous, standing there like a Christian martyr."

"Don't get nervous; you know what it does to the milk," he said, still drumming on the fresh white sill. He spoke without emphasis, voicing her own alarms.

She laughed and shifted the baby so that his round, gleaming head appeared, reflected in the glass. "Sometimes I think you're just a little bit jealous," she said, attempting gaiety cautiously, as every afternoon she attempted to climb a few stairs.

He turned away from the window then, staring at

his son's bald head. "How's he doing?" he asked.

"Oh, he's doing fine — the pig," she said, looking down. Her forehead was broad and low and white, like a white linen scarf binding back her stiff, black, Indian hair. In bed, she wore her hair plaited in a thick rope which hung solid and shining beside the mahogany bedpost. "A pretty, practical face," Robin's father had said the first time they met. Lilly sighed again, looking down at the baby's head pinned to her bare breast.

Robin went to his bureau and began to rummage around, sifting the day's mail which he had not yet opened. "Are you looking for anything in particular?" Lilly asked. He shuffled the papers into a pile and set a silver brush on top. The surface of the dresser shone, reflecting the silver rims of his brushes and bottles and boxes. He felt a terrible dreariness, looking at those things, all marked with his own or his father's initials; a terrible dreariness, seeing how they shone, reflected in the mahogany bureau.

"I suppose these will go to him, one day," he murmured, touching the top of a silver box with his finger.

"Yes, they should. When he's twenty-one, you should give him some of those old things to put on the chest of drawers in his first apartment."

Glancing at himself in the round mirror which

Drawing by Russell Carpenter.

hung over the bureau, Robin touched the points of his collar and straightened his tie. "Maybe I will go, after all," he said.

"You really should, you know," Lilly said, smiling. "Really, it would be very rude of you not to go, when they expect you."

"You won't come?" he asked, turning to look at her.

She shrugged, still smiling. "Honestly! Do you want me to go like this?"

"He'll be finished soon," Robin said dully.

"Yes, and I'll be finished too." Immediately after each feeding, she went to sleep, lying flat on her back with her hands folded on her stomach. She would sleep in that leaden way, her breath hardly stirring the fronds of hair which lay on her cheeks, until the nurse came to rouse her for the next feeding. Only in the middle of the day she stayed awake long enough to climb a few stairs and read the morning paper.

"It's preposterous, anyway — a skating party at night," Robin said, but he went to kiss her.

"I think it's a lovely idea," she said, raising her mouth. Her lips were soft, very pale, with a scale of lipstick in the corners. She kissed him gravely, with passion. "I wish I was going!"

As he straightened up, Robin's lapel brushed the top of the baby's head. Two or three fair hairs, so fine they were nearly invisible, stood up, waved softly, like feelers, and then lay down across the pulsing dent in the baby's head. His eyes were fixed, half-closed, and his whole face pouted to his mouth — like a pitcher, Robin thought. "I'll be home for the ten o'clock," he promised.

"It'd be a pleasure to have you, but you don't have to feel we couldn't get along." As she spoke she took the baby off her breast, with an unstopping sound, and laid him against her shoulder. She began to pat his back, her mother-in-law's emerald flashing on her square, freckled hand.

"I'll tell them you hate to miss it," Robin said, staring at the baby, who writhed once and gave a rending burp. "Good boy," Lilly said, taking him down from her shoulder. As she applied him sucker-like to her other breast, Robin turned and went out the door.

IN THE dark hallway, which, in spite of the red carpet and the gilt sconces, smelled of the scrod they had eaten for lunch, Robin met Miss Perkins, the nurse, cat-footing along. She flattened herself against the wall, one hand on her stomach, to let him pass. He hesitated, looking at her, narrowing his eyes in the dim light. She was a scrawny middle-aged woman, yet he had once made the mistake of speaking to her too gently, too insistently ("I do

appreciate what you're doing here" — was that it?), and ever since she had flattened herself against the wall when he passed. "I don't believe Mrs. Winslow is finished yet," he said.

"I'll just go along and check," Miss Perkins said, and she hurried down the hall with a rustle and slide of cold nylon layers.

Robin knew he should stop her; Lilly hated for "that woman" to come in on her when she was nursing. Twice when it had happened, Lilly's face had flushed almost black, and she had shouted, "Miss Perkins! Wait until I ring!" Not that she was embarrassed; she simply couldn't bear to have the atmosphere diluted. That was typical of her high-handed way with the servants; her openness with them — she was always either lavishing them with affection or with scorn — made Robin uneasy, for it showed that the power was new to her. And yet they seemed to like it; in three years, no one had left.

He heard Miss Perkins knock, very gently, on the bedroom door. Then she went in. Robin walked on down the hall, feeling rather satisfied. There was something matter-of-fact about Miss Perkins which would put an end to the High Communion in that overheated bedroom. He went quickly down the stairs, pleased with himself for the first time that day. Miss Perkins would take the baby away to change his diapers; "You have never changed his diapers," he would say, one day, to Lilly. Poor Lilly, who had tried so hard to keep that woman out of the house. "Why can't I take care of my own child?" she had demanded, drawn up in front of him like a battering ram, just a month before the child was born. Robin had not expected that opposition.

In the hall, he took his jacket and sweater and opened the front door. The night air was cold and dry, stimulating after the staleness of the house, and he stood on the doorstep, buttoning up his jacket, and breathed in great gasps. He knew how he looked, gasping there on the doorstep like a stranded fish, his pale, gleaming, ungrained face rather gilled at the best of times. Yet he couldn't help it; it seemed nothing less than miraculous that cold weather prevailed outside a house which was so persistently overheated. He started down the street to get his car.

No, he had not expected that opposition. He had admired Lilly for sticking up for her rights; they were her rights, he knew that — had been from the days of the cave. But he had thought she was too tender, too spoiled, in fact, to want all that dreary labor. Certainly before the baby was born she had never put herself out; never cooked a meal, except for a joke on Sunday nights, or cleaned a bathtub or pressed a shirt or done anything else to show — Well, after all, this was different, he re-

mind himself, as he walked steadily along under the drooping streetlights. Still, it would have been wrong to allow her to wear herself out, as she would have done by this time without Miss Perkins. Even Lilly, he thought, would agree with that now. Yet it was such a change, so sudden, it was quite hard to accommodate himself: one morning she was lying in bed until eleven o'clock, and the next, practically, she was up at six, in the same white wrapper. For her clothes had not changed, of all things. And yes, he did admire her, although perhaps not quite so much as his father, who every time he came to call bobbed and scraped and pirouetted like one of the old park pigeons in springtime; positively danced in his highly polished black shoes. "A born mother!" he would cry, as though it were something rare. Of course, his father knew nothing about the difficulties of eating scrod off a tray at unseasonable hours or spending most evenings in an overheated bedroom. And then, since the baby's birth — and part of this, Robin knew, had been medical necessity — since the baby's birth, Lilly had kissed him so gravely, so passionately, but they had not once made love.

Six weeks. He felt a quiver at that, a touch of the desolation he had felt when he looked at his silver brushes. He unlocked his car and climbed in and turned on the heater; cold air rushed up his legs. He sat for a while in the queer gaseous light from the streetlamp, hunched, his gloved hands pressed between his knees. He felt quite cold and lost and yet a little ashamed, like a child who knows his misery is laughable to everyone else in the world. "What on earth is the matter with you?" his mother used to shout in a frenzy of common sense when he sat in the corner and mourned. For he had been a moody child. That feeling, that lost sense of sadness and oppression, had not come to him for several years; now, sitting in the car with the cold air rushing up his legs, he remembered crouching under the skirts of his mother's dressing table one day shortly before she went away. The organdy had tickled his nose, smelling of dust and starch, and his mother had said over the telephone, "Oh, what is the use! What is the use? That child doesn't need me any more than I need him." Her pink satin slipper had been thrust under the edge of the organdy petticoat, and he had reached out and touched the toe.

HE STARTED the car. The roar of the engine as he pressed down the accelerator made him feel quite gay; there was something rakish in starting out to a party alone. He was not the kind of man who made a habit of going out and leaving his wife; in fact, he could not remember a single in-

stance — except, if it could be counted, the night the child was born. Lilly had looked at him through the flush on her face, through the dazzle in her eyes, and said, "Now Robin, you really must go out and see Evans or George or some of your other friends. I won't have you" — and then she had given a heave, with her whole body, as though she were pushing up a weight laid on her chest — "I won't have you moping around here, making me feel gloomy." All the time quite calm, quite rational, despite the flush and dazzle on her face.

So he had gone out. He had not been worried, although his father had said, "She is old to be having a first child." He had not felt anything, leaving the hospital, except a numb, bleak sense of waiting, as though he himself were a child again, sitting in Dr. Banks's outer office with the malaria print on the wall. Bessie Stokes, his nurse, had plied Robin with candy and reassurances, although he had not been frightened. Only, he had felt dull and empty, waiting like a pitcher to be filled with the pain of the booster shot, with the pain of the birth. But he had not felt the pain in the end; only the emptiness.

Evans Hill and Robin's cousin George had known exactly what to do with him. They had taken him to a bar and then to a restaurant and then to another bar, all new to Robin, who seldom went to Cambridge. At regular intervals during the evening, he had slipped away to telephone the hospital. They wouldn't tell him anything, they said that nothing was happening, and when he threatened to come and see for himself, the little night nurse had giggled and said, "Now Mr. Winslow! Don't you go being a trial!" The birth of the child would always mean, to him, the sticky mouthpiece of a public telephone and the obscenities scrawled, in every kind of hand, on a pay-station wall.

Now he was bowling along the highway, by the edge of the dark, thick-looking river. He drove very fast, very skillfully, cutting in and out of the line of cars; it was something he enjoyed, for he knew he drove well, and he put his head back and laughed when he heard them honk behind him, heard them bleat behind him, wounded, angry, like lambs, because he had cut them off by turning from the wrong lane. Let them bleat, he thought, believing for a moment that he could come to enjoy causing pain; and he remembered Lilly's rage when he had come to the hospital, finally, late in the morning. He had looked terrible, unshaven, hangdog, the night like a scab on his face. "I know where you've been — getting drunk; it's a sacred tradition," she had cried, looking so white and drained after the flush of the night. "I expected that!" she had shouted when he had tried to explain. "But I did think you'd get back before the

baby was born." The baby was four hours old — he had seen it, behind the glass; and he had known then that she would never let him make up for those four hours.

COMING around a curve, he saw ahead of him, on the wide black river, the hive of lights which marked the party. He parked at the end of a long line of cars and got out. The wind off the river was tart-smelling, keen, yet with a kind of gaiety in it, as though it had been whipping up the cheeks of pretty girls. Robin went around to the trunk of his car and unlocked it and took out his skates. He always kept them there, in case on one of his official trips to inspect a venerable lady's collection of needlepoint, bequeathed to the museum, he had the good luck to pass a frozen pond. The skates were large, heavy, and black, with dangling gray laces and shining steel runners. He knotted the laces together and draped the skates over his shoulder, where they clanked companionably as he made his way down the bank. He stumbled once — the rucked-up ground was frozen hard as iron — and caught himself with a gasp, frightened, as though in stumbling he had risked a fall which would have prevented him from getting to the lights. Then he hurried on, his skates thudding softly, and stepped out onto the ice through the dry rushes at the edge of the river.

At first, he walked cautiously. The ice was perfectly safe — Eloise Hill had made sure of that; the river was frozen three feet down. Yet Robin felt, as he always did when he first stepped on the ice, a tremor at the thought of the black, cold water moving sluggishly underneath. He had never fallen through — and he had skated everywhere, on ponds and rivers all over New England — and yet he knew how it would feel to crash through the splintering ice and drop into the slow, cold water. He knew he would never have the strength to fight his way back to the top. So he walked cautiously, sliding one foot in front of the other in his soft, highly polished black shoes.

From the center of the river, the lights of the party threw long smears of color toward him across the ice. As he approached, he saw that they were flares on the ends of long poles which had been driven, at intervals, into the ice. The wind tore at the flares, tossing them about or forcing them down into their sockets; then, the wind relenting, they leapt up again and danced hectically a few inches above the wick. Beyond the flares, tables and benches were set out, and a great fire was burning slowly in a depression of melting ice.

As Robin came closer he began to feel a little uncertain. It was impossible to recognize anyone

in that queer, shifting light. People with their backs turned to him were warming their hands at the fire; others, skating, flashed in and out of sight, passing beyond the fire as bright and insubstantial as ghosts. Their voices sounded thin and faraway as they laughed and called to each other. Robin unslung his skates and sat down alone on a wooden bench to take off his shoes.

Immediately he was noticed, as though by entering the circle of light he had changed from shadow into flesh. Eloise Hill rushed up to kiss him and to introduce the young men trailing after her. Evans, her husband, came to offer a pair of thick socks, which Robin of course refused; he always brought his own. One by one, other people came to speak to him, until he felt like a king or a chronic invalid, receiving on his wooden bench. He bent over, lacing his skates while they chattered and breathed great puffs of vapor into the cold air.

He knew them well, for they were members of a group which had stayed together since college, a group which had been the seedbed of half a dozen marriages, the alliances of college drastically shifted so that the mistresses of two roommates could, without any awkwardness, marry the wrong men. So he felt a warmth, an ease as they chattered which he did not feel with any other people in the world; for, after all, they knew him with no disguises; they had even invented his excuses — for instance, the old lady benefactors who, they claimed, adored him. They were resigned to him, and he, accepting their resignation, applied it to his life; and then anything was bearable.

At last the chatter died down. "But where is Lilly?" Heather Scott asked after too long an interval, her bright, false voice reproving even while it endorsed the others' rudeness. She was a high-colored, slender girl, wearing a very short red skirt, and she stood poised gracefully on one skate, the other toed on its runner.

"She had to stay at home to nurse the baby," Robin explained, and understood from the slight rustle, the shifting of expectations around him, that this had been an odd thing to say. They were too determined, most of them, too sufficient, or too unsure to waste life on children.

By then his skates were laced, and he stood up and pushed his way out of the group. As soon as he heard the rasp of steel on ice, he felt an assurance which he did not feel when he walked down the street or climbed his own stairs. He had learned to skate almost as soon as he had learned to walk; his father had bought him a pair of double-runners, and together — the fair, fat child and the prim old gentleman, too old, they all said, to be left with such a small boy — they had scored all the ponds in Massachusetts. A few days after Robin's wedding, his father had given him his own old-fashioned

skates, but Robin had put them away, along with the cinnamon-colored knickers, because he did not want to overlay that particular section of the past. Now he skated quickly out of the cluster of people, out of the firelight, and felt on his cheek the steel chill of the ice, the breath of the frozen river.

He imagined that they called behind him — for they liked him, he knew that; he filled a certain chink in the pattern now, providing an image of ordinary domesticity without which their scheme would have been incomplete. He remembered that several of the girls had sent presents when the baby was born. Heather Scott had sent a rather vulgar embroidered pink dress, obviously intended for a girl; it was her style to mock an obligation, even while she fulfilled it. Robin had been a little in love with her at college, and glad to be put off by her sheen, her clear, bright hardness. She was an exceptional girl, and she had remained uncaught, undimmed by the ordinary events which had diminished the others' lives. She had not, even once, come anywhere near to marrying.

Robin skated on, cleaving the fresh darkness, confident now of the ice as he heard it growl under his runners. Black ice. "The heart of the winter," his father, the delicate old gentleman, had called it. Robin circled, skated backward, and skidded to a stop, ice flaking up from his runners. His cheeks were burning, and his hands felt hot and malleable, like melting wax; his whole body was warm and sufficient, as though he no longer needed his clothes, his heavy layers of wool, to keep him warm. For a moment, he stood still and looked back at the lights of the party. He knew it would be better not to go back; instead, he would circle in the darkness, within sight of those lights, within sound of those voices, but alone, unseen. Yet he needed someone to see how well he could skate, one of his insubstantial friends. Suddenly, he felt his father's scorn of them — that prim, athletic gentleman. "Your aesthetes," he had said, "how come they're all so fat?" But Robin turned and skated back to them.

THEY were heating some kind of concoction in an iron pot on the fire, and he smelled cinnamon and cloves as he skated up. He stopped sharply, with a grating sound, just outside the circle; they all turned, startled, and he saw Heather draw herself together, as though he had been about to run her down. In spite of her poise and her little red skirt, Robin guessed at once that she did not know how to skate. He held out his hand with an almost wolfish smile. "Come skate with me." She protested — "I'm waiting for some of this cider" — yet she gave him her hand, limp and warm inside a woolen glove. He reached for her other hand and

crossed her arms over her skirt, pinioning her in the correct position. Then they started off across the ice.

Immediately, he knew that she was not up to it. Her skates stuttered on the ice, and she pulled at his hands, pleading, "Hey, slow down!"

"I thought you could skate," he said, with delighted malice. He liked to feel her whole weight dragging from his hands. Oh, she was an exceptional girl!

Her little nose was very red, a sharp red beak, like a tropical bird's, when she looked up at him and said, "You know I can't skate or do anything like that worth a damn." Then she tried to disengage her hands, peevishly, to show him she knew his standards were false. But he pressed the warm woolen gloves firmly. "Come on, I'll show you."

As they started off again, he half-dragging, half-supporting her on her chattering skates, he knew that she was growing angry. "Haven't you skated at all before?" he asked her gaily, whereupon she staggered, clutched at his hands, and then, recovering herself, turned on him in fury. "Is this the kind of thing you take seriously?" she asked.

When he saw her face, gleaming with irritation, Robin felt a little cowed, as he would have felt ordinarily, meeting her on the street. Humbly, he apologized, and then he released her and stepped back, reached for her hands, and brought her toward him slowly at the end of her stiff arms. So they skated, facing each other, his runners cutting long, gradual curves over which she scratched, stumbling, flailing, smelling strongly of damp woolens; but now beginning to smile. "You'll teach me yet," she said, almost cheerfully. Finally she began to understand, and the scratches she made on the ice smoothed and lengthened. Once more he took her hands and crossed them over her skirt, and they skated together, slowly and solemnly.

"But this is fun!" she cried, shining up at him, her hair tumbled and bright under the dark fur of her hat.

"Oh, I could teach you anything, I always knew that," he said, and he swung her in a wide arc around the group of lights. Then he put his hands on her waist and pushed her backward, feeling her hips heave under his fingers. She looked at him from under her lashes. "There, that's enough; let me go now," she said.

He felt as though he could have skated with her on the black ice all night. For she was becoming gay and malleable as he guided her, slowly, along the edge of the river, where the rushes hung their frozen beards; farther and farther from the swarm of lights. She leaned away and struck out boldly now, and he praised her with the words his father had once used: "That's the gallant one! That's fine! That's really handsome!"

She smiled at him, a little startled, perhaps, by his

enthusiasm, yet touched. Finally he knew it was time for her to go on alone, and he undid her clutching hands, gently but firmly. Then he stood back and watched her, slowly, yet with grace, waver alone down the ice. Her long legs in scarlet stockings and her little red skirt looked rakish; he leaned forward and plunged after her.

Then, when he took her hands again, casually, almost possessively, he knew he could have done anything with her; and they began to talk. She told him, with little tosses of her head and sidelong glances of her wonderful yellow eyes, about the work she was doing — “Oh, it’s with a bunch of fakes” — allowing him, finally, to extract the fact that she was the head of a whole department. “But it’s just the art book department; there are four or five others,” she protested.

“I always knew you were talented,” he said, for once mastering the exact degree of cynicism which made the compliment palatable.

“Oh, you,” she said, “what do you care about talent?” And she pouted at him, deliciously.

“My goodness,” he said, “I’m in the talent game,” knowing she would appreciate an opportunity to laugh.

“Oh, you and your old ladies and their needlepoint!”

“It’s not all needlepoint. Yesterday I went out to Weston to see a really fine little Corot.”

“Yes, and tomorrow it’ll be Norman Rockwell,” she said recklessly.

“You’ve decided I’m the common man,” he said. “That’s the only space you have to fit me in.”

“You’ve got too much dough to be the common man,” she declared.

He laughed. “That’s what Lilly says. She maintains I was corrupted in the cradle.”

Lilly’s name was like a draft blowing between them; for a moment, Heather did not answer. Then she said, awkwardly, “I hear you’ve got a mighty fine son.” He heard the accent of her childhood, country-Southern, in those words, the accent she had long ago laid aside.

“Yes, he’s a big boy,” he said, rather vacantly. He never knew what to say about the child.

“Is Lilly pretty absorbed in him?” Heather asked, looking down at her skates.

“Oh, a little, I guess,” he admitted, shocked that she had understood so well.

She looked at him full in the face then and smiled. “I hear she’s been devoured, body and soul,” she said remorselessly.

He started to reply on the same level, “Oh, you people are so cynical”; they could have skated on forever on the surface then. Instead, he looked down at the ice and waited.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, her warm breath brushing his cheek.

Shamelessly, he turned and gave her the benefit of the blank, lustrous look which, a little earlier, he had bestowed on his son. “I suppose the whole thing has been hard on my vanity,” he said, with a laugh.

She did not laugh with him. Instead, she clung more closely to him, and her warm, supple flesh was applied to his side, healingly, like a poultice. She was all one piece, from the point of her shoulder to her slender, muscled thigh, and he felt her all one piece, warm and healing, against his side. “I’m so sorry to hear that,” she said, and he noticed that she did not sound in the least surprised.

He let himself go. “If I’d expected this in the beginning — But you know, she was so gay, so lively, so interested in everything. And then, it’s not as though she was a girl when we married; and I thought, somehow, when you’re twenty-eight a baby doesn’t pop into your mind, automatically, as soon as you see an available man.”

She laughed at his “available,” but her humor was full of pathos, and she did not loosen her hold on his hands. “I guess it depends a little on the woman,” she said.

“But she was so lively,” he protested against her unspoken condescension. “I could hardly keep her in the house. That first year, she was in and out, up and down, traveling—” He wanted Heather to be enchanted by that, by the gaiety of the life Lilly had offered to him. For the first time, he had slipped out of Boston, once a month at least, casually, with no more thought of the hole it was making in his life, in his routine, than if he had been going to Concord with his father. They had gone to New York, to Italy, and everywhere, even on Beacon Street, she had danced with a clear, bright flame.

He understood from the way Heather stiffened that this was not what she wanted to hear; not his happiness but his distress was charming to her. He caught a glimpse, then, of the labyrinth she lived in, where every conversation offered a thread, a way through devious corridors, a justification. It seemed strange to him that his vague, uncertain sadness should be spun into a long, shining justification for a single bed in a studio apartment and an icebox full of orange halves and the other sides of English muffins. He began to feel a little stale, and shamed, as though he had revealed too much. “After all,” he said, rather gloomily and vaguely, “it’s not as though I didn’t want children.”

“I’ve noticed the change in you, Robin,” she said gravely. “These last few months, you’ve been like a hunted thing.”

“Well, not hunted, so much. Just plain bored.”

“No.” With her hand on the key, she would force it to turn. “No, I understand what you’ve been going through. A sort of moral desolation.

You see, I know because" — and she looked up at him, with glistening lips — "because my mother had another baby when I was fifteen years old. My whole life, my existence, was canceled out, just like that. So I know what you're going through!" she insisted, almost fiercely.

He stretched out his arms, cramped by her pressure, and flexed his fingers. He felt weighed down by her. Looking at her glistening, waiting face, he felt that he knew every cranny of her life; could imagine, even, how on Sunday mornings she washed her stockings and then went out to buy a special sausage at the Italian market. Inside the shell of her shining face, he thought he could see the kernel: the sullen face of the child who had crouched under the organdy skirts of the dressing table. "I'm not sure you understand, really," he said.

"Why do you say that? I do! I've been through it myself." Soon she will begin to be angry, he thought, but now, this instant, she would sleep with me to prove that she understands.

The smell of cinnamon and cloves blew toward them down the wind, and Robin noticed the dark figures of other skaters crossing in front of the fire. Suddenly, he wanted to be rid of her, and he pried loose her hands, gently, as he had done once before. She clung to his sleeve, looking at him, confused. "I'll race you," he said as he turned away, leaving her stranded there, and he felt the wolfish pleasure he had felt at the beginning. He skated off quickly, bending to force his way through the wind, and slashed a path straight to the edge of the fire. Then he turned and watched her coming slowly, pushing one foot in front of the other and swaying with her arms outstretched. As awkward, he thought, as a steel pole; and in spite of himself, he smiled. She saw that, and she tossed her head with a little pout of disdain and turned away, staggering, clashing her runners. Anything, he thought, to be off in the opposite direction!

Smiling, quite consoled, he stripped off his gloves and stretched out his hands to the fire.

CHRISTMAS IN VERMONT

BY GEORGE ANTHONY

All day the snow has fallen to seed
A world gone blind. Now white the land
Is put to bed. Dream eagerness
Swells in a dangerous fairyland.

A house of secrets — blue shadows climb
The bone-gray walls — a house to hide
A creeping witch at spells until
At dusk the Christmas tree is lighted.

Now the windows glitter like ladies
Whose bright eyes. Now the crafty gnomes
Are digging diamonds in the yard.
The fairy queen laughs in her cradle
And the house is all alive and ringing
Bells to call the homeless home.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE UNITED STATES

by
Reginald Maudling

A member of the British Cabinet since 1957, REGINALD MAUDLING, P.C., M.P., as President of the Board of Trade, was closely involved in Britain's negotiations for foreign trade; then, as Chancellor of the Exchequer it was his responsibility to prepare the budget for 1962-1963. At the age of forty-six, Mr. Maudling, a member of the Conservative Party, is one of the younger generation of British political figures.

IN THIS time of rapid change every nation, great or small, faces the need for adaptation. The United States has the supreme responsibility of adapting itself to the position of world leadership thrust on it by recent history. In the United Kingdom we are particularly subject to the changing currents of history. We recognize the growth of the two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, whose development has reduced the comparative military power of the United Kingdom to something much below what it was in the nineteenth century or the first half of the twentieth century. Second, we have seen a change in the whole composition of the British Commonwealth, a transition from Empire to Commonwealth, a voluntary relaxation of rule, on a scale and of a character never witnessed before in history. Third, we face across the Channel in Europe a new ferment and new developments of enormous significance, with the ending, as we hope to see, of age-old continental quarrels, and, in their stead, a new political and economic cohesion.

I always remember the analogy that Sir Winston Churchill used to describe the peculiar position of Britain in world affairs. He said that we were at the intersecting point of three great circles, the Commonwealth, North America, and Europe. These are the three great power groupings of the Western world, and we are implicated in all of them by our special position and traditional relationships, con-

fronting us with both problems and responsibilities of a particular character. Our problem is to find a satisfactory basis of relationship with the Commonwealth, with the United States, and with Europe.

I look at this first in the economic context, as it has been with economic problems that I have been mainly concerned. The economic character of the Commonwealth relationship is changing very rapidly. The initial Ottawa concept was based on a system whereby the countries of the Commonwealth supplied the United Kingdom with raw materials and foodstuffs and we supplied them with manufactured goods in exchange. This fundamental basis has been moderated with the development of secondary industries in Commonwealth countries and the expansion of home agriculture in the United Kingdom, with its increasing efficiency and yields. The Commonwealth countries, naturally, have looked to wider world markets for their products as the capacity of the United Kingdom to absorb their increasing output in many commodities, such as cereals, for example, is clearly limited. The impetus to freedom in world trade and to multilateralism given by the post-war agreements on tariffs and trade, such as the G.A.T.T. and the International Monetary Fund, has accelerated this process. We can expect a continuing evolution of the economic relationship between the Commonwealth countries while their financial interrelationship steadily increases in importance. The sterling

area system, which is about the most efficient payments union in the world, has been of growing importance to *Commonwealth countries*, and this factor, together with the significance of their access to development finance in London, is recognized by all of them. What we are seeking is ways in which to strengthen Commonwealth trade and financial links in the changing circumstances of the present day. In recent weeks, for example, a £20 million issue has been made by the Australian government on the London market, and the Commonwealth finance ministers have agreed to consider a British suggestion that a systematic collation of the development plans and forecasts of individual Commonwealth countries might well reveal new opportunities for the expansion of trade among them.

Our economic relationships with the United States are of a special character and involve both trade and finance. The United States is now our largest single market in the world, and I have no doubt that the potential for the development of our sales to the United States over the next decade is very great indeed. But possibly even more significant is the interdependence of our two currencies. The dollar and the pound sterling provide the reserve currencies of the world, and their strength, like their availability, is of fundamental importance to the economic health of the whole free world and to the prospects of stability and of economic growth. There have been many examples recently of the need for the managers of dollar and sterling to work together in every possible way, as at the time of the Cuban crisis or when there has been speculation in the London gold market. Their interests are in common, and they are interests of great importance to the whole Western world.

Finally, there is the problem of our economic relationship with the new Europe. It would be idle to deny that we have been disappointed in our hopes for the establishment of a single European economic system. The breakdown of the recent negotiations in Brussels came as a blow to us and, I believe, to the Western world as a whole. In the meantime, the European Free Trade Association is growing in strength and confidence, and we shall have to exercise effort and ingenuity over a period ahead to work out in the new circumstances of 1964 the proper relationships between ourselves and our E.F.T.A. partners, and the European Economic Community.

I HAVE so far been speaking in purely economic terms, but the political significance of the picture that I have been trying to draw is clear. Unless we can solve the economic problems of our participation in these three intersecting circles, then many

political problems will remain unsolved and may indeed be aggravated.

Let us take a fresh look at the Commonwealth. Here is an association of free countries embracing more than a fifth of the entire population of the globe, more than 600 million people, a multiracial association of people of every creed and color and background. The importance of the political cohesion of the Commonwealth to the future of the free world cannot be exaggerated. If this great experiment — and it still is an experiment — can be shown to be continuously successful, then we shall have achieved something of lasting importance for mankind. And political success, success in maintaining the political cohesion of the Commonwealth, depends very intimately upon our economic relationships. Particularly with the underdeveloped countries of the Commonwealth, where life is lived so near the edge of subsistence, anything that clashes with their economic interest, anything that appears to be treating unfairly their claims to develop their own economies, is bound to have serious political repercussions as well.

Our economic relations with the United States, their scale and significance, find a direct parallel in the political field. By reason of culture, background, and adherence to the ideals of freedom and of democracy the relationship between our two countries is immensely close; and as the two original Western members of the so-called nuclear club, we share in matters of defense, finance, and foreign policy a reciprocity and trust which are of utmost importance.

In Europe economic and political factors must be interrelated. A strong economy is essential to a strong and positive foreign policy. No one listens very closely to a man who is going bankrupt. No country that cannot afford to pay for its own defense — no country, indeed, that cannot play its full part in aiding the developing countries of the world — can really hope to wield substantial and effective influence in world councils.

It is for these reasons that we attach the highest importance to international economic organizations such as the International Monetary Fund, the International Bank, and the G.A.T.T. We have made clear our determination to play our full part in the Kennedy round. We are producing our full share of the resources of the Bank. We regard the Fund as a particularly appropriate mechanism for expanding the resources that underpin world trade. It is the conviction of the Conservative Party that these three objectives — trade, more rapid development, and greater resources to sustain an expanding volume of international payments — are indispensable and interlinked. It is fortunate that the United States and the United Kingdom can share to a high degree a common outlook on all these problems.

Against this background I would define the main planks of British foreign and defense policy as follows: first, the closest possible cooperation with the United States — this by reason both of the power of the United States and of the traditions of cooperation between our two countries that have been and are so immensely valuable; second, full participation in NATO and in other alliances throughout the world. It is sometimes forgotten that the United Kingdom has responsibilities on a world-wide scale — in the Indian Ocean and the Far East, for example — which other European members of NATO do not have to shoulder.

Third, I believe we should retain our independent deterrent. I do not think it would be a good thing for us as a country to pass the burden of defending ourselves in modern conditions by modern weapons wholly onto the shoulders of someone else. Alliances are essential, but independence in the ultimate, however inconceivable the ultimate may be, may tend to strengthen the basis of alliance rather than to weaken it. Fourth, we must always consider the strain on our economy. Our ability to give aid overseas, our ability to maintain our position and maintain confidence in ourselves, and our willingness to defend ourselves depend very much on the extent to which our economy is under control. All expenditures overseas, in support of policy, on defense, on aid, on propaganda, on diplomacy, on trade promotion, should be regarded as one. But the strength of sterling is vital too, and the total of our overseas expenditure must in the long run be limited to what we can afford.

The strength of sterling and the prospects for growth without inflation in the British economy depend, in the Conservative view, not on more nationalization or state control, but on the cooperation of government, management, and unions within a free economy.

THE ultimate aim of our policy must clearly be complete disarmament and the establishment of the rule of law among the nations. I am convinced myself that this must come about eventually. The logic of history demands it. I am confident also that the processes by which it is achieved, the transition from individual to collective self-help, and from that to the establishment of the concept of central authority and universality of law, will be very similar to the processes that have taken place within individual communities. Of course, it is a far more difficult and complex problem on a world scale; and the time involved, despite the impetus given by the development of nuclear weapons and the threat of mutual destruction, must be very long. While we keep this ultimate objective in our minds,

however, it is only realistic to recognize that the short-term problems must be solved, often by means that may well, on the face of them, seem inconsistent with our long-term objective. Partial disarmament is a step in the direction of complete disarmament; but partial disarmament incompletely controlled and without inspection may in fact prove to be a step in the wrong direction. It is of the highest importance for the Western powers to refuse to let down their guard in circumstances where they cannot be sure of reciprocity. Britain has learned very well the lesson of 1939 that a country or an alliance is only attacked when it is thought to be weak.

We must build for the short term on the realities of power. This contingency was recognized in the Charter of the United Nations; it provides that all nations are equal but that some, the permanent members of the Security Council, are "more equal than others." In a way this conflicts with the concept of universal law, but any attempt to work on a different basis would have been doomed to failure and would have made progress toward our ultimate objective even more difficult. We must therefore build always on the facts of the East-West relationship. But these facts are changing, and changing fast. One of the difficulties for the West in dealing with Communist countries is the absence of public opinion and of individual contacts. I am sure this leads us to be slow to recognize changes that take place within Communist societies and to suspect the genuineness of such changes, which may not be justified. Clearly, Russian society is evolving quickly. I am sure that nothing can add more to the prospects of a peaceful world than improving living standards in the Soviet Union. It is no exaggeration to say that if Russian women could be allowed to buy Western clothes and Western cosmetics freely, a really substantial psychological advance would be made. But while Russian society is evolving in one way, the split between Russia and China is evolving in a totally different manner. This has developed so rapidly and so remarkably that I, for one, find it extremely difficult to assess the course that will be taken in the future relations between them. Yet upon Russia and China the whole pattern of relationships between the great powers in the next generation will depend.

I do not believe that the desire for world domination is the same as it was in the earlier days of Russian Communist imperialism. Of course, the Russians will not miss any opportunity of advancing their own interests and extending their own influence, whether against the Western powers or against the Chinese. But they seem more and more determined to strengthen their position in the world not so much by aggression and subversion — though these have not been abandoned — as by the

assertion of what they confidently believe: namely, the logical superiority of Communism over any other form of human organization and its inevitable triumph in what Khrushchev has described as the peaceful struggle with capitalism. The dominant features of the Soviet outlook at the moment seem to be pride and suspicion. The Russians have an immense and genuine pride in their own achievements, which we can readily understand when we consider how far they have come in so short a time. They also have a deep suspicion of the West, and particularly of West Germany. This suspicion — and, indeed, fear — is more difficult to understand at a time when the power of Russia is so immensely greater than the military strength of West Germany. But, understandable or not, these are the two dominant motives in the Russian mind and in Russian policy, and we must frame our policies on this basis. We must be flexible and take account of their national pride as well as of our own. We must find means of reaching genuine agreements, yet realize that firmness will be recognized and respected as long as it is clear what we are being firm about and why. Suspicious people always look for deep and dangerous motives; that is why it is essential to make our own motives as clear as possible at all times.

In addition, the West must continue to carry a heavy burden of defense. The Russians, with their pride, would not understand or respect people who have not the pride to defend their own way of life. There is, as I have said, no inconsistency between maintaining an adequate defense and the long-term objective of disarmament. Indeed, the one is necessary to the other.

Within the defense field there is the special problem of nuclear weapons. We hold the view that NATO should have a nuclear force, and at the meeting of the Council in Ottawa early this year, the view was accepted that member countries should assign what they could to such a force. We have already done so by assigning our heavy bomber force to NATO. This development in Ottawa was a British initiative and shows our determination to support the growing strength of the alliance.

At the same time we recognize the great importance of preventing the proliferation of nuclear weapons. This is one of the main reasons for the significance we attach to the success of the partial test ban negotiations. It is surely by building on this important measure of agreement that we can hope to find practical means of preventing the

spread of nuclear weapons. The Conservative Party does not share the view that as part of the process we should abandon our independent nuclear deterrent. The position of the United Kingdom is a very special one. We have been in the nuclear business from the very start. Indeed, it is fair to say that the first work upon which nuclear-weapon development was based during the war was done by British scientists. The Prime Minister and the President have an understanding not to use nuclear weapons anywhere in the world without prior consultation with each other if circumstances permit. I do not think it would contribute to the general objective, any more than it would contribute to the long-term interests of the United Kingdom, for us to abandon our independent deterrent. We have, as I say, assigned our nuclear forces to NATO, but we reserve our ultimate right to use them in our own defense if overwhelming reasons of national interest appear to demand this. The Conservative Party believes that the lessons of history and the responsibilities of the British government fully justify this reservation.

Underlying all this is the position of the United Nations. In its original constitution, with its approach to the universal rule of law combined with its realistic assessment of the position of the great powers, the United Nations affords the most helpful approach to our long-term objectives of peace and disarmament. I believe that this is still true. But one cannot fail to notice that some recent developments in the working of the United Nations have been of a disturbing character. There has been an attempt to stretch the rules of the Charter far beyond what was originally intended, and, in particular, there have been efforts to intervene in the internal affairs of member countries. These attempts to distort the rules and to carry the authority of the United Nations beyond its proper sphere, together with a feeling from time to time that different standards are applied by the Assembly to the actions of different countries, cannot fail to give rise to disquiet. The United Nations cannot afford double standards, and it cannot afford the manipulation of its rules to suit particular political ends. I believe that the United States and the United Kingdom have once again a common interest in supporting the United Nations to the full and in ensuring that the original purposes of the Charter, which are in the long-term interests of mankind, are progressively realized.

LIVING CLOCKS

by N. J. Berrill

Plants and animals have long given evidence that they can keep time, but do they possess an internal biological clock, or are they merely responding to the cosmic rhythms of the external world?

N.J. BERRILL is professor of zoology at McGill University and the author of several books, including JOURNEY INTO WONDER, SEX AND THE NATURE OF THINGS, and MAN'S EMERGING MIND.



ALL living things — earthlings, for short — live upon a tilted planet which moves around the sun, is circled by the moon, and spins on its axis once in every twenty-four hours. Except near the poles, light and dark follow one another in regular succession. The moon waxes and wanes during every lunar month. And the seasons change with the time of year. To live at all is to be at the right place at the right time, and to do the right things at the right time. No wonder a sense of time seems to be built into the very substance of life itself, and living clocks mark off the period of the earth's rotation. The question is, are the clocks real? Do living organisms behave in a timely way because they are organized to do so, or do they merely respond to the cosmic rhythms of the world without, reacting to dawn and dusk, solstice and equinox, and the light of the moon? This has been the subject of investigation and lively debate among biologists during the last decade. Evidence says that the clocks exist but leaves their nature and location in living systems a persisting challenge to our understanding and ingenuity.

The rotation of the earth, which brings alternating day and night to most of the earth's surface, and the monthly rotation of the moon around the earth are ready-made external clocks that could well serve as time signals for the regulation of various activities of animals and plants. Many flowers close at dusk, fireflies and bats become active at dusk,

birds wake at dawn. The fireworms of the West Indian reefs come to the surface of the sea to show their ethereal light and to spawn during summer months at forty minutes after sunset and only on the first few nights following the full moon, when all is dark. Time regulation is strikingly evident, with signals apparently called by the sun and the moon. Why look for an internal clock when none seems to be needed?

Evidence that plants and animals can keep time without the aid of obvious external signals has been accumulating for many years. As long ago as 1729, the Parisian astronomer De Marian, who was especially interested in the rotation of the earth about its axis, observed that plants maintained in constant darkness and at a fairly constant temperature still performed the regular daily, or diurnal, movements of their leaves, and in phase with day and night as though they were still exposed. This persistence of the light-dark rhythm in plants under experimental conditions of darkness has been investigated intensively in recent times. Free-wandering animals, however, have more diverse activities, and time enters their lives in many ways. In fact, the existence of biological clocks was virtually demanded to account for certain aspects of the behavior of birds and bees.

Until 1949 almost nothing was known concerning how birds orient themselves on long-distance migrations. At that time Gustav Kramer, at the

Max Planck Institute in Wilhelmshaven, Germany, observed that starlings kept in an outdoor aviary showed a migratory restlessness aimed in the direction normal for migration of the starling population of that region. This observation of directed migratory behavior within a restricted space made possible experimental work that could not be conducted with free-flying birds, and led to Kramer's discovery of sun orientation in birds. Birds showed definite direction even in small circular cages. In addition, they maintained direction for more than six hours, even though the sun had moved through about ninety degrees of arc. Various experiments, using captive birds in circular cages and involving mirrors to change the apparent position of the sun, showed conclusively that the birds employed the sun's position as a means for orienting to a particular compass point, and also that in some way they compensated for the apparent movement of the sun as it rose toward the zenith. The birds behaved as if they had both a compass and a clock.

THE existence of such a time-compensated sun compass was shown in the same year to be present also in bees. This was the culmination of many years of investigation of bee behavior by Karl von Frisch in Austria. Half a century earlier the Swiss physician and naturalist Auguste Forel observed that bees visiting his breakfast table each morning in search of food always arrived at the same accustomed time, even when no food was offered. Some simple experiments led him to conclude "that the bees remember the hours at which they had usually found sweets . . . and that they had a memory for time." The first exact investigation of this time sense was made by one of von Frisch's first students, using a procedure now in general practice: a group of foraging bees were marked individually, after which they were offered sugar-water at an artificial feeding place and always at the same time of day — for example, from 9:00 to 10:00 A.M. — and at no other. During the test period the feeding place remained without food all day. It was quickly discovered that bees can be trained to visit at any time of day and even several times a day if the intervals are longer than two hours. The question remained whether bees use external diurnal events as time signals or possess an internal living clock.

The first efforts to find an answer consisted of excluding the possible effect of important environmental factors. Experimental colonies of bees were kept in rooms with constant illumination, temperature, and humidity. The effect of daily rhythms of air ionization were eliminated with the aid of radioactive substances. Cosmic radiation was eliminated by carrying out the training and testing six hundred

feet belowground in the gallery of a salt mine. In all cases the punctuality of the bees remained unchanged. Bees hatched in an incubator which eliminated all rhythmic environmental changes throughout the period of their development also showed the same punctuality.

It seemed necessary to postulate an innate, internal time sense. On the other hand, it was found to be impossible to train bees to any rhythm not related to a twenty-four-hour periodicity, even after weeks of training. It was impossible to train them to visit feeding stations at intervals, for example, of nineteen or of forty-eight hours. This was true also of bees hatched in incubators and never exposed to the twenty-four-hour cycle of earthly change, and experimentally exposed only to rhythms of a different sort. Neither metabolic drugs nor any temperature change except actual cold shock affected the time accuracy. What, then, could be running the clock except external events?

Scientific progress depends greatly on asking the right questions. The right question leads to the crucial experiment, which gives an unequivocal answer. What is required is insight and clear thinking. Von Frisch reasoned as follows: all environmental phenomena that show a daily rhythm derive their periodicity from the rotation of the earth; these phenomena, such as the rise of the sun, occur at places of different geographical longitude at different times in accordance with the Real Local Time of each area; therefore, bees trained at a certain geographic longitude and tested at another should provide a definite answer to the question concerning the nature of the time sense of bees; if the environmental phenomena are decisive, the bees should come to a test dish either before or after the twenty-four-hour period, depending upon whether they have been moved east or west; however, if the punctuality is governed by an internal clock independent of external diurnal factors, but maintaining a twenty-four-hour rhythm, the bees should come to the food as usual, exactly twenty-four hours after the last feeding.

Such was the insight, but World War II had to come and go and transcontinental and transoceanic air travel had to become general before the experiments could be made. The crucial tests were made in 1955, and they proved that the time sense of bees was essentially independent of external events. Bees were trained in Paris to collect sugar-water from 8:15 to 10:15 P.M. French Daylight Time. They were then flown overnight to New York and put to the test. In New York they came to feed at about 3:00 P.M. E.D.T., which was twenty-four hours after the last feeding, and none came between 8:15 and 10:15 E.D.T. The reciprocal experiment, from New York to Paris, had comparable results. Both experiments were carried out in closed cham-

bers under conditions of constant light and temperature. The internal clock is real.

The question still remained whether in natural surroundings the altitude of the sun or the day-night alternation might affect the time orientation of bees, in addition to or in connection with the proved internal clock. Consequently, in 1958 bees were trained in Long Island to collect food between 12:54 and 2:24 P.M. E.S.T., and were flown overnight to Davis, California, a distance in longitude representing a difference in Real Local Time of three hours and fifteen minutes. The bees were then tested on successive days. At first they came to feed twenty-four hours after the last training time at Long Island, but they drifted later, by one and a half hours, each of the next two days, and half an hour the third day, thus stabilizing at about three and a half hours later altogether. The clock was reset to the correct local time. The conclusions, accordingly, are that true internal biological clocks exist, that they run on an approximately twenty-four-hour cycle, and that they can be reset or adjusted to local external twenty-four-hour cycles related to the earth's rotation. These conclusions have been generally accepted, though not by all biologists concerned with the problem.

MOST scientists are aware that new ideas and points of view are present in a widespread but unformulated state long before definitive work is accomplished, and it is not unusual for several voices to start speaking more or less at the same time. So with the recognition of rhythms and clocks. In the same year that the critical experiments on birds and bees were reported, comparable work on fiddler crabs was independently conducted at the marine laboratory at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, by H. M. Webb and F. A. Brown. In this case the rhythms observed were those of daily activity and of color change, which were found to persist as regular twenty-four-hour cycles even under constant conditions of light and temperature within the laboratory for many weeks. Moreover, the cycles were in no way disturbed when the crabs were transported from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

Fiddler crabs live on the intertidal beaches and are most active when the tide is low. The time of the tides is related to the phase of the moon, and the crabs have a secondary rhythm with a period corresponding to the length of the lunar day. This is not surprising, since lunar rhythms are common enough in nature and range from the reproductive rhythms of lower animals and plants, locked to the phases of the moon, to the lunar periodicity in the menstrual cycle of the human female. Yet the

twenty-five-hour lunar-day cycle of fiddler crabs persists under controlled conditions, just as the twenty-four-hour solar-day cycles do. Atmospheric tides, produced by the moon and expressed as regular changes in barometric pressure, could affect crabs even under these circumstances, and they have been suspected to be the controlling, timesetting agent for the lunar rhythm. Any resetting of the twenty-four-hour fiddler clock, however, shifts the lunar clock accordingly, and the one seems to be in some way an extension of the other.

The most definite demonstration of the internal, innate nature of a biological clock was made by Colin Pittendrigh in connection with the development of the common fruit fly, *Drosophila*, a famous creature in the annals of classical genetics. It is readily reared, and the flies, after passing through larval and pupal stages, emerge from the pupal case as adult flies after about seventeen days at ordinary room temperatures. They normally do so in the early morning, when, in natural circumstances, conditions are relatively cool and moist. When reared from the egg in continuous darkness, the emergence of a particular batch of flies extends over several days and occurs at all hours. The unexpected discovery was that a single flash of light served to start their biological clock, so that all finally emerged at whatever time of day the flash was administered, although in lots spread out over a number of days. Each developing fly had its twenty-four-hour clock, but the clock had to be set in motion by an external stimulus. The other very important feature that the work on fruit flies showed even more clearly than had previous work on other organisms was that the biological clock is virtually independent of temperature changes. It keeps its steady, approximately twenty-four-hour rhythm whether the temperature is hot or cold, as any useful clock should.

The independence of temperature is crucial. A clock that ran fast or slow when the temperature rose or fell would be of little use as a clock. The heartbeat is a rhythmic event of this type, and it may well be a measure of how fast or slow the living force of an animal is being spent, but it is no measure of cosmic time. A true clock needs to keep fairly constant time under the most inconstant conditions, which is perhaps the most outstanding feature of the biological clock. If the clock kept fully accurate twenty-four-hour time, however, that in itself would suggest it was run by external agents related to the earth's rotation. The fact is, the clock keeps only approximate time, with a so-called free-running cycle of from twenty-three and a half to twenty-four and a half hours. Because the rhythms are only approximations to the twenty-four-hour period, they are customarily called circadian rhythms, and they generally require con-

tinual adjustment to the external daily cycles of the environment. This relatively small inaccuracy and the fact that the circadian rhythms can be slightly, though not seriously changed by temperature fluctuations are further indications that the clocks are truly a part of the living system. On the other hand, the comparative insensitivity to temperature change indicates that they are not linked to the ordinary metabolic processes of the cell or organism, in contrast to such activities as the rhythmic beat of the heart. The slight temperature dependence of the biological clock suggests that the clock operates by a physical rather than a chemical mechanism.

THE inquiry concerning biological clocks has, accordingly, shifted from whether they are externally or internally run to the problem of their nature and location in the animal. Actual location of a clock has been discovered so far in only one creature, the common cockroach. The presence of a clock is shown in this animal as a daily rhythm of activity, with the typical attributes of time regularity and of displacement to earlier or later peaks. Cockroaches and all other insects have a small brain above the mouth region and a secondary brain, or ganglion, behind the mouth which governs their activity more directly. Jane Harker of Cambridge University has traced the controlling agent for the daily increase in activity to certain small neurosecretory cells associated with this secondary, or subesophageal, ganglion which liberate chemical secretions into the blood system of the insect.

When a subesophageal ganglion from a rhythmic, active cockroach is transplanted into the body of a headless, nonrhythmic individual, this second cockroach shows a daily activity rhythm the same as that which characterized the individual from which the ganglion was taken. This indicates quite clearly that the secretory cells of the ganglion go on secreting with a circadian rhythm after all nervous connections have been broken.

The discovery of the location and transplantability of a biological clock supplies us with an invaluable tool for further research. Two features of much significance, however, have come to light in connection with this work: the neurosecretory clock is a biological clock, to be sure, but it is not *the* clock, for its rhythm and the length of time it can run by itself are under the control of nerves from the true brain; even more surprising is the discovery that, whereas transplanting a neurosecretory clock into another cockroach does no harm if the clock of the donor and the host are in phase with one another, when they are out of phase a transplantable, malignant tumor grows beneath the donor clock.

Thus, the search for the clock in the cockroach, although successful in one sense, has led to more mystery than we started with, for now we know there are clocks and clocks, and we have also an unexplained association of a clock with cancer.

If there is a master clock, where is it? A promising subject for analysis is a single-celled, plant-type marine organism called *Gonyaulax*. It luminesces at night and photosynthesizes by day, is responsible for much of the northern seas' starlike phosphorescence seen on dark nights, and is suspected of being responsible for the fact that certain shellfish that directly or indirectly feed upon it are poisonous to man. It lives strictly according to the twenty-four-hour cycle of day and night, and photosynthesizes, luminesces, grows, and reproduces by division in a regular sequence between one dawn and the next. The twenty-four-hour rhythm is maintained under constant conditions of light and temperature, except that in continuous dark the photosynthetic process cannot occur and in continuous light the luminescence is suppressed. Therefore, neither of these two biological processes can be regarded as the clock, but only temporal subjects of the clock.

Cell division may also be suppressed without inhibiting the other features of the rhythm as a whole. Although biological clocks are as well known among single-cell organisms as in larger forms of life, so that whatever the clock is, it is or can be a property of an individual cell, no one of the major activities of a cell appears to be the clock. They are subject to it.

Perhaps something is wrong with our whole approach. What is a clock? The original meaning of the word is "bell," which is a time signaler rather than a time measurer. Even so, clock mechanisms are primarily regular oscillations of a spring or a pendulum, rather than cyclic processes, and it is now fairly generally conceded that biological clocks are self-sustaining oscillations of the living system, whether of the individual cell or of the whole organism, and that they are part of the system and do not have to be learned from the environment. Their wide distribution throughout the living kingdom and their characteristic and often remarkably precise twenty-four-hour period suggest that they evolved long ago, when life, as well as the earth, was young.

The search for the clock as a discrete mechanism which the cell possesses may prove fruitless because the search is founded on too loose a use of language. Although the living cell consists of many diverse components about which much is known, the cell as a whole seems to be the unit of life, and only as a whole does it function. We can say much the same of a clock or a watch. It consists of many different parts, each with its particular structure and func-

tion, but no one part is the timekeeper, for the time-keeping mechanism is clearly the whole. This may be true also for the biological clock. The problem may be not what part of a cell's known organization serves as a clock but what *is* the organization of a cell that makes it a clock. This is the fundamental problem of life — namely, the problem of biological organization itself. The biological clock gains more interest from this point of view, not less, for we may be forced to look in the opposite direction and, instead of dismantling the organism or cell, concentrate on how everything is put together so that it does have the properties of clocks and other living qualities of life. Joseph Needham, of UNESCO and Chinese history fame, has said, "The organization of living systems is the problem, not the axiomatic starting point for biological research."

Whatever they may be, biological clocks are put to good use. They are employed for timing the fine details of daily living, for regulating life according to the sun or the moon, and for adjusting to the annual succession of the seasons. The muttonbirds of the Pacific, which are a kind of shearwater, spend most of the year fishing, spread out over the vast space of the north Pacific, from the equator to the Bering Strait. In November of each year, however, they all arrive, within a few days of one another, at a small island off the Australian coast, with uncanny accuracy in timing and direction. The greater yellowlegs, which are birds that breed in northern Canada, fly to Patagonia for the winter and return in the spring — a total distance of about eighteen thousand miles. Yet the whole migration is performed with such timing that their eggs all hatch in the northern nests between May 26 and May 29, year after year.

The lunar, or tidal, rhythm shows strongly in the grunion, a small fish of Californian waters, which breeds from February to late September, coming right out of the water to spawn on the southern Californian beaches during the times of the new and the full moon. Large sections of the beach are often covered by the silvery bodies of temporarily stranded fish, for the eggs and milt are shed into the wet sand when the fish are left at the reach of a wave. To be certain that the next high tide will not wash away the eggs, the spawning occurs only during the three or four nights following the full and the new moon, when the spring tides prevail.

Annual migrations and monthly romances are spectacular but are no more important than the run-of-the-mill work of the daily rhythms. Even here they may be spectacular, and the fireflies' exhibition is not the least. They start to flash at dusk as though dusk itself were the signal, although they would do so at that time had it been dark all day. Time to a firefly, however, means more than this. Both male and female fireflies emerge from the

grass at dusk, and the males fly about, emitting a single flash at regular intervals. The female climbs up a blade of grass and perches there. If a male flashes within three or four yards, she usually responds by flashing back. He then turns toward her, and each emits the regular flashing signal until the tryst is attained. Each species of firefly has its own rate of flash and none responds to another's, so that miscegenation is avoided.

Man, too, has his circadian rhythms, as do mammals as a whole. The twenty-four-hour cycle of peaks and lows is evident in most of the body functions — in heart rate, metabolism, blood sugar level, blood cell count, frequency of cell division, body temperature, and kidney function, not to mention the rhythms of sleeping and waking. The ability that many persons have for setting a mental alarm clock and waking exactly on the hour is almost certainly a product of the biological clock. So we may answer Walter De la Mare's question, "why this absurd concern with clocks, my friend?", by saying that time is of the essence and that it is as much a quality of life to measure time and keep in temporal harmony with the spin of the earth and the moon around the sun as it is to grow in space, transform energy, or perpetuate its kind.

ONE DAY

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS

One day
like no other
Vermont
undefined in early mists
into which we woke
in a tent
my Father and I
and moved in our damp bones
around woodsmoke
while the mists burned away
and three crows flew over
knowing everything;

one morning like no other
my Father with eyes full of woodsmoke and tears
and I
trampling Vermont's indistinct wet grass
saw those crows fly over
in dry dark shapes,
felt three
flickering shadows
cross our faces
as quick as love.



CONVERSATION AT THE STYX

by DUDLEY FITTS, after the Greek
of LUCIAN of SAMOSATA

Lucian, who represents the last flowering of the true Attic wit, was born in Samosata, in Syria, and died at an advanced age in 180 A.D. He experimented brilliantly in almost every literary form except the epic, but most memorably in several series of satirical dialogues — of the Gods, of Courtesans, of the Dead. The following piece is the tenth of the last group, NEKRIKÒI DÍALOGOI.

CHARON	HERMES	MENIPPOS	CHARMOLEOS	LAMPICHOS
DAMASIAS	KRATO	A GENERAL	A PHILOSOPHER	ORATOR

CHARON. I'll tell you how it is. This little old boat of mine — well, you can see for yourselves what shape it's in. Leaky, timbers all rotten, everything falling apart, and if you move an inch out of dead center, over she goes and there's your voyage. And here you people come, all dressed up fit to kill, with God knows how much baggage! Try to come aboard that way, and you'll be sorry — especially the ones that can't swim.

HERMES. Then how do we get across the river safe?

CHARON. Take my advice, and drop everything you don't need right here on the dock. Come aboard naked — although even then it's going to be hard to get you all in. Look, Hermês, suppose you kick out anybody who tries to get on with his clothes and stuff. Stand over there and keep your eyes open. This trip is strictly for nudes.

HERMES. OK. Well, come on, who's first?

MENIPPOS. I am. Name's Menippos. Here goes everything I own into the river, even the shirt off my back. Do I pass?

HERMES. You pass. Sit down over there by the rudder, and watch the show. — And who is this handsome type?

CHARMOLEOS. Charmoleos of Mégara. They call me "Lovable Charm." In life, a kiss of mine was worth a lot of dough.

HERMES. They're no good here. Throw them away, and the lips that made them, and all that curly thick hair, and those pretty cheeks, and that simply adorable skin. There you are, sir: sitting pretty, back to nature. On board! — And this gentleman with the crimson gown and the golden crown and the so-black frown: your name, please?

LAMPICHOS. Lampichos, late King of Geloi.

HERMES. Why all that gear, O Lampichos?

LAMPICHOS. Why not, O Hermês? Doth nakedness beseech a royal king?

HERMES. Royal thou art no more, and extremely dead. Come on, throw it away.

LAMPICHOS. Behold, I cast my wealth into the weir.

HERMES. And your pride, Lampichos, your contempt. They'd swamp the ferry.

LAMPICHOS. But my crown, my splendid cloak — may I not keep them?

HERMES. Not a chance. Throw them away.

LAMPICHOS. If I must. And now that I'm stripped clean?

Charon at the River Styx. Detail of Greek vase. Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Rogers Fund, 1921.

HERMES. Give up your cruelty, your deaf heart, your rage of vanity.

LAMPICHOS. Then I am naked indeed!

HERMES. Come aboard. — Next! I mean you, over there, with all that meat on you. What's your name?

DAMASIAS. Damasias. Pro athlete.

HERMES. You look it. Oh, yes, sure; I've watched you wrestle.

DAMASIAS. Sure you have, so you know I don't mind being bare-ass.

HERMES. Is that what you call it, draped in all that steak? Slice it off, man, slice it all off, and even then get into the boat one foot at a time. No, drop those victory garlands and press notices.

DAMASIAS. Naked it is, Mac, as nood as any dead gent present. And as thin.

HERMES. There's a lot to be said for losing weight. Come aboard. — Who's next? Ah, Krato! How does it feel to leave everything behind — money, fun, the soft life, social standing, even the epitaph they put on your tomb? No more ancestors, no more victories, no glory, no statues with unbelievable inscriptions; doesn't it hurt to lose them all?

KRATO. I don't like it, but so what? What else can I do?

HERMES. You're asking me? Never mind. — You, over there, in the uniform. Why all the medals?

GENERAL. Because I have done the state some service, Hermês. I won their battles, and they have honored me.

HERMES. Park your medals on the ground. There are no wars in Hadês, General, and we don't know what weapons are for. — And that majestic gentleman, that more than impressive Shape with the pensive expression and the alarming eyebrows? That person, I mean, with the long whiskers?

MENIPPOS. That is a philosopher, Hermês, or you might call him a foolosopher. Get him undressed, and you'll see some laughable sights behind the underwear.

HERMES. Philosopher, dephilosophize yourself, and then take off your clothes. Oh, God, what self-esteem, what ignorance, what malice, what shrunken thinking, and all in one person! His futile investigations, his impenetrable maxims, his boneheaded conjectures! What a blundering drudge he is, what a fool, what an endless fool, with his dribbling little ejaculations of theory — yes, by God, and his tiny private comforts, his money, his tickling crushes, his squishy helpless lusts! No, he won't get by me like that. Take off your lies. Get rid of your self-complacency, that superior air of yours. As you stand now, you'd send a fifty-oar galley to the bottom.

PHILOSOPHER. I will divest myself, if that is what you're suggesting.

MENIPPOS. And that beard too, Hermês, that beard! Talk about long and thick! He could sell that for upholstery and retire on the proceeds.

HERMES. Sure. The beard must go.

PHILOSOPHER. But I perceive no barber among us.

HERMES. Cut it off with an ax, Menippos. Use the gangplank for a block.

MENIPPOS. No, let me have a saw. That will be funnier.

HERMES. The ax will do. Good. Now that you've been disclosed, Philosopher, you look more like a man and smell less than a goat.

MENIPPOS. Trim his eyebrows?

HERMES. Good idea. The way they jut out from his head, you'd think he was trying to moor himself somewhere. But my dear Philosopher! I do believe you're crying. What, afraid of death? Come aboard anyway.

MENIPPOS. He's still clutching the heaviest baggage of all, Hermês.

HERMES. What's that?

MENIPPOS. His slippery sliding tongue. He made good use of it on earth.

PHILOSOPHER. Then you must give up your plain speaking, Menippos, your independence, your blessed honesty, your laughter. You were the only one of us philosophers that ever laughed.

HERMES. No need to give those things up. They weigh nothing, and they'll even help us on our crossing. — But here we have an Orator! My dear sir, you must leave behind that thesaurus of language — your antitheses, your similitudes, your colonic clausulae, your gemlike periods, your barbarisms, your solecisms, all the excess baggage of your tongue.

ORATOR. Oke.

HERMES. Then there we are! — Hawsers away, pull in the gangplank, up anchor, break out the sail! Keep an eye on the rudder, Charôn. Hold her easy. — But you look downhearted, friends; especially you of the late whiskers. What's troubling you?

PHILOSOPHER. Sir, I was meditating on the immortality of the soul.

MENIPPOS. He's a liar. It's something else that's bothering him.

HERMES. For instance?

MENIPPOS. He hates the idea that he'll never sit down to a first-class dinner again, or sneak out at night to make the rounds of the whorehouses with his cloak up over his face, or get up early in the morning to cheat his students of their money with his so-called wisdom. That's what's on his mind.

PHILOSOPHER. How about you, Menippos? I suppose death doesn't bother you.

MENIPPOS. Why should it, since death was my own choosing? — But while we've been talking,

haven't you heard a noise coming from the upper world, as though people were shouting?

HERMES. There is shouting, yes, and not only from one place. What you hear is a happy crowd of people getting together to give thanks for the death of Lampichos. The women are taking care of his wife, and her babies are being stoned quite generously by the town boys. Somewhere else there's a group applauding the funeral oration that has been preached in Sikyon for our friend Krato here. And, yes, there's Damasias' mother keening with the other women at her dear Damasias' wake. Menippos, Menippos, you seem to be the only one who has died without stirring up some

emotion or other. You are really resting in peace.

MENIPPOS. Far from it. Just wait till they've buried me, and you'll hear the dogs howling and the buzzards creaking their wings.

HERMES. Good man, Menippos! — But we've arrived. The first thing you ghosts have to do is go straight to the magistrate's court. Charôn and I are going back for another boatload.

MENIPPOS. *Bon voyage*, Hermês! Let's be going, gentlemen. What are you waiting for? Every man must come to judgment, and they do say that the punishments are striking: burning wheels, retrograde stones, liver-fed vultures, all sorts of things. This is the place where the punishment fits the life.

FULL MOON

by TED HUGHES

I.

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a bucket —

And you listening.

A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch,
A pail lifted still and brimming — mirror
To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the hedges with their warm wreaths of breath —
A dark river of blood, many boulders,
Balancing unspilled milk.

Moon, you cry suddenly, moon, moon!

The moon has stepped back, like an artist gazing amazed at a work

That points at him amazed.

II.

The cows submerge.

The moon has opened you wide and bright like a pond.

The moon lifts you off the grass —

A cat's cradle of spider's web, where the stars are trembling into place.

The brimming moon looks through you and you cannot move.

Any minute

A bat will fly out of a cat's ear.



THE CAVE by Jesse Hill Ford

A Southern writer whose short stories first appeared in these pages and whose first novel, MOUNTAINS OF GILEAD, appeared under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, JESSE HILL FORD makes his home in Humboldt, Tennessee. He is now at work on a second novel.

FROM the back seat of Uncle Creason's car, riding behind my Grandfather Turner, I look at the trees and the red, gullied hills. This is what Uncle Creason, who is driving, calls the poorest land in North Alabama.

"Oh, they can't let corn ripen on the cob around here before they've made it into whiskey," says Uncle Creason, shaking his head. He drives too fast. Grandfather Turner keeps telling him to slow down. The clay road twists like a rope, on and on ahead of us, over one hill after another. There are only the pine trees to look at here. This is Grandfather Turner's forest, and for my birthday present, because today I'm thirteen years old, they've let me come along with them.

Uncle Creason's mind jumps back to the timber. "Let's turn somebody loose in there and thin it out — sell off the thinnings for pulp and leave the rest to grow up to lumber size, like we talked about last year."

Grandfather Turner nods. He and Uncle Creason are lean, sharp-nosed men with thick dark eyebrows. They sit bent forward in the front seat, looking at the thick piny woods on either side of the road.

"All right," says Grandfather Turner, "let's see the Murrays then." He remembers me in the back seat. "Our cousins, George," he says to me. "The Murrays?"

"Yes, sir," I say. "I remember." But the memory is very distant. I can barely remember Grandpa Murray, not my grandpa at all, but a distant cousin.

Drawing by Thomas Hart Benton.

And I can barely remember the Murray boys, wearing faded overalls, coming to see us in Royal, teasing me, calling me "little city dude." But now they would be grown men, and it would make all this time that I had not seen them or Grandpa Murray, all those years, I think.

"He'll have to show us that *cave*," says Uncle Creason, and I have a glimpse of his eyes. He's looking at me in the rearview mirror.

Grandfather Turner turns from the timber for a second to look at Uncle Creason. "Well," says my grandfather reluctantly. "After all, George is twelve —"

"Thirteen, sir," I correct him.

"Ah — oh, yes." My grandfather turns his head to look at the timber again. But now the timber falls away to sour pastureland. We're out of the forest. "Well, if we must, we must," says my grandfather. Something bothers him. "And — ah — we must, I suppose," he says.

"They have a cave?" But nobody answers me.

"Slow down, Creason! Make a right turn just yonder at the top of that little rise," says my grandfather. But Creason has already started slowing down. He makes the turn. We pass between gray weathered gateposts and stop in the front yard before a big unpainted two-story house.

It's a December day, not raining, but damp all the same, and not really cold, but with a chill in the air so that I can see my breath when we get out of the car. The sun is behind a shelf of bright clouds. The yard is red sand and white pebbles. Chickens

squawk and run under the porch when Uncle Creason reaches through the car window and mashes the horn a couple of times. "Hello!" calls my Grandfather Turner. He raps on one of the porch posts.

"Anybody'd live this far off the highway might as well live in trees," says my Uncle Creason. Just then the front door swings open. Two red hounds come out first, shaking their ears and wagging their tails. After them comes Grandpa Murray, our cousin. He knows us right away. "*Sah-sah-sah*, come in the house!" he shouts. He is a tall old man who staggers when he walks. We go in and sit in cane-bottomed chairs around the warm bungalow stove. Grandpa Murray shivers even when he sits down. His white beard and mustache tremble. Before speaking he says, "*Sah-sah-sah*," like a cold Model T engine kicking over, cranking and trying to start. "*Sah-sah-sah*, that would be a matter for the boys," he says. "*Sah-sah-sah*, thinning those woods, and the boys are not here! *Sah-sah*, we'll go down to the cave and see the boys." Grandpa Murray stands up.

"I was afraid of that," says my grandfather.

"*Sah-sah*, you'd have to see the cave anyhow!" says Grandpa Murray. "*Sah-sah-sah*, bring my hat! *Sah-sah-sah*, we're going to the cave."

His daughter, Cousin Emmy, brings his hat and his stick. She wants to take Grandpa Murray to Birmingham for a visit when she and her kids go back home next week. She says, "I think Papa would like to come to Birmingham for a while, don't you, Cousin Will?" It's strange hearing my grandfather called Cousin Will.

"*Sah-sah-sah*, damned if I'll go!" shouts old Grandpa Murray. He hits the floor with his stick like someone scotching a snake. "*Sah-sah-sah*, a thousand years will pass before you'll get me to Birmingham again!"

His yelling doesn't bother Cousin Emmy. She seems not to notice it. She is like somebody talking about a bad child. "I just know Papa would like coming to see us once he got there. Talk him into it, Cousin Will. You're the only one in the whole family he'll listen to. It just don't make sense for him to keep on hating Birmingham the way he does."

My grandfather has gone pale around the mouth, the way he always does when something makes him uncomfortable. Still, he promises to talk to the old man. "Talk to him over at the cave, Cousin Will," says Cousin Emmy, linking her arm with my grandfather's, starting us to the front door. "Oh, me, if he don't love that cave better than his own children!"

On the way to the car I ask Grandfather what it is Grandpa Murray has against Birmingham.

"He was in jail there one time," my grandfather whispers.

"What did he do?"

"What he's done all his life — made whiskey, sold whiskey. That's what he's doing right now. I just hate for you to have to see anything along this line, George."

I lay my arm across my grandfather's back and feel the thin bones. "I'm thirteen," I whisper.

"Course you are," he says aloud. "It's foolish of me not to realize it — getting up a man now." A little sadness creeps into his voice.

I GET in the back seat with Grandpa Murray, my grandfather gets in the front seat with Uncle Creason, and we're pretty soon off on another winding road, rougher than the last one. "Not exactly the Bee Line Highway," says Uncle Creason now and again when the ruts get hold of the car and sling it like a dog killing a snake.

Grandpa Murray points out the signs, red paint on white boards, nailed to pine trees at every bend of the road. "THE CAVE," they all say, in letters so crooked and squiggly I know that nobody but Grandpa Murray himself can have painted them.

"Hate to be a goat trying to hunt up a meal around here," says Uncle Creason, winking at me in the rearview mirror.

"*Sah-sah-sah*, follow the main road straight ahead! *Sah-sah-sah*, all my life didn't I dream about fixing up this place — oh, *sah-sah*, didn't I?"

"STOP!" says a sign bigger than the others. "THE CAVE!"

"*Sah-sah-sah*, whoa!" Grandpa Murray roars. We hang on, Creason stomps down on the brakes, and we skitter sideways a few feet before we stop just past where the road ends in a parking lot graveled with burnt slate. Trucks and automobiles sit parked on it every whichway. We get out, cross the lot between the cars, and begin climbing wooden steps that lead up to the cave entrance, a white-washed plank door up on the hillside.

Squatting there on the top step is a man in a gray suit with orange stripes in it. The suit's too little for him, his yellow shoes are muddy, and he's wearing no socks. He's drinking corn whiskey out of a Nehi bottle. The minute we touch the top step I smell it. Another Nehi bottle beside him on the log step has a red balloon stuck over the mouth of it. Inside the bottle something is boiling and bubbling and blowing up the balloon. We stop and watch.

"Hello there, neighbors," says the man. He holds a handful of sales-tax tokens. One by one he's bending them double with his teeth and dropping them in an empty Nehi bottle. From another bottle he pours in a little water, and out of a lye can with a red devil on the label he shakes a little lye on top of the bent tokens. The stuff starts bubbling, and he caps this bottle with a green balloon and then

pauses to sip from the bottle with his whiskey in it.

"*Sah-sah-sah*, remember which bottle is which!"

"Yeah," says the man, not looking up at Grandpa Murray. "Here's the only thing in the world tax tokens are good for." He bends one and drops it in an empty bottle. He reminds me of a fisherman who loves to fish, the way he's so wrapped up in what he's doing.

"What do you do with the balloons?" I ask him.

"Just let 'em go." He points up. Sure enough, there's a balloon high in the air over the cave, getting higher all the time.

"I thought they tied messages on them," says Uncle Creason, still looking up. "Way I heard it, they had the Post Office Department worried about the competition."

"Do you tie messages on them?" I ask the man.

"At times yes, at other times no. Ain't thought of no messages today," he says, bent down over his work now like a crawfish, tying off the full balloon with black sewing thread. He lets that one go, and we watch it sail up, higher than the pines, higher than the hill, on and on. Something about it makes me feel funny inside, seeing the balloon go up that way.

"Well, I'll swear," says Uncle Creason. "It's good for you, isn't it? Like giving your soul a Florida vacation. Yes sir, that sure reminds me of Daytona Beach."

"You been there?" the man asks, minding his bottles like somebody weeding a garden, working faster now.

"More times than I could count," says Uncle Creason, who likes to brag. "You can drive your car right down on the beach beside the sea. Never even have to get out of your car — just drive up and down beside the ocean all day long. Oh, sure, it's a paradise." Daytona is Uncle Creason's idea of the perfect vacation.

"Never been there," says the man, "but maybe one of these little old balloons will end up there. What I like, you just never know. Anyplace the wind blows at, one of these little dudes is liable to end up."

Uncle Creason squats down for a close look at the fizzing tokens. "Chemical reaction," he says.

"Yes, and I expect it's against the law to dissolve tokens," says my grandfather.

"Oh, I'll spit and go blind it is!" says the man. "I'll guarantee you —" He caps off another balloon. "That's half the fun, but I wish you'd look how this lye eats holes in a man's shoes and britches. I give a good price for this suit — and now, just look."

"*Sah-sah*, the lye boils the tokens, and the hot air raises the balloon some way."

"Must be hydrogen," I say, stooping down the way Uncle Creason did.

"Never heard it called nothing but token gas," says the man. "You gents from Birmingham?"

"*Sah-sah-sah*, not in a damn thousand years!"

The man looks up. "Well, kiss my mother! You come up in a Birmingham car."

"*Sah-sah-sah*!"

"I quit," says the man. "You win."

"Doesn't pay to say you-know-what around him," says Uncle Creason, "the name of that place. He had a lamentable experience there."

"Pardon my gopher dust," says the man. "I never meant to give him no hernia of the brain. Takes all kinds though, don't it?"

Grandpa Murray starts jabbing down his stick now. "He says 'Birmingham' again, I'll strike him dead right where he squats!" The old man staggers away to the cave door, waving the stick and muttering.

WHEN the plank door slams behind us we're in a big room barely lit with pink and red lights, quiet as a cotton warehouse, warm, and about like I always thought something under the ocean ought to look. Besides us, there isn't another soul in the place. Just a bandstand and a bar that Grandpa Murray herds us over to, telling all the while how they found a regular Indian cemetery when they dug up the bottom of the cave to lay down the dance floor. All this time I'm wondering who the cars and trucks outside could belong to and where the Murray boys are, I'm also trying hard not to look at the calendars back of the bar, but of course my eyes keep going back to them like a couple of magnets. They are machine-tool and steel company calendars — naked women fussing at little dogs that have just jerked off their cheesecloth nightgowns, naked women talking on white telephones. It's what I've seen at lumber sheds and in the back room of a filling station, but never this many. Calendars cover the entire back wall of the bar, years and years of them.

"*Sah-sah-sah*, we'll have chicken fights here next spring."

"The devil you will," says Uncle Creason, trying, like me, to act like he's not noticing the calendars.

I'm just taking a look at a calendar showing a tall woman holding a little towel and backed up to a potbellied stove when the back of the bar opens and out walks a pretty girl through a door not even the F.B.I. could of guessed was there.

"Hi!" she says, and comes around the bar.

"Hi yourself," says Uncle Creason. Grandpa Murray is still rattling on like an old car about to fall to pieces on a rough road, behind the bar himself now, rummaging under it and paying the girl no more nevermind than if she was a vinegar gnat,

and neither me nor Uncle Creason able to take our eyes off her she's so pretty. "*Sah-sah-sah*, sold them all but just this here one," Grandpa Murray's saying. He comes up with a skull, bottom jaw gone, but still worth ten dollars, he says. He sets it on the bar, proud as punch.

Uncle Creason winks at the girl, lights a cigarette, and makes like he would slip it under the skull's teeth.

"Lordy at that," says the pretty girl, leaning over to look at the skull. "I've lost my date," she says. "Ain't anybody seen a stripy suit with a drunk guy down inside it, have you? Lordy, if that ain't the awfulest thang I ever saw. It's a fake, ain't it?"

Nobody offers to tell her it's real. She wears a tight black dress and light-blue shoes and carries a light-blue coat, same color as the shoes, over her arm.

"Well," she says. When she straightens up she sees me. "Hi, honey. What's your name?"

I feel my face heat up like a Warm Morning stove. I tell her, but it sounds more like I'm clearing my throat than saying my name.

"Well, cute," she says.

"There was a stripy-suit man out yonder on the front steps as we came in," says my grandfather, taking off his hat. "He was filling balloons with token gas."

"Oh, I oughta guessed. Russell's a regular nut on the balloon subject." She looks at me. "If he was a little older, wouldn't I make him mine? Hope to spit I would!" She giggles and looks at me like a chicken watching a grain of corn, and I have to look at her hands, at her bitten fingernails all painted red and uneven like a little girl's. Then I look at her face again. The others know what's happening — that I'm standing there falling in love with this girl. Uncle Creason is grinning.

"Bye, honey," she says again. Then she's walking away.

"Bye," I say, looking after her, and yet not wanting to watch her leave because I know the men are watching me. It's a relief when Grandpa Murray hurries us in behind the bar, through the secret door, and down a short hall to the hidden gambling room. It's protected by another door with a bright light that flashes on above it when Grandpa Murray knocks on it, like Moses striking the stone, I think, the old man hitting the door a crack and the light flashing and the door finally swinging open on a room full of laughing women and smoke and men all gathered around tables, shooting dice.

Here come our three cousins then, the Murray boys, dressed just alike in gray checked suits, hair slicked back, grown men now, sure enough, like preachers or undertakers — businessmen, I think. They have to feel my muscles. Cousin Roy, the oldest, is pushing us toward a booth in the corner when

my grandfather says maybe I'd rather go outside and wait for them, if it's all right. "Why, sure," says Cousin Roy. "I never thought of that." What Roy means is he's never thought about me being a little young to be in the gambling room. You always have to like a cousin for speaking up that way. "Yes, George can wait outside," says my grandfather. Cousin Roy gets me a Nehi and some peanuts first, and then back I go, down the secret hall to the big empty dance floor and back out the rough oak front door of the cave, sipping my Nehi, eating my peanuts.

I'm no sooner outside than I see the girl's blue coat. She stands by the man in the striped suit. He's holding a balloon. When she sees me she yells "Hi!" just the same friendly way she did the first time. "Come here!" she says. She's laughing. It comes to me that she can't be very old — not too much older than me, I'm thinking. "Gimme some peanuts," she says. I hand her the package. "Hey, Russell, want some goobers?" He shakes his head no. "Here, Russell," she says, "let's see what you wrote."

Russell has the note already tied to the balloon with sewing thread. She looks at the note and lets the balloon sail off with the note hanging under it.

"What did it say?" I ask her, thinking how she can't be too much older than me, that thought running and running through my head. I'm feeling big and grown-up — big as anybody. I'm feeling good. "What was on the note?" I ask again.

"Why, nothing but Russell's name and where he lives at and his phone number. He hopes some old whore will find it and phone him up. I don't call that much of a message, do you?"

"No," I say.

"OK," Russell says, as busy as the first time I saw him.

"All right," says the girl. She sits on the log step and takes a black address book out of her blue purse. "Come sit by me, hon," she says, patting the place beside her, smiling at me. "I'm gonna write something real. Well, come on! I won't bite you! Will I, Russell, will I bite him?"

"I wouldn't be surprised at any damn thing you did," Russell says pleasantly, very busy bending tokens in his big yellow teeth, dropping them in a bottle.

"Aw, hell with you," she says. I sit down on the step beside her, so close I smell her perfume, and little fishhooks swim into my belly and into my blood too, swimming on and on into my arms and legs. I take a little drink and smell the orange smell of Nehi and then her perfume again. From her purse she brings out a stubby yellow pencil

with teeth marks on it. She bites it. "Now, let's see," she says. She writes something and tears the little page out of the address book and hands it to me. "How's that?"

"U R A Sun of a bich," it says.

"It don't mean you, hon. This is for Russell." She takes the message and hands it to Russell. "Here, ape man," she says.

Russell looks at it. "Hey," he says. "Hey, I like that a hell of a lot." He ties the note under a white balloon and lets it go. "No telling where the hell that note will come down," he says. "That's better than putting your name and address any day! That's a real message. Wouldn't I like to see somebody's face when he finds that?"

"It was spelled wrong," I say. I've said it, and I have to say it again. "Wasn't spelled right," I say.

"Well, I like that," the girl says. She sticks out her bottom lip. "Who am I supposed to be — Mrs. Doctor I.Q. or somebody? Kiss my mother! What's the damn difference to you, anyway, how it's spelled?"

"Anybody can see you're just an ignorant slut," Russell says in that pleasant voice of his. "Even he can see that."

It's so quiet then I can hear the blood beating in my ears. She leans over, her face close to my cheek. "Am I, hon? Is that how I look to you?"

She turns my face with her hand. "Did I hurt your feelings, hon? Come on now — do I look like a dumb slut?"

"Got him between the rock and the hard place now," Russell says. "It's either tell a lie or give you the reds."

I take a deep breath. "You — you're the prettiest girl I ever saw." I've said it, and it's quiet again for a second. She lets go my face and turns away.

"So there, Russell," she says. "I swear, this kid's so nice I could eat him!"

"Well, first write me another message, and you can tattoo him for all I care," says Russell. He's got another balloon tied off. It's long, like a sausage, and green, like new willow leaves.

She bites her pencil and then writes "JESUS SAVES." She tears it out and hands it to Russell.

"Now, what kind of message is that?" Russell says. "There's nothing new in that — hell, the whole world knows that. Why'd you have to go write *that* when the first one was so good?"

She gives me a look. "I can spell that," she says. Russell ties on the note. The green balloon takes off with it, spiraling up like a screw.

"Let's have something else," Russell says. "Write something good for a change, will you? Try and let your mind outa church, OK?"

I try to see what it is, but she hides it under her

left hand. Without letting me see it, she tears it out of the little book and passes it to Russell. He yells. "Hey! If this ain't the best thing you ever did!" He laughs and stops and laughs again. "When I think about some dago over in Germany or one of those wops out in Turkey findin' this!" he yells. He laughs and then coughs. His face goes dark as a plum. "Oh — oh, man alive!" he says when he can stop coughing.

"Can I see it?" I say.

"Ain't you seen it? Sure."

But she grabs it. "He can't see it," she says.

"What the hell?" says Russell. "You think he never saw that word before? Hell, it's wrote on the wall of every public can in the world." He takes the note back and ties it under the balloon. "Just think," he says, "across over the ocean somewhere in Germany this dago sees this little red balloon floating down to him out of heaven. He runs after it! He runs a goddamn mile! Garlic falls out of his hairy ears!"

"Stop!" the girl yells. "I can't stand it!" She's holding her stomach. She's laughing so hard her stomach hurts.

"Finally he reaches it! What will it say? He opens it up. He's outa breath, and here's this message straight from God, or maybe even the President of Oklahoma!" Russell laughs and his face goes ripe red again. He stands up straight and hands the balloon over to me. "Here, kid," he says. "Read it and let it rip."

I take it from him, but before I can get a look at the note the girl snatches the balloon away from me and lets it go herself, up and on up, with the note tied under it.

"Well, I quit," Russell says. "This beats Birmingham."

"Oh, I don't mind," I say. The girl looks at Russell. Her face is pale and cold as fresh corn. She turns to me.

"You understand, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind," I say. What I feel inside is like a heavy wire. It bends me forward a little. I'm looking away from her at the torn red ground and the little busted bits of rock mixed up in it.

And she's saying, "Look, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings none. Hey, I'm gonna give you a little kiss. Hear that? A kiss. Will you let me? Hey —"

I shake my head. I can't look at her. I have to get away.

"Honey?" she calls after me. "Hon?"

"Can't you let him alone?" says Russell. "Wanna kill him or something?"

"Hon?" But I'm walking fast, headed back to the cave. I want to be back inside where it's quiet, back inside where I can be by myself. I don't want to hear anything or know anything or see anybody.

Yet when I open the door the others are just coming — my grandfather and Grandpa Murray, my cousins and Uncle Creason. I hear my grandfather's voice. "George's birthday," he's saying. "Got to get home to eat birthday cake."

"Birthday? Why didn't somebody say so?" Cousin Roy brings out his wallet. I see it's a five-dollar bill when he hands it to me.

"Your birthday from the Murrays, George," Cousin Roy says. "From all the Murrays."

"*Sah-sah*, wait a minute!" Grandpa Murray has caught on all of a sudden to what's been said. He staggers back to the bar and comes out with something in a paper sack. He hands it to me. I feel it through the sack — the Indian skull. "*Sah-sah-sah*, and a thousand happy returns of the day," says the old man. He hugs me in his cold shivering arms.

Then we leave. Me with the sack, holding the five-dollar bill and having to go back past her now, not wanting to do it. I put my grandfather between me and the girl, so at first she doesn't see me.

When she does see me her mouth opens, but she closes it without speaking. She waves. I nod and look away. "Oh, me," says a voice. It's Russell.

We go down the steps. When we get to the parking lot Russell yells, "Montgomery! Albuquerque, Arizona! Hey, *Birmingham!*"

"*Sah-sah-sah!*"

The old man's sons are there. They hold him. They've grabbed him, and now they're dragging him back and he's waving his stick. He's like an old bug the ants have found, with ants holding and dragging him. "*Sah-sah-sah!*"

"Get him in the car," says Cousin Roy. They open the car door and push the old man into the back seat. I jump in after him and sit down, still holding the sack and my five dollars. The door closes. Uncle Creason starts the car. My grandfather jumps in and shuts his door, and we start to move. "*Sah-sah-sah!*" Grandpa Murray beats the floorboards with his stick. "*Sah-sah-sah*, not in a damn thousand years!"

Going out of the parking lot, we haven't picked up much speed. I want to look back. I want to because I'll never see her again. I want to so bad I can't stand it, but then, in the rearview mirror, I see Uncle Creason's eyes watching me. Even then I think, yes, I will look back anyway, but those eyes of his, blue and hard as stone, hold me from it. Instead I look to the roadside and hunch down in the seat so Uncle Creason can't see my face. I look at the pines sprocketing by on my side of the road. I think about sadness and love and then try not to think about anything but the trees, putting my mind on how they seem to march on and on, how they seem to straggle over hill after hill after hill, forever and ever.

FIGHTING FOR ROSES

BY MURIEL RUKEYSER

After the last freeze, in easy air,
Once the danger is past, we cut them back severely;
Pruning the weakest hardest, pruning for size
Of flower, we deprived will not deprive the sturdy.
The new shoots are preserved, the future bush
Cut down to a couple of young dormant buds.

But the early sun of April does not burn our lives:
Light straight and fiery brings back the enemies.
Claw, jaw, and crawler, all those that devour.
We work with smoke against the robber blights,
With copper against rust; the season fights itself
In deep strong rich loam under swarm attacks.

Head hidden from the wind, the power of form
Rises among these brightnesses, thorned and blowing.
Where they glow on the earth, water-drops tremble on them.
Soon we must cut them back, against damage of storms.
But those days gave us flower budded on flower,
A moment of light achieved, deep in the air of roses.

PAX

POLAND'S PROTEUS

BY JAN DOHNALIK

The relations between Church and State in Catholic Poland have been characterized by various degrees of tension since the Communists took over the government in 1947. A leading role has been played by a strange, pseudo-Catholic organization known as PAX, whose activities are of a religious, political, and commercial nature.

WHENEVER a little girl makes her First Communion in Poland and her parents present her with an image of the Madonna or some other religious souvenir, they have to buy it from PAX, a pseudo-Catholic organization run by a former fascist leader and supported by the Communists. Likewise, when a Polish housewife wants to buy a kettle or a brush, she is more likely to find one made by PAX than by the state-run factories.

The history of this peculiar outfit is closely connected with the complex personality and the baffling career of its founder, Boleslaw Piasecki. Before the war Piasecki was a young and vociferous leader of Falanga, a fascist and anti-Jewish Polish movement. He was tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, athletic, and looked like a perfect specimen of the mythical Aryan race. He and his associates of Falanga wore a greenish-brown shirt and a uniform similar to that of the German storm troopers.

But when the Nazis invaded Poland his patriotism prevailed over his political convictions, and he fought bravely against them. When Stalin attacked Poland from the East, the last Polish resistance collapsed, and Piasecki, like so many of his countrymen, was taken prisoner by the Germans. He was released shortly afterward, thanks to an intervention on his behalf by an Italian diplomatic envoy who acted for the fascist Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano.

Then Hitler launched his attack on Russia, and the whole of Poland was occupied by the Nazis. Many Polish patriots went underground. Piasecki, too, formed an underground movement, which he called the Confederation of the Nation. Being by nature a lone wolf, he never joined the so-called Home Army, which grouped all the Polish underground movements in a kind of national front; and within a short time the Confederation of the Nation was fighting against the Russian partisans who had been left behind by Stalin's retreating armies in the eastern provinces of Poland — underground against underground. The Germans, of course, knew, but as it suited their books, they closed their eyes.

The fortunes of war changed, and the Red Army swept over Poland. Piasecki was caught again and charged with his antipartisan activities. A death sentence was expected. Instead, he was sent to jail, and his stay there was very short. Exploiting to the full his gift of gab, his power of persuasion, and his natural charm, he prevailed upon the Russians not only to let him go free but to allow him to form an organization of "progressive" (that is, pro-Communist) Catholics, which he called PAX. This happened in 1945, with the blessing of two top Soviet security officers, General Ivanov and General Sierov.

To complete this brief biographical sketch of

Boleslaw Piasecki, and before we go into the activities of PAX, it should be mentioned that three years ago he was made to pay dearly for his former anti-Jewish attitude. His sixteen-year-old son was kidnapped by two men in a taxi, and a few days later his body was found in a cellar in the center of Warsaw. The body bore ritual marks which made it quite clear that the boy was the victim of a Jewish vendetta. The police carried out a halfhearted investigation which came to nothing. Through his newspaper, Piasecki offered a big reward to anybody who could supply information, and he mobilized the whole PAX organization. Some clues were found and forwarded to the police, but they dropped the case.

From the very beginning PAX was a puppet in the hands of the Communists, whose main aim was to disrupt the Catholic front from within. Piasecki was the leader, and the key posts in the organization were occupied by former Falanga members, whom the Communists could easily blackmail into submission because of their Nazi record. A few priests and a few Catholic intellectuals adhered to the movement from the start, some because of convenience, others because they genuinely and naïvely thought that Catholicism and Communism could be reconciled.

Gradually PAX became a fairly important factor in Polish politics. Although its leader was viewed with suspicion and was considered a bit of an adventurer, and although it was clear that he was being manipulated from behind the scenes by the Communists, PAX nevertheless became a kind of bridge between the Communist world and the Catholic world and a channel through which men of the right could hope to make their voices heard, even if only in a limited and controlled way.

As for the Communists, they found it advantageous to let the PAX movement have some freedom of expression and of action, or a semblance of it, since this allowed them to keep a check on the mood and the strength of the opposition.

DURING its heyday, around 1954, PAX numbered among its followers about six hundred priests, 10 percent of the Polish diocesan clergy. Many more were in sympathy with the movement. At a rally held in Warsaw no less than one thousand priests were present.

The spreading of the movement alarmed the Vatican, and in 1955 it issued a condemnation of Piasecki's book *Essential Matters* and of the PAX weekly paper, *Today and Tomorrow*. Piasecki's conduct on this occasion was very shrewd. He bowed to the authority of the Vatican, he withdrew his book from circulation, and he stopped printing

Today and Tomorrow. The fact that shortly afterward he came out with another weekly called *Orientations* is just another proof of his insincerity. The title of the paper had changed; practically all the rest had remained the same. Thanks to his apparent submission to the Holy See, Piasecki managed to limit the damage the Vatican condemnation had done to PAX. A number of priests left him, but at least half of them remained linked to the movement in one way or another.

In the meantime, the economic activities of PAX had kept growing. Piasecki had started with a publishing house which was financed by the Communist Party but had a Catholic facade, and he was later given a monopoly over the distribution of religious objects and souvenirs. Crucifixes, missals, chalices, rosaries, reproductions of saints and the Madonna were and still are produced by PAX on an industrial scale. PAX even makes Orthodox crosses which are exported to Russia.

Little by little Piasecki started invading other fields. He took over small, privately run factories whose owners found themselves crippled by taxes and smothered by red tape. His strength — in the beginning, at least — lay in the fact that PAX was exempted from taxation, as it was considered a cultural organization, and also in the fact that, thanks to his high connections in the Party, he could obtain the raw materials, the machinery, and the permits he needed. The owners, who were living in constant fear of being expropriated anyhow, were only too glad to make a deal with PAX, and generally Piasecki hired them as managers of their own firms with a salary much higher than the meager profits they had been making.

Besides printing books and making religious objects, PAX produces records, chemicals, plastic materials, kitchen and household goods, detergents, floor polish, and many other things. It has no large factory, nor does it control any important branch of the economy. Rather it concentrates on sideline activities which are too small for the state to bother with and which the Communist economy planners are only too glad to forget about. Still, Piasecki has built a small industrial empire which employs nearly forty thousand people.

While PAX had weathered the Vatican condemnation with relative ease, it received a shattering blow from the 1956 upheaval. The Polish near-revolution, which coincided with the Hungarian uprising, saw the return to power of Gomulka and the victory of the liberal faction of the Polish Communist Party over the Stalinist wing. Piasecki, who was tied hand and foot to the official Party machinery, made an almost fatal tactical error. He sided quite openly with the Stalinist faction, and even proclaimed his sympathies in an article entitled "The Instinct of the Nation."

In view of the fact that Cardinal Wyszyński had openly supported Gomułka, this was, to say the least, a very strange thing for a self-styled Catholic to do. The Catholics who supported PAX, and particularly the priests, who already felt a certain embarrassment in collaborating with the Communists and did so only out of expediency, were certainly not disposed to back the Stalinist faction of the Party — and the losing faction, for that matter. They abandoned Piasecki en masse.

The 1956 upheaval was also a bad blow for Piasecki economically, since the Gomułka regime deprived the PAX enterprises of tax exemption. It looked as if the whole strange outfit were definitely going down the drain.

But Piasecki's genius for weathering storms and his innate ability in political intrigue and maneuvering saved him. For a time he withdrew from the national scene, and PAX switched from big politics to local politics. The business concerns were kept going, and, despite taxation, they were even enlarged. Piasecki dropped the old pretense of PAX's constituting a bridge between Communism and Catholicism and took up a new line. PAX, he said, had become "a factor which stimulated a constructive and patriotic participation of non-Party people in building socialism in Poland."

The role of acting as an intermediary between the Church and the state was taken over by Znak ("the Sign"), a group of genuine Catholic intellectuals which had the support of the episcopate.

Subsequent events have been developing in Piasecki's favor. The Stalinist faction came to terms with Gomułka and regained much of its political influence. PAX naturally benefited by this. Relations between the state and the Church deteriorated, and Znak turned out to be a failure.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, PAX crept back into national politics. In the 1961 elections three candidates from PAX were elected, while Znak's representation was reduced from nine to five members. A few priests started cautiously approaching Piasecki again, and there are a dozen or more who either work in the organization or write articles for his magazines. They are still forbidden by the cardinal to write for the PAX weekly paper.

Another sign of Piasecki's comeback was the fact that a priest representing PAX, Mieczysław Suwala, was included in the Polish delegation to the Moscow World Peace Congress for Disarmament.

During the first session of the Ecumenical Council Piasecki turned up in Rome on a mysterious mission. He stayed in a small hotel near the Piazza Navona, and he carefully avoided the press and the photographers. He went around armed with a pistol, a melodramatic gesture justified by the fact that he was supposed to be on the list of war criminals of the Israeli government, which could have asked the Italian government for his extradition. But Piasecki had taken precautions against this danger: his Communist friends in Warsaw had provided him with a diplomatic passport.

As for the motives of his trip to Rome, two suggestions have been made: that he tried to have the ban of his book revoked by the Vatican; and that he wanted in some way to insert himself in the negotiations between the Holy See and Poland, which had been set in motion by the visit to Pope John of the Polish state councillor, the Catholic writer Jerzy Zawieyski. Anyway, he failed to be received by any outstanding Vatican personality, and he left without having accomplished anything.

Lately PAX has been taking more steps forward. The so-called "partisan" faction, made up of former members of the Communist underground, has been gaining more influence inside the Central Committee of the Party since the spring of this year. The partisans favor a return to neo-Stalinism. They are strongly anti-Semitic and extreme nationalists. They would also like the state to exercise tighter control over the Church. Piasecki has been skillfully taking advantage of the fight for power going on inside the Central Committee. Besides, the business side of his organization is flourishing, and this, of course, also helps.

As far as his relations with the Vatican are concerned, Piasecki, after the death of John XXIII, sent to Rome his closest friend and the vice chairman of PAX, Jerzy Hągmajer, with the task of trying to establish contact with the entourage of the new Pope, Paul VI — so far, it appears, in vain. But we have not heard the last of this Polish Proteus.



BOOKS AND MEN

Educated at Harvard and Cambridge, PETER DAVISON is the executive editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press. He has won the competition for the Yale Series of Younger Poets with his new book, THE BREAKING OF THE DAY AND OTHER POEMS, which will be published in January.

NEW POETRY

BY PETER DAVISON

POETRY of late has been aiming itself in new directions. With the disappearance from the scene, within the last several years, of most of the senior American poets, an era has ended. Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, Theodore Roethke have died within the last eighteen months, and Robinson Jeffers and Wallace Stevens preceded them by not long. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound have all but stopped writing. Of the veterans only Conrad Aiken, it seems, continues in the full strength of his poetic powers. In the meantime, poets who only a year ago were thought of as "younger" suddenly find themselves, in their forties, the movers and shakers whom the younger poets look up to: Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, Howard Nemerov, Robert Duncan.

Yet this sudden adjustment did not, of course, dawn yesterday. For the past decade the change has been in the making. One sign of it has been the grouping of poets into schools — a symptom of unrest more than of binding alliances. Groupings of this kind perhaps help poets sort themselves out but usually confuse matters. There is only one Muse of Poetry, although there are many ways of serving her; and a traveler who had been thought to be a member of one camp may quietly have packed his tent on his shoulders and wandered away along the slopes of Helicon according to his own impulse and deepest need. Yet, symptom or cause, the coalescence of "groups" is a sign of seriousness, of commitment, of concern. The results of it are before the public. There are perhaps as many good American poets between the ages of twenty-five and fifty writing just now as there have been for a long while.

Like the poets of a generation ago, perhaps of

any generation, these younger poets must challenge themselves to seek out a style of their own — a rhetoric competent to register the full range of their inchoate feelings, yet one which will collect these feelings into a clarity. A poet's style is more than an answer to a question; it is even more than "the man himself." The interaction between a poet's style and his subject matter is itself part of what he confronts in the world around him. How does this tree, this grief, this sunlight embody itself in language — *my* language? I cannot know experience except through language; and if my language is inadequate to my experience, must I change the warp of my language, or must certain realms of experience pass forever into darkness for me? This very dilemma can work its way into the stuff of poetry: the interchange between language and feeling, between sunlight and fog.

Robert Lowell has spoken of the distinction between "cooked" and "raw" poetry. Five years ago it was a just metaphor for the situation, but the distinctions have already broken down, as the best poets of the "raw" school have pushed farther out toward finding forms and styles for shaping naked experience and as the "cooked" poets have broken down the academic forms of verse and diction to suit the kicking, shoving demands of the world around them.

EDWARD FIELD, whose first volume, *STAND UP, FRIEND, WITH ME* (Grove, \$2.50), is this year's Lamont Poetry Selection, shows the expansion of a meeting ground for taste; for his book of fanciful, amusing, rueful, raw poems was chosen for its award by a committee of the cooked. This poet has settled on one of the hardest solutions to the dialectic between language and experience: utter simplicity.

Field's simplicity lies as much in his rhythm as in his diction, and it enables him to speak freshly and freely. His verse runs in the rhythms of the beat tradition in verse, but he almost alone has attained a distinctive rhythm. Hear the falling cadences in this passage from a small poem, "The Telephone":

My happiness depends on an electric appliance
And I do not mind giving it so much credit
With life in this city being what it is
Each person separated from friends
By a tangle of subways and buses
Yes my telephone is my joy
It tells me that I am in the world and wanted.

The flatness of this speech is that of a telephone conversation between friends, and so is the speech in most of this book. Yet Field gives it a turn, both for ironic humor and for sadness, that the language has not had before. The danger of this sort of innocence in language, of course, is playing the *faux naïf*, but Field manages to avoid that trap by the natural sweetness of his feelings, and beneath their limpid surfaces his poems disclose new depths. Three of the poems in this book are as good as anything I have read lately: "Graffiti," one of the funniest, most romantic poems of recent years, which unfortunately does not bear quoting in a family magazine; "Ode to Fidel Castro," a non-political sort of celebration, with a marvelous mock-heroic style; and "The Charmed Pool," which tells the story of a prince who, at a charmed pool "swarming with lower forms of life," kissed beast after beast, only to have them cast off their spells and become bores or disappointments. Prince Charming's fate echoes the mood and theme of this whole book:

When a man tries the charmed pool and fails
What can he do if he doesn't die of it?
. . . Did he find the road back to where he
came from?
And learn like us to live from day to day
Eating what's to eat and making love with
what's available?

THE third book by **BROTHER ANTONINUS, THE HAZARDS OF HOLINESS** (Doubleday, \$2.95), is a barbarous book of Christian endeavor, dominated by violence and yet often splendid despite its excesses. Brother Antoninus, a Dominican lay brother and an older poet than Field, has also been grouped with those of the beat tradition, yet he brings to his poems a fierce religious zeal which makes his struggles with language emblematic of his spiritual wrestlings. And what struggles they are! At his worst, Brother Antoninus grabs for the first word at hand — if it rolls rhetorically enough. At other times he reaches clear across the table for the

remotest words to be had: "he, the inveterate rapacity/Of the nerve's conquisitional itch; she, the indominate rigor/Of the martyr's faith. . . ." But at his best he is perhaps alone among devotional poets today in possessing poetic fire to light his faith. He can recreate the dramatic moments of biblical confrontation, like those of Jacob with the Angel, of Salome and St. John, of Judith and Holofernes (who are described in the lines quoted above), or of the conversion of St. Paul. Here is the moment of confrontation on the road to Damascus. Note especially the last lines.

Crash!

A brilliance so bright
The noon blanked black
Overhead where the sun was;
Intense radiance unwombed;
One lasting flash,
One fast unfaceable spasm.

The horse uprearing
Outsprung from under,
Forked ears pronged
On the blinding intenseness,
The high-pawed hooves . . .

Crash!

The clang of fallen metal, armor
Rang on the road, the flailed scabbard,
That loose-sprung blade, grit-grating,
Steel on stone.

A passage like this shows Brother Antoninus at his best and worst. Words like "unfaceable," "unwombed," and "pronged" show how far he tries to stretch the language — and how the language refuses to give. But it is heartening to find a Christian poet who can bring a terrible passion to his writing, particularly since such poets as Daniel Berrigan, S.J., have proved disappointing after a fine start. Brother Antoninus, in his struggle with the inchoate, reaches for the verb and finds his rhythms in incantation. Unlike other poetry of the San Francisco school, his rhetoric operates on substantial subject matter.

On the "cooked" side of poetry, the expansion of technique and subject matter has been no less impressive. It may well turn out that the most influential poetry collection of recent years was Robert Lowell's *Life Studies*, that strangely brilliant, curiously unsatisfying testimony to a change of direction. Published in 1959, it brought, in its nakedness, its matter-of-fact autobiographical scruffiness, a dimension into the poetry of the East Coast that had been missing from its tradition since Ezra Pound's work was as good as ended, lying like a great city in ruins. The rhythm, the tone of voice in *Life Studies* owe much to T. S. Eliot, but the subject matter lies beyond Eliot's pale: lust, madness, self-hatred, nightmare, autobiography. Poets who,

like Anne Sexton, W. D. Snodgrass, and **FREDERICK SEIDEL**, author of **FINAL SOLUTIONS** (Random House, \$3.75), have followed Lowell's lead find themselves in a new, strange, unsettled country ("Between the unreal and the next world, stretched taut") where heightened perception is its own reward, where there seems nothing reliable except sensation, and compassion is the ultimate, the only act of community.

Final Solutions (the echo of Hitler, Eichmann, and the Jews must be deliberate) has in it the mutter of self-destruction, of self-immolation. Seidel's remarkable poems will frighten you in their flirtation at the borderline between despair and madness. They are portraits in a dramatic monologue form; but they have about them, too, the air of diagnosis (words turn up like "hebephrenic," "anosognosia," "pseudocyesis," "aphasia," "leukotome"); they recite agonizing symptoms without comment. These poems are difficult to quote from, since their effects accumulate. The portraits have wide variety: a woman psychoanalyst retired to live in Maine; an old Roman who dreams of a long-ago love and dies of a heart attack; a young soldier stationed in Germany; a pregnant girl whose young husband is dying of cancer; a Paris concierge; an affair in modern Rome; a young girl going mad. These stories sound at times like the Hardy of *Satires of Circumstance*; most often and most nearly they sound like Robert Lowell. They are powerful indeed in their probing of the recesses of character; yet they are cribbed, confined, by their refusal — or inability — to find or take a stand anywhere, except to say, "This is it." The few fleeting moments of acceptance come with the experience of sensuality or else with a shrug of the shoulders:

Coming home,
After a rainy night in Central Park,
Behind his old friend, his old suffering mare,
A horse-cab driver, looking straight ahead,
Smiles quietly, just because it is morning.

Or, again,

Convinced life is meaningless,
I lack the courage of my conviction,

a characteristic half-belief of our time. We cannot, I suppose, be surer of ourselves than this — at least Seidel's characters cannot.

Yet, for the uses of poetry, Seidel's concern with personality is life-giving. In the years since the First World War poets have lost touch with the exploration of character as a theme for poems, and the dramatic monologue, except in the hands of Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson, fell out of use. In the work of Frederick Seidel, once he has come closer to finding his balance and his identity, a whole range of possibility is opened up.

In **JAMES MERRILL's** third book, **WATER STREET** (Atheneum, cloth \$3.95; paper \$1.65), we find poems that, unlike those of Brother Antoninus or Seidel, do not so much grapple with reality as disguise it. Merrill is an intensely visual poet, but his visual sensations come as from trick mirrors, prisms, colored glass, moving pictures, all the artifices of optics. His feelings, his views of himself are "Illumined as in dreams." "Everything is cryptic, crystal-queer." Any simple thing is freaked out in forty kaleidoscopic disguises. Yet Merrill, unlike some visual poets, is by no means deaf to sounds, either in sensation or in verse. In a poem about the mixed memories called up by silent home movies, he writes with a perfect command of sound:

My mother's lamp once out,
I press a different switch:
A field within the dim
White screen ignites,
Vibrating to the rapt
Mechanical racket
Of a real noon field's
Crickets and gnats.

He is a baffling poet; has always been. With all the versatility of his poetic style, Merrill has never used the punctuations of stanzaic form effectively to his purposes; has never, more important, used punctuation itself as a way of clarifying, but only as a further disguise. Yet his glittering rhymes, the effortless subtleties of his free-verse poems, the plays of sound against sense — all these make up the repertoire of a gifted artist. The disguises of this poet are rich and varied indeed, but for Merrill, perhaps, there would be more enterprise in walking naked. As he says himself,

Goodness, how tired one grows
Just looking through a prism:
Allegory, symbolism.
I've tried, Lord knows,

To keep from seeing double,
Blushed for whenever I did,
Prayed like a boy my cheek be hid
By manly stubble.

MAY SWENSON, on the other hand, is a poet who sees singly, and she is, to my personal taste, one of the most ingenious and delightful younger poets writing today (**TO MIX WITH TIME: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS**, Scribner's, cloth \$3.50; paper \$1.45). She has, at any rate, probably the best eye for nature. What does she not see? A snake:

Mud-and-silver-licked, his length — a
single spastic muscle —
slid over stones and twigs to a snuggle
of roots, and hid.

Autumn:

Then hearse-horns

of macabre crows
sweep over; gibbet-masks
they cut on blue. I wade in husks,
in broken shafts of arrows.

A bird:

And a grackle, fat as burgundy,
gurgles on a limb.

His bottle-glossy feathers
shrug off the wind.

A cat:

Not a hair
in the gap of his ear moves.
His clay gaze stays steady.

Her attention to nature gives May Swenson's poems a directness of gaze that is sometimes lacking when she turns to other, apparently broader subjects. She needs, perhaps, the concreteness of things close at hand in order to see deeply; it is as though language, in her hands, responded naturally only to the actual and palpable. She has a staggering poetic equipment: visual acuity, a sense of form, a fine ear for rhythm and the colloquial. Among her recent poems there are too many with high pretensions, in the shapes of arrows or zigzags or earthquakes, dealing with the Scheme of Things. A series of travel poems — with the exception of one about a bullfight — strikes me as terribly self-conscious, as though someone had been Taking Notes. But even if, in her straining for fresh ways of saying things, this poet's sureness sometimes deserts

her, she just cannot go wrong with her nature poems. They are *seen*; the husks and kernels of nature are *there*. And sometimes, at moments of great simplicity, her poems go almost as far in eloquence as poems can — as in a favorite of mine called "Question":

Body my house
my horse my hound
what will I do
when you are fallen

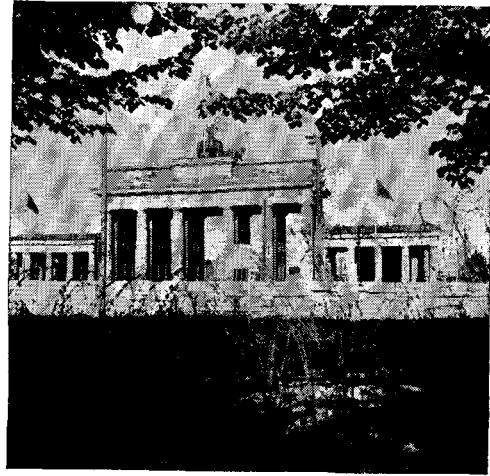
Where will I sleep
How will I ride
What will I hunt

Where can I go
without my mount
all eager and quick
How will I know
in thicket ahead
is danger or treasure
when Body my good
bright dog is dead

How will it be
to lie in the sky
without roof or door
and wind for an eye

With cloud for shift
how will I hide?

A poem like this, in its simple lyricism, makes us forget all questions about the direction of poetry, about schools and generations. It is, after all, a song; and songs hold their own secrets. This one may hold the secret of long life.



BERLIN: THE BROKEN CITY

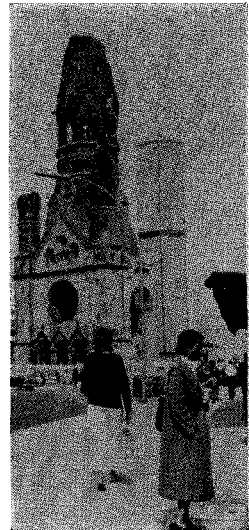
What Berlin Means	LUCIUS D. CLAY	87
The Textbook Factory	HELMUT ROSKE	90
The Political Cabarets: Source of Berlin's Satire	SARAH GAINHAM	95
Why the Border Guards Defect	MICHAEL MARA	100
The Building and Rebuilding of Berlin With Illustrations	WOLF JOBST SIEDLER	103
Writers in Berlin: A Three-way Discussion		110
What Ulbricht Doesn't Know	KURT WISMACH	114
The People of East Berlin	OTTO FREI	118
The Young Germans	ERIKA VON HORNSTEIN	122
Berlin's Economic Future	HENRY C. WALLICH	130

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

WHAT BERLIN MEANS

BY LUCIUS D. CLAY

A native of Georgia who graduated from West Point in 1918, GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY was the military governor of Germany and the commander in chief of the United States forces in Europe during the critical years immediately after the war. From his experience and from the observation gained on his mission to Berlin in 1961 he has drawn this assessment of what Berlin means to West Germany and to us.



IN PUBLISHING a supplement on "Berlin: The Broken City," the *Atlantic* is performing a timely public service. Obviously, an understanding of the conditions which prevail today is essential to any examination of the future of Berlin. For, after fifteen years, the Berlin problem remains with us, still unresolved and still a challenge to the future of Europe.

When the European Advisory Commission established the areas of occupation in the spring of 1944, it did not anticipate that the Soviet zone of occupation would split off from the rest of Germany, nor did the heads of the three governments when they approved the proposals of the commission at Yalta. Berlin was to be the seat of the Allied Control Council, which was to govern all of Germany until this responsibility could be returned to an elected German government. It is doubtful if even the Soviet government then had in mind the establishment of a separate government for East Germany.

However, when the allied armies were hastily demobilized, the Soviet government maintained its armies intact in Central Europe. It soon found that the threat of force represented by these armies made it possible for the Communists to take over, one by one, all of the governments of Eastern Europe.

This, in turn, led to the establishment of a Communist government in East Germany, and to ultimate division of Germany. This division of Germany was undoubtedly accelerated by the acceptance in principle by the Western allies at Yalta of the transfer of certain lands in eastern Poland to the Soviet republic, with compensation to be provided to Poland from land in East Germany. However, the eastern boundary was not fixed at Yalta, or at Potsdam, as the Western allies insisted that this boundary could only be fixed with the signing of a peace treaty with a new and representative German government. Therefore, the Soviet government, in establishing the Oder-Neisse line as the western boundary of Poland, was acting alone. The expulsion of the German population in this area, which led to a mass migration to West Germany, created a lasting political problem in West Germany, where the refugees still expect to return to their homes.

As the division of Germany became a recognized fact, it was evident that Berlin had become an enclave behind the Iron Curtain, although it still remained under quadripartite allied control. When the effort to establish a common currency for Germany as a whole failed, the Western allies proceeded to establish a currency for West Germany. The Soviet military government countered with a

Photograph of Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church by W. Schmidt, courtesy of Ullstein Picture Service.

new currency for East Germany, which also became the currency for the area of Berlin under its control. Four-power government of Berlin had come to an end. The introduction of West German currency into West Berlin was used as the excuse for the Soviet blockade, which was imposed in June, 1948. However, it was clear that the real purpose of the blockade was to drive the Western allies out of Berlin and to create doubt throughout Western Europe of the intent of the United States to remain in Europe, which, without this security, would have been subjected to the pressures which caused Eastern Europe to fall into Communist hands.

When we met the blockade with an airlift which could be stopped only by act of war, the Soviet government was unwilling to take this risk, and thus the blockade, which had failed, was lifted in May, 1949. It had done much to convince the peoples of Western Europe that the Communist design to take over Europe could be stopped.

Fortunately, too, we had realized in 1947 that the economic rehabilitation of Western Europe was essential to checking Communist political penetration. With this realization came the political maturity to embark on a program of financial and economic aid which gave immediate hope to the peoples of Western Europe. As further evidence of our sincerity, we joined in the formation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization as a collective defense against Communism.

Concurrently, the Western allies recognized the Federal Republic of Germany and conveyed to it a substantial measure of sovereignty. Subsequently, it was granted full sovereignty and accepted as a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. While Berlin had been included in the Basic Law of the Federal Republic as one of its states, the allies approved this law only in the understanding that Berlin was not immediately to become such a state, and that its representatives to the national parliament would be primarily observers. This action was taken to protect the special agreements which guaranteed the right of the allies to remain in Berlin. However, even though Berlin remained under allied control, the adoption of a common currency had tied its economy to the economy of West Germany. While West Berlin lagged somewhat behind the Federal Republic in its rate of economic recovery, with assistance in the form of tax concessions and subsidies from West Germany it also made rapid progress. Today there is full employment in West Berlin, which has established itself as a major industrial city — the largest between Paris and Moscow. It is, indeed, the show-place of freedom behind the Iron Curtain.

As West Berlin grew in prosperity, the Soviet government, pressed by the Warsaw Pact countries and by East Germany, threatened again and again

to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany, under which the rights exercised by the allied powers under agreements with the Soviet government would be canceled. Thus, the Western powers would be forced to negotiate new arrangements for access to Berlin with the East German regime. Moreover, as Ulbricht increased his efforts to establish a police state, the increased flow of refugees through Berlin to West Germany became a serious threat to the East German economy. To survive, Ulbricht had to close this avenue of escape. And so, on August 13, 1961, the East German government, obviously with Soviet backing, erected a wall through the heart of Berlin. That this separated thousands of families and cut off thousands of workers in East Berlin from their jobs in West Berlin meant nothing to a ruthless regime which could survive only as a police state. The regime was confident, too, that the Wall would create fear and confusion in Europe. The Communist leaders did not believe that a walled-in West Berlin could survive and expected many of its people to seek safety in West Germany, leaving a hollow shell behind them.

However, neither the Wall nor the harassments which followed accomplished these purposes. The Western allies met the threats to their right of access with sufficient show of force to convince the West Berliners of their determination. The people of the walled-in city, recovering from the initial shock of the Wall, realized anew that their city must continue to grow and prosper as a symbol of hope to their countrymen in East Germany and to all enslaved peoples everywhere. The initial exodus of people and capital stopped. There was a renewal of the firm resolution of its citizens not only to keep their city as an important industrial center, but also to make it the cultural and educational capital of Germany.

The maintenance of the independence of West Berlin has become a symbol of the determination of free peoples everywhere to protect freedom against aggression; a symbol, indeed, of the determination of the United States to remain in Europe until there is a settlement of the European problem. It is as true today as it was in 1948 that an allied withdrawal from West Berlin would destroy the confidence of free peoples everywhere and would encourage further Communist aggression in many parts of the world.

WHAT, then, is the future of Berlin? Certainly, a divided Berlin, split by a wall, with West Berlin more than one hundred miles from the Federal Republic, is unnatural. And yet, so is the division of Germany into two parts; particularly as long as the peoples in both parts want to be reunited.

There can be no lasting political settlement of the Berlin problem as long as there is a divided Germany, any more than long and lasting peace looks possible for Europe until the question of German unity has been fully resolved. Many times in history efforts have been made to divide peoples who wanted to be united; and usually in the course of history this reunion has taken place.

For any final solution of the Berlin problem there has to be created in Europe an atmosphere in which the unification of Germany is recognized to be in the best interests of a lasting peace. Then, a united Berlin could once more become the capital of a reunited Germany. Certainly, this question involves many other factors, including the settlement of the final boundary of East Germany, the kind of government which would be established for a united Germany, and the part which such a Germany would play in the Europe of tomorrow.

No one can foresee the settlement of this problem in the immediate future. The enthusiasm of the individual Western European countries for a reunified and larger Germany is doubtful, and this does not add to the prospect for a successful negotiation with the Soviet government on the conditions for reunification. Thus, the real question is, What is the future of West Berlin, separated from the Federal Republic, surrounded by a wall, with no hinterland of its own, and vulnerable always to harassing attacks against its access routes?

Interestingly, for some years after the lifting of the blockade there was no division between the two Berlins. Thousands of the residents of East Berlin moved daily back and forth to work in West Berlin, and the residents of both sides moved back and forth to attend opera, theaters, and other recreational activities. If such communication could be restored, it would ease materially the tensions in West Berlin. On the other hand, if it led to a further migration from East Germany, neither the allies nor the West Germans could refuse to accept political refugees arriving in West Berlin seeking transportation to West Germany. However, if there is any real sincerity in the Soviet desire to create better relations with the West, some reasonable means for Berliners to travel back and forth between East and West Berlin might be arranged. If this could be done, and further harassing actions threatening access routes were stopped, there would cease to be an immediate Berlin problem.

Of course, allied soldiers must remain in Berlin, where, by their presence, they guarantee security. Their removal could destroy the morale of West Berlin and the confidence of its people in the determination of the West. As long as these soldiers remain, the citizens of West Berlin go about their daily tasks, confident of their security and resolved

to keep their city a vital place in which to live. Progress in the rebuilding of West Berlin has been remarkable. Substantially destroyed by bombing, with much of the industry which remained after the bombing removed to Communist countries, Berlin, which had depended in large part for its existence on government employees, had to build for itself a new economy. Favored by tax laws designed to spur the growth of industry, it has now built an industry which not only provides full employment for its citizens but is attracting some young people from the Federal Republic. It is a city of lakes and parks which provide opportunities for recreation and prevent the claustrophobia which might otherwise destroy its morale.

Still, a city must have more than industry to live. Since West Berlin is no longer the capital of Germany, or, indeed, politically a part of West Germany, it has had to establish other goals. It has made a conscientious effort to become the major educational and cultural center of Germany. Its Free University, founded by faculties and students unwilling to accept the type of education offered by the Communist-dominated Berlin University, has become one of the great universities of the world. It has maintained the reputation of its great Technical University and has added many other educational activities. It has built a modern opera house for its excellent opera company and is completing a magnificent building for its famous philharmonic orchestra. Encouragements and inducements are offered to those who would study opera, music, and indeed all of the arts, and increasing numbers of visitors are attracted each year to the many new offerings which West Berlin has to make in the cultural field.

Its leaders are conscious of the need to further these efforts and to attract to West Berlin international visitors and meetings. It is possible to visit West Berlin and to see it as a normal, prosperous city, except that sooner or later contact must be made with the grim Wall which divides the city into two parts. It is only then that the determination and willpower of the Berliners are fully recognized. It is only then that their courage in taking a stand for freedom is recognized as deserving the firm protection of the West so that their city may survive.

That there can be any permanent solution for Berlin until there is a general settlement of the European problem and of the state boundaries of Germany is wishful thinking. That the people of West Berlin are prepared to continue to keep their city alive until such a solution is reached has been demonstrated over fifteen years. As long as they have confidence in the Western world, they will not fail. We cannot fail them.

THE TEXTBOOK FACTORY

by Helmut Roske

Until a year ago, HELMUT ROSKE was one of the department heads in the Volk und Wissen publishing company in East Berlin. This firm specializes in textbook publishing. The following vivid account shows the many ways in which knowledge can be twisted and distorted to fit the prevailing Party line.

ON THE leveled rubble patch of the former Spittelmarkt ("Hospital Market"), once a landmark in the heart of the old Berlin, there stands today a huge gray stone building, six stories high, with long corridors and innumerable editorial offices; this is the home of the Volk und Wissen ("People and Knowledge") publishing house, which manufactures all the textbooks used in East Germany and is the largest textbook factory in Europe. Here the three R's, the sciences, and the humanities for all grades are packaged in book form well adulterated with Communist propaganda; here everything to be learned by millions of children and adolescents in the East zone and throughout East Germany is first examined and corrected, then expanded, and finally approved in accordance with the political doctrine. The revisions of these texts go on year after year in an atmosphere of suspicion emphasized by the fact that a detachment of the People's Policemen has long been quartered on the ground floor.

At 7:45 A.M. a shrill school bell sounds the start of the workday, and shortly before this the four hundred employees have trooped out of the subway and up the stairs to their desks. Here comes a young editor, who will be nameless, who has been working only a few months. After finishing his studies, he spent a year teaching. Now he is editing his first manuscripts. He has already had his first taste of author-editor relationships, and is discovering to

his astonishment just what it means to officiate in this publishing house. He, not the author, is the chief cog in the textbook process. Instructors and professors who only yesterday were his teachers must now accept his written instructions, suggested changes, and general directives. The manuscript, although it may have been written by an expert, serves only as a kind of factual substratum; where it fails to tally with the official Party line, the text must be altered — once, twice, a dozen times. Here the "house rule" is the law; and the realization that the finished product will eventually be printed in thousands of copies, and that each sentence will be taught and memorized as authoritative dogma, is enough to make a young editor's head swell.

Now over the Gertrude Bridge comes a black car with an elongated hood — one of those EMW's (Eisenach Motorwerke) reserved for Party officials. The driver is "Professor" Becher, the Pedagogical Director of the publishing house, who is privately and contemptuously referred to as the "Prof." The Party promoted him to his "professorship," and he signs even the smallest, most trifling office memo "Prof. Becher." In reality, he is a former East Berlin high school counselor who was expelled from the Party's ruling circle and kicked upstairs with the rank of "Pedagogical Director."

A Party administrator incarnate, Professor Becher has remained a stiff dogmatist, ever at loggerheads with those who have to deal with the

kinds of knowledge which simply will not yield to ideology. His one aim in his new post is to solve all problems single-handedly, with little regard for the factual knowledge involved, and this has further alienated his old Party comrades as well as the employees in the factory. So, when Comrade Professor Becher steps out of his car in the morning, he is greeted perfunctorily by most, coldly by a few.

Now the professional specialists of long standing begin turning up — the old foxes who listen to the young editor's enthusiasm with a wariness born of wide experience. They know all the tricks of the trade and are the real pillars of the publishing house, for only they have acquired sufficient experience and competence to be able to steer an author's manuscript through the shoals of the ever-shifting Party line. They are pedagogic specialists who have been shorn of all illusions and who wax cynical each time they hear talk of the great new goals set up for the socialist education of the young. They do not believe in the radiant future promised by the textbooks in a pseudoscientific jargon. These old hands are at once the mainstay of production and an insurmountable obstacle. They do not let the Party functionaries get away with the more outrageous political impositions. Most of them, in subtle ways, combat the restrictive taboos, water down the political content, and take liberties within the all too narrow rules of speech.

IN THE German Democratic Republic — the D.D.R., as it is more simply called — there is a tendency to divide people up into officially designated groups: some will be designated to teach, others to administer; some will be comrades of the SED or, conversely, noncomrades (*Nichtgenosse*). People speak of a "habitation community" (*Wohn-gemeinschaft*), an "editorial collective," a union group, a work brigade. Seldom are these voluntary associations. The official groups, the running of which is entrusted to so-called "reliable" comrades, are simply compulsion structures through which the Party forces its hold upon the population.

But in the underground, where the individual reveals his real sentiments and behavior, natural groups are formed, and this is as true in the publishing house as anywhere else in the zone. Comrades who develop a high degree of skepticism toward the Party tend to drift together spontaneously. These groups — usually small — may be marked by a general tone of irony and humor or by a tendency toward open discussion; above all, they are distinguished by an absence of that oppressive fear, indignation, and climate of terror which typify the compulsory organizations. They alone make the

hardships of collective life endurable, and if it were not for membership in one of these "unofficial" groups, the individual would become a prisoner in a large enterprise.

It is impossible to appreciate the spiritual terror reigning in the D.D.R. unless one understands how these interhuman relationships, so important for people employed in the professions, are constantly tracked down by Party sleuths, infiltrated by "reliable" comrades, and rendered politically suspect. Three or four people cannot converse or even lunch together occasionally without having watchful comrades scent a hostile gathering. When such suspicion is intensified the morale at work deteriorates, output drops, and the quotas, utopian to begin with, grow even more impossible. To combat this strain on morale the SED places its hope in specialists who have a gift for leadership and who can arouse the enthusiasm of the socialist worker. "*Wie die Leitung, so die Leistung*" — "As leadership goes, so goes output" — the slogan says.

Such a leader was Heinz Frankiewicz, one of the foremost administrators in Volk und Wissen. No one who has known him would question his capacity. A member of the Party, Frankiewicz directed Department Six of the publishing house, with its six editors, each responsible for a subsection, and some forty subordinates. That Frankiewicz could produce the kind of fruitful work so seldom found in the D.D.R. is a tribute to his genuine ability. He lacked the dogmatic severity of the arrogant officials, and he did not underestimate the scientific disciplines. Like every intelligent functionary, he had a highly equivocal attitude toward "the highest of the sciences" — that is, toward ideology and political doctrine. At the outset he got on well with his editors, winking as he tossed off bold political slogans during closed-door discussions. He did allow spontaneous associations, maintained a cordial atmosphere, and trained his department methodically, giving close attention to the qualitative and stylistic improvement of the books. Lip service to ideology was paid with a few flourishes in the preface, in the opening pages of each chapter, and in the conclusion, but that was all.

As a department chief, however, Frankiewicz also frequently conferred with functionaries from the *Volksbildungsministerium* ("People's Education Ministry"). Brimful of ideas, a brilliant talker, a mine of original suggestions, he inevitably aroused fresh hopes for the spirited revision of the textbooks put out by his department. These expectations he could not afford to disappoint, for it was his wish to be an innovator in East German teaching methods, a promising official in the eyes of the Party as well as a tolerant and respected colleague of the senior editors and the staff.

Bit by bit, however, his editors were required to

water down the strictly scientific exposition of natural laws, twisting their presentations more and more toward political ends. It was no longer sufficient for students to be taught that hydrogen and oxygen ions join together under certain conditions to form water. The chemical law had to demonstrate that a special link existed between the socialist and nature. "Study science, then you will be almighty!" Laboratory experiments, instead of illustrating a particular theory, must be used to instill faith in science and to exploit the naïve astonishment of youth. "You see, you dominate nature! This is what socialism offers: it understands everything, it can do everything, it gives everything. So believe in it, and do everything the Party says!"

Now, the few elementary examples needed in a high school textbook are neither highly sophisticated nor a scientific premise for a political system. The editors protested but were overridden by Frankiewicz. Thenceforth all attempts to square the text with the truth were abandoned. Philosophical affirmations, political opinions, economic arguments, theories of considerable complexity had to be dressed up in sweeping generalizations and linked to elementary bits of knowledge in order to dazzle students with the phantom masquerading of the Communist superman lording it over nature, technology, history, society — a superman who, far from being subject to law, lays down the law to the world.

FRANKIEWICZ would summon an editorial group to a private session in his office, start by being friendly and sympathetic, and then suddenly begin to tear a finished manuscript into ribbons. The editors would listen in silence while he read out a perfectly correct sentence from the text and then proceeded to smother it beneath a mountain of objections. For instance, he would read: " 'Because the German Democratic Republic is poor in hard coal resources, soft coal is used here in great quantities.' This is what you have written," he would say, "and let me quote further. 'Soft coal contains a high water content, very little hydrogen, and its heat potential is limited.' This kind of thing could be found in any book, even in a capitalistic one. And what is the student supposed to infer? That the German Democratic Republic is weak? That we are unable to build up any industry, or what? Teaching material must serve to instill patriotic feelings and political conviction. A textbook like this might just as well be published in West Germany. It is false and useless."

It had originally been a matter of pride with Frankiewicz to get books published under license in the Federal Republic. Now, however, he said: "We are political beings and are educating young

Communists. Where is there anything here about the Ruhr barons? Where is there anything about the warmongering monopolies in West Germany? Why are the tables for water content in soft and hard coal placed right next to each other? So that the student can instantly compare them? Why don't you take the tables breaking down the coal content into chemical elements? Use the tables in which water doesn't appear and which build up a more favorable picture. It all sounds different when you say, 'The German Democratic Republic has the greatest soft coal output in the world.' Then list the collectivized enterprises we have treating soft coal. Show pictures of the works. Quote figures from the plan, describe the activists in these various concerns!"

"But this is a book on chemistry," the editors protested.

"No," said Frankiewicz. "This is a textbook whose job it is to work up student enthusiasm over the Party's output. It must show the teachers how and with what methods to instill this enthusiasm. Take a look at *Neues Deutschland*, our Party's paper."

"But a newspaper," objected the editors, "is no source for a scientific textbook."

"Not a newspaper — *this* newspaper! It's the organ of the SED," said Frankiewicz. "In it Walter Ulbricht outlines the prospects for our chemical industry, which today lives off coal but which tomorrow will be fed by petroleum supplied from our Soviet friends. That's what we mean by science."

"When you describe the high-oven blast-furnace process," said Frankiewicz, "remember, there are high ovens and high ovens. Link crude iron to output in the D.D.R. Tie these basic elements of knowledge to real experience on the production sites of our peace-loving state. Show up the crimes of Krupp and his consorts. Show how in Stalinstadt our Free German Youth brigades have enthusiastically been fulfilling the Party's instructions."

Frankiewicz knows that this is not education or technical instruction but confessional schooling of the most blatantly political kind. But it pleases him to posture in front of his silent subordinates. So he tears a whole book to pieces and then laughs. Never mind, it will be patched up again. A couple of half-musing queries to thaw the ice a bit, then he says: "The deadline remains. The plan must be carried out with these latest revisions. At least two socialist examples must be introduced on every page, deliberately, you understand. I'll see you in three weeks' time." With that he dismisses the team.

SUCH editorial pressure would come in waves, now soft and beguiling, now hard and unsparing. These

commands induced crises of conscience in even the most determined Party-line editors. One such editor was Heinz Siegel, who worked on history textbooks. He was responsible for a series called *Geschichte der Neuzeit* (*History of the Modern Age*), in which he repeatedly stressed the blessings of socialism. One morning Siegel failed to turn up. At an editorial meeting the editors were informed that Heinz Siegel had been summarily dismissed from the publishing house's *Parteigruppe* and sent to work in a state factory. Here he would have to work for a number of years as an unskilled worker and thereby "prove himself." Why? Because he had been overheard in a bar complaining drunkenly about the wretched conditions of life in East Berlin.

A more naïve victim was an editor named Schmelzer. He too was a member of the Party and turned out books which unmasked the rotten, superannuated capitalism of the West, which he compared unfavorably with the progressive, forward-looking socialism of the East. His work was marked by such exemplary loyalty to the official line that the Party sent him as a delegate to a congress of textbook experts in Hamburg. The congress proceedings included visits to a number of major West German factories. Schmelzer returned to the publishing house visibly impressed by the West German workers' high standard of living and the modern production methods he had seen in operation. "We must change our texts immediately," he insisted. Many of us who were his colleagues warned him not to say so out loud if he wanted to keep his job. But Schmelzer was convinced that the Party was unrealistic in demanding a fallacious picture of life in the West, and at Party meetings he argued that the textbooks should be made to tally with the real conditions he had seen with his own eyes. Schmelzer was dismissed from the publishing house, and later we heard that he had tried to commit suicide.

The editing of the texts on history and geography could be done only by Party members, with predictable results. Here are some excerpts from a manual for the use of ten-year-olds.

On Bremen and Bremerhaven at the mouth of the Weser:

Ever since 1945 the ports of Bremen and Bremerhaven have been misused for war preparations. Here are unloaded the troops, atomic rockets, guns, and tanks with which the American warmongers of West Germany threaten the camp of Socialism and thus the peace of the world. The workers of both cities have protested with mighty demonstrations against this misuse and this threat.

The area between the Elbe and the Weser, sandy soil covered by heather and juniper, is described as fertile soil which British troops destroyed in war maneuvers.

For some years the heath farmers have not been able to reap the fruits of their toil. NATO troops hold their war exercises here. British tanks lay waste the fields. They churn up acres of carrots, wreck streets and roads, and even destroy houses. The tanks do not even respect the wildlife preserve in the neighborhood of Wilseder Mountain. The West German government does nothing to prevent these destructions; it leaves the British occupation troops an entirely free hand! The heath farmers must grimly stand by and watch the fruits of their hard work being ground under.

On the port of Kiel:

Kiel, with its port and its docks, is NATO's largest military base in the North Sea. Here the West German warmongers are building warships equipped with atom rockets. NATO warships gather in Kiel Bay for war exercises.

The Rhineland-Palatinate area is described as a warren of NATO armament, and the Lorelei cliffs, one of the most famous scenic spots in all of Germany, are depicted as follows:

The NATO generals have, moreover, included these cliffs in their criminal war preparations. Caves have been hollowed out in the stone and filled with dynamite. In case of war the huge cliffs are to be blown up and the rocks tumbled into the Rhine. The water level of the Rhine will thus be made to rise, completely flooding the upper Rhine Valley. A second demolition of the cliffs is to open the way for the blocked waters to flood the lower Rhine Valley. Immeasurable havoc would be inflicted on the inhabitants by the resultant tidal wave. Courageous patriots sealed the dynamite caves in the Lorelei cliffs with concrete; for this they were arrested by the French occupation authorities. However, their exploit focused the attention of the population in both German states on the immense threat posed by the warmongers.

This manual on geography ends with a glowing report on the freedom-loving, economically booming East Germany, in which there are no more social conflicts and in which all men are provided for by the state and live happily.

Political indoctrination reaches down even to the elementary readers. The following story, entitled "The Foreigner," is designed to stimulate distrust of foreigners.

The little girls gather in the ditch. They are worn out from playing. Siegfried climbs a tree and looks at the church steeple clock. "It'll soon be noon," he calls. A little later: "Someone's coming. . . !" The stranger saunters closer. He stops in front of the three and lights up a cigarette. "Well, children, what are you playing at?" He comes closer. "Nothing," answers Gisela. "We're resting a bit." "How about some candy . . . ?" The man lets the children dig into the bag. Siegfried tries to decipher the lettering, but he can't make out a word. It's not German, then! A foreigner! it occurs to Siegfried. Maybe even a criminal? Siegfried recalls what his teacher and the officer of the Border Police told them in the Young Pioneer class. . . . Breathless,

Siegfried runs to the building of the German Border Police. He stands excitedly in front of Lieutenant Traustein, and the sentences come tumbling out. "He gave us candy. . . . It wasn't German that was written there. . . . He's catching the train . . . noon. . . . And then he spoke in such a peculiar way." The officer sends out messengers. The hinterland group is concentrated around the village. The lieutenant sends the four best Border Policemen to the station. He proceeds there himself with Siegfried and sits down in the canteen with the young man. . . . The clock ticks on, minute after minute. . . . It is now twenty-three minutes past twelve. Still four minutes to go before the train leaves. Siegfried and the lieutenant look tensely out of the window. Suddenly Siegfried jumps up from his chair. "There! There! He's moving fast!" The foreigner runs up to the barrier, has his ticket punched, and hastily sticks his identity card under the Border Policeman's nose. . . . A soldier bars the way. The foreigner shakes a fist at him. He is determined to break through by force. The soldier leaps aside. The second one seizes the man from behind and bends his arm up his back. At the same moment other Border Policemen rush up and grab the foreigner. The three Young Pioneers stand in front of all the schoolchildren of their school. The company commander of the German Border Police speaks: "We owe a great debt of thanks to Monika, Gisela, and Siegfried. They helped us seize a man. . . . Investigation revealed that it was a case of crime, of espionage. . . . He wanted to bring important information to West Berlin. . . ." Monika, Gisela, and Siegfried embrace each other. The schoolchildren congratulate them.

The older, more experienced editors with graduate degrees have found the pressure to conform to the Party line unendurable. During a particularly offensive session, Jutta O. sprang to her feet and threatened to throw herself out the window if Frankiewicz went on tormenting her. Another

senior editor, Comrade H., fled to the West. Comrade Karl Heinz S., Frankiewicz's favorite victim, developed stomach ulcers. Engineer Heinrich M., a member of the Party whom Frankiewicz had brought from Zwickau at the publishing house's expense, was so browbeaten that he developed a neurosis and was seized with a fit of vomiting every time he saw the publishing house. He fled to the West. Ruth B., an editor who had a degree in economics and who worked on books in the economics field, suffered a heart attack. The senior editor for the economics department, Hans D., though a member of the Party, fled to the West. Frankiewicz himself became increasingly moody. He would praise three chapters but end up by tearing a manuscript to pieces. Or on rare occasions he would praise a manuscript, but when it came back from the Ministry of Education with a rejection slip, he would quickly change his decision. A small memorandum war would ensue. The editors insisted that each of Frankiewicz's directives must be set down in writing. They themselves kept the minutes of every conversation with him, with the authors, with the Ministry of Education's censors. It was a nerve-racking game of hide-and-seek.

After four years of terrorism the department was so demoralized that the editing broke down completely. Out of forty people who had originally begun working with Frankiewicz only nine remained. All the rest had fallen ill or fled.

The State Security Police at last intervened. Frankiewicz was not held personally responsible. Today he directs the television program *School and Life* in East Berlin. But his ambitious program was at an end. Despite four years of terror, betrayal, and political pressure he had not succeeded in founding a "socialist editorial collective."

Overheard in East Berlin

Ulbricht, in a speech to factory workers: "After all, we lost an imperialist war; all the war damage had to be repaired and houses rebuilt; there were shortages of material; but even so, the standard of living here is double what it is in the Soviet Union."

Worker's voice in the background: "That's natural, you've been in power only half as long."

Two East Berlin Vopos are standing near the Wall at Checkpoint Charlie. One of them asks: "What would you do if the Wall suddenly came down?"

"I'd climb the nearest tree," says the other.

"The nearest tree? What for?"

"To escape being trampled underfoot in the stampede."

A comment on Ulbricht's speeches, of an unbearable tedium: To the traditional units in electronics, the ampere, the volt, and the ohm, a new measurement is added — one *Ulb*, the amount of electricity saved when a listener turns off the radio while Ulbricht is speaking.

Question: What is a tapeworm?

Answer: An elephant which has lived through socialism.

Two collective farmers are talking things over. "How will the harvest pan out this year, comrade?" one of them asks.

"Middling," answers the other.

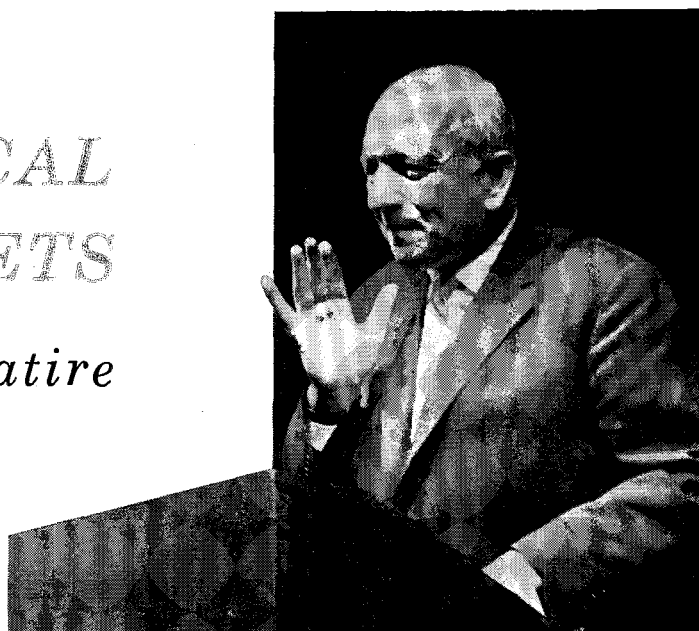
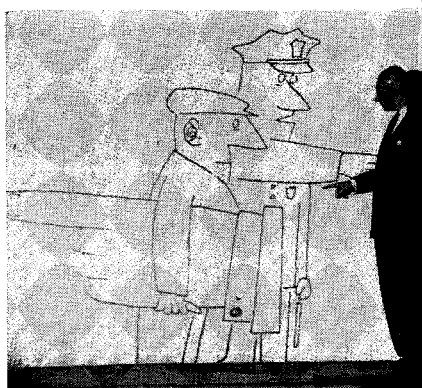
"What do you mean by that?"

"Worse than last year, but better than next."

THE POLITICAL CABARETS

Source of Berlin's Satire

by Sarah Gainham



Werner Finck, a foremost political satirist

SARAH GAINHAM has lived in Central Europe since 1947 and has witnessed most of the great events of the post-war period, including the uprising in East Germany in 1953 and the Hungarian rebellion in 1956. She is the correspondent in Bonn of the *SPECTATOR* of London, the oldest political weekly in England.

THE desire to poke fun at authority is a characteristic of city people, and the bigger the city, the stronger and thicker the pressure of officialdom, the sharper the joking. There are evils in every society, but where authority and privilege are very strongly entrenched they cannot be directly attacked with safety. The tension between the wielders of power — not necessarily in government — and the rest of any social group must have an outlet, and barbed joking is one of the most natural of these outlets. It is a reaction to those who have power and a valuable safety valve to mass feelings of inferiority or resentment.

In a spontaneous form, this resistance can be seen today in Russia. A whole series of jokes is passed about, privately, concerning an apocryphal radio station in a distant province, a station whose deadpan announcements of local news are obviously at variance with the facts of life. Here are two examples which might find their way into announcements from this mythical radio station. In Hungary, some time ago, a newspaper editor was sacked. Why? He reprinted with evident pleasure the news story from the United States that automobile production had fallen from, let us say, six million to less than four million cars per year. A failure of

Photographs by Heinz Köster.

capitalism! Unfortunately, he did not stop to think that the lower figure was still many times the entire automobile production of the whole Eastern bloc for a year. This irony need not be spelled out; the hearer would grasp it at once. Then, recently in a provincial Russian town the manager of the railway station restaurant invented a mechanical fryer for those little patties the Russians are so fond of, a sort of Muscovite hamburger. This reduced costs, and the manager made a profit. He was condemned to death.

If the censors and the police get lazy, as occasionally happens even in Moscow, then the satirists who invent jokes about such snippets of news gather in a local café, and people find out that they are there, telling their stories, and perhaps singing them as ditties. This is the way a political-satirical cabaret starts.

The next stage, as in present-day Poland, or as in the past in imperial Germany and Hapsburg Austria, comes when the laziness, corruption, or stupidity of the guardians of the established order allows considerable latitude to the jokesters. Provided they stay within limits, they can make serious criticisms, and the limits can be extended by persistence and wit. For instance, the critics can attack local

evils such as bureaucracy, waste, or embezzlement by officials, in the name of loyalty to the established order; they can make jokes with hidden meanings; or they can recount fantasies about mythical or historical persons. In the East Berlin cabaret Distel ("Thistle"), a sketch of Otto Reutter's revived from the Kaiser's day would be just as applicable to the idle workmen of the "workers' paradise" as it was to their grandfathers. Soon after the Nazis came to power, a song by Kurt Weill (he wrote a number of songs for Bertolt Brecht, but this was not one of them) caused an uproar. It was about the assassination of Julius Caesar. The Nazis were not so stupid as to miss that, and the show was closed.

The trick of making jokes with double meanings was brought to a pitch of genius by Brecht, who started his career writing for cabaret. Later he wrote and produced as great art a number of very long and complicated jokes of this kind, which can be understood equally well at their face value or with an underground and subversive meaning. His play *Furcht und Elend des dritten Reiches* (*Fear and Misery of the Third Reich*) is an indictment of Hitlerism. The political cabaret Stachelschweine in West Berlin (the word means "Porcupines") picked it up from its production in East Berlin by Brecht's widow, a dedicated Communist, and it presented excerpts from the play, changing only one thing: the "Third" in the title was crossed out and "Fourth" written over it. Frau Brecht at once brought an injunction — unjustly, because the performers were perfectly ready to pay royalties and had not altered the text. The reason for the lawsuit was simply that the change of that one word made Brecht's joke obvious and therefore dangerous; at that time Berlin was not divided by force, and the story spread like wildfire. The Stachelschweine withdrew Brecht's play because it could not stand the financial strain of a long lawsuit.

THE two cities where political cabaret has flourished are Vienna and Berlin, and this is not chance. What Central Europeans lacked was not order and the protection of the weak so much as personal and political responsibility and a voice in their own government. This lack was especially apparent in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where men promised themselves that they would cure everything if they could get political power in their own hands. This statement is an oversimplification and meant to be one, but it is by and large true, and it explains why intellectual pursuits in the major cities of Central Europe were largely political.

Cabaret in both Vienna and Berlin sprang from two roots. The longing for political responsibility was intensified as universal schooling was estab-

lished and workmen were educated through their increasingly complex work routines. This longing grafted itself naturally on an old tradition of clowning in street shows and suburban summer theaters and, in Vienna, on the ancient tradition of dialect singing in the wine gardens. The audience sat at little tables and drank and smoked, joining in the songs and applauding the ever-changing and partly extempore wit of the performers.

In Berlin the serious theater held a special place in the respect and affections of ordinary people for class reasons. Most of the German aristocracy lived at a multitude of tiny courts, and the Imperial Court at Berlin, which was only in existence for two generations, was never able to attract to itself a real world of courtiers. The two German Emperors were surrounded by their ministers, civil servants, and, above all, by the wellborn officers of the army. The officers' corps was reduced to absurdity by the demands made upon it as an arbiter of taste and fashion, and the ordinary people never shared their rulers' admiration for the military. The respect of the populace was reserved for scholars and theatrical personalities, an elite of achievement rather than of birth or wealth. The middle classes adored the artificial court from afar, but the people went to night classes and voted for the Social Democrats, whose party became the largest in the Reichstag after the 1912 elections. The crowds would recognize and make way in the street for a university professor of whose work they could not understand a single word; they would cheer themselves hoarse for a great actor; but military officers had to push their way through a crowd, and the real feeling between the upper and the lower classes was of resentment and mutual fear. The arbiters of popular taste and fashion were theater people. This profound attitude of disrespect for the military and the higher classes is typical of the Berliners; it may have something to do with their wonderful climate, but it has always existed, largely unknown to the outside world, and it was not mere chance that Hitler could never stand either Berlin or the Berliners.

This is the public which made the cabarets and the theaters. As in Vienna, they rose from the people and belonged to them.

The heyday of Berlin cabaret was the period of William II's reign, when the censors were still present but were lenient. A popular singer had only to pretend to stick a monocle in his eye and take a few steps with the swaggering mannerism of a guards officer and the audience was with him in a roar of laughter before a word was said. An exaggeratedly patriotic ditty had a quite different meaning to that audience from the one it would seem to have now, if the words were read. This reaction did not mean a lack of real patriotism, as the disaster of the First World War proved; but it did mean that

when the military had been defeated the widespread feeling against them was all the more savage and the ordinary people did not feel that the defeat was theirs. After the First World War this was one of the many strands of feeling in Germany that were widely misunderstood abroad.

In the twenties, with the censors gone and with fresh disasters and political failures almost every month, the cabarets had plenty of material. The Berlin cabarets then became world-renowned, because more strangers saw them and because so many of their performers were to be exiled. But the subtlety that went with the need to fool the censors was gone, and the humor suited the violent times; it was savage and anarchic, sliding both left and right toward nihilism, as the ferocious class hatreds and economic chaos stripped the last hopes from performers and audiences. This was the time of Erwin Piscator's proletarian theater and of the first successes of Brecht and his collaborators. That world can be seen now only in the drawings of George Grosz or Käthe Kollwitz. Very few of the cabaretists are still alive; Werner Finck is one of them, and I myself heard Valeska Gert many times after her return from New York, singing her harsh, crude parodies in a cellar café.

Werner Finck was famous for his baiting of the Nazis after their seizure of power. His performance was a monologue, after the manner of Karl Kraus in Vienna, and his style was cool and urbane, the poison tasting like milk. He was constantly raided by the police, and one night, almost his last in Berlin, he said to his audience: "Last night we were closed and tonight we are open, but if we are too open, we shall be closed again." And so they were.

The cabaretists scattered all over the world during the short eternity of the Nazi era — that is, those who got away. When they slowly raised their heads after the *grossen Kladderadatsch* ("the great disaster"), they were scarred for life by that experience, whether in Germany or abroad. The new, tentative Berlin cabarets after the war were obsessed with the past, with the evils of Nazi times, and with the survivals of Nazi mentality, so that the returned comedians sometimes seemed to be nagging at their audiences rather than sharing bitter jokes with them, and the millions who had stayed and suffered were shy of raising their voices. It is a curious fact that the immediate aftermath of the war is rarely mentioned in Berlin in any of the arts; perhaps that trauma was more than men could stand and remain sane, and they have buried it out of mind. After the blockade of 1948, when the Russian police could no longer openly threaten anyone in West Berlin, there were a number of anti-Russian and anti-Communist items in the cabarets, but the realities of the Occupation were on the whole untouched. The cabarets were still

facing backward, and insofar as they were political and didactic, they expressed the profound fear of a return of Nazism, which is one of the deepest popular feelings in post-war Germany. So, in a way the cabarets ceased to reflect faithfully the contemporary feelings of their audiences for a time, and the wide field of humor offered by post-war corruption, including that of the allies, was largely untouched. This is understandable but regrettable, and it is still true that any cabaret sketch that concerns the relations between the Western allies will be the weakest part of the program.

THE Berlin cabarets to be seen today are totally different in atmosphere from those of even five years ago, and two things are responsible for the change: the widespread prosperity which benefits almost all the people, and the Berlin Wall.

Of course, whole complexes of jokes about Bonn and the Federal government still occupy a place in programs, for the elevation of this little provincial town to the capital is a joke to Berliners. But prosperity has reduced the social criticism of the cabarets, and the Wall has set up a huge new question about the East. Though Berlin was a major cold war battlefield, and though West and East Berlin are full of professional cold-warriors, the cold war was never fought in the hearts of Berlin's people, for two reasons: it did not have to be, for they could see what was at stake for themselves; and they themselves were inside it — one half of a family using Eastern currency and subject to Eastern laws, and the other half of the same family using Western marks and obeying Western laws.

Though this was perfectly clear to Berliners, it did not come out into the open until the Wall had been built. Then, quite suddenly, and not least by means of cabaret songs and sketches, it could be seen that Berlin was an object in the cold war but that Berliners were not in the cold war. How can you talk about hostile people when one of them is your own grandmother? How can you say, give no help to Ulbricht, when your own sister may go hungry for lack of that help? You may know — everybody does know — that help to Ulbricht will go into the bottomless bucket of Communist maladministration, but you cannot refuse it if you think of your own brother or sister.

The two most striking things I saw in the Berlin cabarets this year were both essentially discussions on this moral issue. One is in a scene from the *Stachelschweine*, a dialogue between a Polish policeman and an escapee who has crossed the River Neisse from East Germany into Polish territory. The escapee is given dry clothes and a drink by his captor, who proves to have a German grand-

mother — nothing unusual in Poland. But the policeman must obey the law and return the refugee to Ulbricht's "democracy." What to do? The policeman suggests that perhaps the German had been in Poland during the war, perhaps had "done something." The escapee recalls illegally exchanging a bottle of schnapps in a Polish railway station as he went through on leave from the army. Black marketing — that means a year or so in prison. But if he is wanted by the Polish police, he cannot be returned to East Germany. At the price of a couple of years in jail, the escapee has escaped. The interesting point, the idea that men are people and not political labels, is taken a stage further in this West Berlin nightclub than elsewhere in Berlin — Poles are people too!

This new effort to look at the Berliners' own situation from the inside is a return to an older idea of cabaret which was given a strong impetus by a recent visit to Berlin of Helmuth Qualtinger, a Viennese who is probably the most brilliant cabaretist alive today. Like his master, Karl Kraus, he performs in monologue. Berlin audiences were enthusiastic over the visitor from Vienna and his ninety-minute soliloquy on "Herr Karl," who is as unpleasant a man as one might find anywhere. West German audiences at first had not welcomed Qualtinger's incisive portrait of themselves any more than the Viennese had, but the Berliners came to recognize the truth of their situation.

Stachelschweine is the oldest surviving cabaret in Berlin, but there are several others, not to mention Distel in East Berlin. Die Bedienten (untranslatable — roughly "We've had enough") is a new cabaret and, for my taste, too new, too smart with its Scandinavian furniture. When I visited it, everything was so neat, the girls so pretty, the sketches so sure of their own rightness that it seemed as if the audience was congratulating itself rather than having a look at itself. But here the performers conferred together in front of the audience and decided that the usual anti-East number would have to be dropped. Berliners have a name for the once obligatory pieces of propaganda in newspapers, on the radio, and in cabarets; they call them *Ost-Klamotten* ("East junk"). By far the most impressive act was that of a speaker who read half aloud from a shabby book, the diary of one who lived behind a wall. Everything he read was what Berliners know about the Wall — its indignity, their humiliation, the stupidity and heartlessness of it. But the diary was written by a survivor of the Warsaw ghetto. For an instant, as the reader looked up at the audience and for the first time read out the name of his book, there was an authentic shudder of recognition as the well-dressed, well-fed public saw its own image distorted in the broken looking glass of its own past actions.

Again, the next evening, there was the same idea at Die Wuchlmäuse ("the Voles"). There was a cruel and funny song about the practice of burning candles, introduced to Berlin by Mayor Ernst Reuter to show sympathy for East Berliners in the blockade; it is, of course, a Catholic practice to burn candles for the dead at All Souls. It has now become a Christmas habit in Germany and a tribute of conscience toward East Germans by West Germans, who then feel they need do nothing else — "candles are enough." The Voles, burrowing away subversively in a large hall which might be used for the parties of local Christmas savings clubs, and which had a happy air of shabby unconcern and a balcony shored up unsafely by a timber beam, was much more in the old style of cabaret than Die Bedienten. The management clearly did not have much money, service at the tables was casual, and the audience was much younger, gayer, and poorer than at the two more established places. But the performance was biting and cruel, and the tunes were very catchy. A number of political sketches were directed more at the voters than at the men they put in power. There were even two items that made fun of the Western world. One, though it was weak, made an attempt to parody the difficulties between the Common Market members and Great Britain, and General de Gaulle — surely a gift to ironists — but it just failed somehow in the courage to be unkind to friends. The other effort was more effective; in fact, it was very funny. A spaceman, cluttered with absurd pieces of amateurish equipment, recounted his sensations in the capsule, insisting on how wonderful it all was and explaining some of the unpleasant things that happen to the human body under such enormous pressures — but wonderful, of course.

THE difference between West Berlin cabarets and the one cabaret in East Berlin is striking and pathetic. To begin with, the Distel is not a cabaret at all, but a little theater. The audience sits in rows, as in any other theater; there are no little tables; and since smoking is not allowed and one cannot order drinks, coffee, or frankfurters during the performance, the whole *gemütlich* atmosphere is lost. No one feels impelled to join in the choruses, or even to laugh very loudly. There is a feeling of discipline — not to be confused with the universal Central European solemnity about the arts — which is infinitely out of place and depressing, for a cabaret is just the place where discipline should be thrown to the winds.

Neither the Russians nor the Communist Party nor any other hard facts of life are ever mentioned, not even with the affectionate teasing with which

the Western allies are commented upon in West Berlin. The only contemporary items are confined to diatribes against Bonn and Adenauer, the warmongers and revanchists. To a Western visitor this is simply boring, for most West German newspapers publish much franker and more pointed criticisms of their own government, as well as some very rude and funny cartoons; and the cabarets in the West devote about half their time to detailed criticism of aspects of Western life. But the repetitions about the warmongers, who are always about to attack the peace-loving peoples, do not raise much enthusiasm in the East Berlin audience, for they are recognized for what they are, a second price of admission to the rest of the program.

The complex problem of producing any cabaret at all that still deserves the name of "political" has been solved in this year's program by a clever idea: the great cabaretists of the past are being resurrected, their mannerisms and tone copied and bowdlerized. It has to be remembered that the East Germans are living under a regime in many ways more oppressive than that in modern Russia, and a false step can mean disaster, so that it represents an act of real courage to restage, even censored, a song of Kurt Tucholsky's called "*Der Graben*" (the "trench" or "grave"). Tucholsky, a pacifist of the teens, wrote the song as an appeal to the soldiers on both sides in World War I to reach their hands in friendship over the trenches — and, of course, over the heads of their rulers. Today everyone who hears this song in East Berlin must feel that "over the trenches" means "over the Wall." Further than such allusive hints, the Distel dares not go. Most of the program confines itself carefully to sentimental songs of Parisian and German cabarets of the past, or to satire on things of the past that have no bitterness today, such as the sugary takeoff on a czardas and a Viennese waltz. These anti-imperial sketches had some meaning before 1914; they mean nothing today.

Where Brecht, Werner Finck, and Claire Waldorf are resung, they have been so emasculated of their universal hatred of injustice and their feeling for the poor and oppressed that they are almost unrecognizable. Anger that uses laughter as a weapon against all injustice is dangerous to a ruling caste that is more oppressive than either of the imperial governments ever dared to be. And Claire Waldorf's songs of the back streets of the Berlin poor before World War I are altogether too close to the living conditions of today to be really funny.

Not that there has been no improvement in living conditions — there undoubtedly has, especially in Berlin itself; and the rationing and bad housing are, in any case, not the things that make so many East Germans try to run away. What makes East Germany so dreary is clearly present in the performance

at the Distel. The double constraint of having to watch your tongue and your glance every moment and of having to turn every aspect of living into politics is a constant threat, even during the intermissions.

A little incident that exactly illustrates this atmosphere occurred just before the performance I attended. I left some friends at the theater where Brecht's plays are performed, and we stood in the vestibule for a few minutes, making arrangements to meet afterward and looking at a display of international posters of the Brecht company's travels. One of them was a placard with the title of a play painted as if scrawled in chalk on a wall. When I commented that this design was effective but rather tactless in the circumstances, my companions laughed, but everyone standing near us looked blank and moved quickly away. From the speed of their reactions it was obvious that these people had seen the point before I spoke. It was my remark that was tactless to them; they accepted the wall in silence.

This feeling of hypocrisy and the falseness of the atmosphere are almost palpable in the Distel and take all the pleasure out of the highly professional and talented performance. It is a museum of humor, not a cabaret. There is no salt in it, for everything the audience would naturally want to hear lampooned is taboo. Even the mildest pleasantries about works councils that would label a good trade unionist as a tool of the bosses in Wigan or Wiener Neustadt is greeted not by laughter but by a gasp of wonder at its daring.

In spite of my interest in hearing old songs that cannot be heard anywhere else, it was a depressing evening. We left the hot little theater on the first warm night of the year and walked through the tidy gray streets to a restaurant, one of the few that remain open after eight o'clock, to eat Romanian food. The restaurant was empty, and the waiter turned out to be a natural comic, better than anyone at the Distel. "You must put out your cigarette," he said to me. "No smoking allowed." When I looked astounded, he pointed to a hideous painting on the wall. "You can't see the notice. It's behind the picture, so that we don't seem illiberal." Then he added sternly, "We know smoking is bad for you, you see."

We greeted this labored joke with relieved laughter. But other guests appeared, and his good nature was clouded at once. When we commented on the inexpressibly ugly decorations to each other, and one of us said that they were an exact survival of Hitler's taste, we instinctively dropped our voices. In spite of the foreign passports we all carried, the atmosphere infected everything.

The two halves of Berlin are growing apart. Even humor cannot cross the Wall.

Why the Border Guards Defect



BY MICHAEL MARA *More than one thousand East Berlin border guards have defected to the West since the Wall went up in August of 1961. One of them is the author of this article, MICHAEL MARA, a twenty-four-year-old Berliner who, on Christmas Eve of 1961, escaped to the West.*

SHORTLY after our arrival at the Twelfth Border Company at Drewitz it was impressed upon us that we must expect to be the target of provocative acts from the West side. There would be Americans in Steinstücken who would throw stones at us to provoke us into shooting at them. We were warned that the West Berlin police in the Kohlhasenbrück area were controlled by an American spy ring and that they would try to bribe us with cigarettes and liquor.

My first impression of the border was the barbed-wire barrier around Steinstücken. "Over there," said my patrol leader, pointing to a bar, "that's where we used to get Western cigarettes. That's all finished now." He was in a nasty mood. "Just had a letter from my girl," he went on. "She's running out on me. Her mother told her to find someone who isn't on the border. The old cow ought to be in jail."

It was a dark, peaceful morning, the air damp with rain. The strands of barbed wire looked unreal, like ornamental scrolls decorated with crystals, and the smoothly raked death strip reminded me of the cinder track in an athletic stadium. I just couldn't grasp the truth of the situation — until I saw the first prisoners, those who had sought to

cross the Wall. They were led away by Corporal Roselle and the other members of his patrol. They were forced to line up against the barrack wall and put their hands behind their necks. A few days earlier I had seen a similar picture in *Neues Deutschland*: it was of partisans captured during the Second World War.

I stood on guard at the entrance to the enclave of Steinstücken. My orders were to take the names and addresses of all persons coming in and out and to pass this information on to my patrol leader, who stood next to me. The first car drove up — a small blue one. The driver held up his identity card against the window briefly and got ready to move on.

"Put your window down and give me your identity card," I said.

The window was opened an inch or two. "It gets worse here every day," said the man in the car. "I'll put in a complaint to the allies. I don't need to let my identity card out of my hand."

"Complain as much as you like, it doesn't worry me, but I still say you can't drive on," I answered. My patrol leader had stationed himself in front of the car, his submachine gun pointing at the hood.

Now the window was fully opened, and the iden-

Photograph by Jochen Blume.

tity card was thrust into my hand. I read "Professor Dr. Niemeyer," and I saw a distinguished, intelligent face. I hastened to carry out the essential procedure, handed the identity card back, and said, "Thanks very much!" I thought to myself, maybe one day I can apologize to him.

A short time afterward I saw three Americans in uniform walking along the barbed-wire barrier. Later I learned that there are never more than four Americans in Steinstücken at one time. The Americans nodded to me, and one winked at me. I nodded back. My patrol leader poked his gun in my back and hissed, "Are you crazy? If you do that again, just once more, I'll report you to the *politnik!* You mustn't nod to those swine!" Up to this point I had got on quite well with the patrol leader, but the friendly gesture to the Americans opened a great gulf between us.

Next, I patrolled a section which included the Breitscheidstrasse. The broad high barbed-wire barrier stretched straight across the Villenstrasse, separating us from the West Berlin side. The people living in the comfortable houses on the West side, and those who were visiting there, often used to stand and look along the street into the East sector. Out of one of these houses came a man with two young and elegantly dressed ladies.

"Look, there are two of them," said the girl who was wearing a fur coat. It was as though she had said, "Look, there are two rabbits." My patrol leader and I stood touching the barbed wire, on the same sidewalk with the people who were looking at us. We remained motionless.

The man eyed us critically. He shouted across to us, "One of your gang shot another refugee trying to escape across the Spree!"

"That's enough," said the younger girl. Then the three of them got into a car, and before the younger girl disappeared inside, she waved to me. A pain shot through my heart. Did those people on the other side really know what their freedom meant?

I SPENT six weeks in Ulbricht's Border Police at the Berlin Wall. It took six weeks to find a hole in the Wall, six weeks filled with fear and apprehension of being discovered.

During this period I lived through experiences which I shall never forget. I met soldiers who did not shoot at refugees or who deliberately took false aim. Many of them had to pay dearly for their staunchness of character. My first hours of duty at the Wall gave me a foretaste of the supervisory system of control exercised by the SED (the Communist Party) over the Border Police. It was the job of my patrol leader, a member of the SED, to keep strict watch on me. Everything depended on

the thoroughness of my reports on those coming in and out of Steinstücken, and the accuracy of my inspection determined whether I should continue to be posted at the Wall. My patrol leader gave a written report on my behavior to the company commander. In those six weeks I learned enough about the political system of control exercised by the SED to last me a lifetime.

The "control activity" of the Party begins as soon as the young soldier joins the Army. Young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three who are forced under the Free German Youth Order of August 17, 1961, to join "the armed organizations defending the Republic" have to fill out the same forms as the conscripts, and they also must sign the printed "Declaration of Loyalty" to the "First Workers' and Farmers' State."

This form is an eight-page questionnaire about the "social-political" activity of the young man before his entry into the Army, and it covers every sort of function he may have carried out and special marks of favor he may have received.

Three pages of the document are concerned with "relations with the West." The young soldier must answer such questions as: "Do any of your relations live in West Germany, West Berlin, or in capitalist countries abroad?" "If the answer is yes, how long have your relations lived there?" "Have you yourself ever been to West Germany, West Berlin, or to a capitalist country abroad?" "If the answer is yes, when and for how long were you there?" "To date have you had any contact (by letter, and so forth) with West Germany, West Berlin, or capitalist countries abroad?"

Anyone who answers yes to these questions is rated as "unreliable," and if he should be posted anywhere near the border he is closely watched by informers and officers. He is sent only to areas where any attempts at escape are almost certainly doomed to failure.

The same treatment is accorded soldiers who are classified as "politically weak" for other reasons. This classification includes those who during their political schooling speak out against certain measures of the regime, those who were not members of the FDJ (Free German Youth), and those who have relations who have fled to the West. Each "politically weak" soldier is generally paired off in duty at the Wall with a "politically sound comrade," so that any chance he might have had of escaping is nipped in the bud.

The questionnaire follows the soldier during his entire term of service and is kept in a so-called progress book. This book, modeled on Russian lines, contains written entries detailing all items of military or political importance about the soldier: remarks he may have made during his political training; conversations, supplied by inform-

ers, which reveal opposition to the regime; reports on his conduct at the border; accounts of any refusal to carry out orders. Opinions expressed by the SED or FDJ leaders responsible for the "Training in Political Consciousness" of the boy before he joined the Army are also entered in this book.

Special entries are made for "good deeds," such as the capture of "traitors to the fatherland" (in other words, refugees); commendations and prizes for "outstanding conduct at the border"; and promotions. The progress book is an important working document and "reference work" for SED officers and security officials — but, of course, the soldier himself is never allowed to see it.

Young soldiers who pledge their faith and loyalty to Communism, and who conduct themselves accordingly at the border, soon amass glowing reports in their progress book, and this leads to a rapid and dazzling career in the Army or, later, in civilian life. But for many others this book is a dangerous institution which makes it impossible for them to advance in their professions and which may eventually lead to the loss of civil liberties.

The SED controls a tightly woven network of informers who keep watch over the border soldiers. All members of the Party are bound to pass on information to the officers. This information includes the reporting of "service misdemeanors," the faithful repetition of conversations and political statements by soldiers. Under regulations dated November, 1961, a member of the Party must sleep in each room of the barracks so that all conversations can be overheard and the "political consciousness" of the soldier can be suitably influenced.

Every platoon (twenty-five to thirty men) also contains at least one State Security Services informer, who collects details about a "problem" soldier. These informers usually wear the uniform of a private or a private first class, although they are in fact lieutenants or officers of low rank. Sooner or later they betray their true identity by some slip in their behavior.

A soldier never stands guard alone at the Wall. He must be in full view of another soldier. He is posted daily to a new position and has a new partner for each turn of guard duty. This is to ensure that no confidential exchange of views is possible, and to guard against escapes.

During the eight hours on duty, officers and non-commissioned officers make "check controls" at irregular intervals. They often creep up on a pair of guards at a post, hide behind some nearby obstacle, and watch the soldiers. Another test which the SED has devised is to send Communists in West Berlin up to the Wall, where they throw cigarettes to the guards and try to start conversations with them. Border soldiers who fall into this trap land in jail or in a hard-labor camp.

Here is an example of the kind of trick played on the soldiers under the system of political supervision. The day after two soldiers had fled to the West from a border company in the south of Berlin a radio was suddenly installed in the canteen. The officers were looking for young soldiers who had been in contact with the refugees, and they thought that these soldiers would rush to the radio and turn on RIAS or SFB (two West Berlin radio stations) to see if there was any news about the men who had fled. But nobody did so, because everybody could see that the radio was clearly connected to a wire leading into the room of the political officer. A few days later the radio was removed.

I have had many conversations with soldiers at the Wall since I fled from the East. These conversations showed over and over again that young East Germans loathe their service at the Wall, but because they have families dependent on them, they have no means of avoiding it.

A few weeks ago I was standing one evening somewhere near Checkpoint Charlie. On the other side of the Wall three soldiers were sitting on a block of concrete. They gestured to me to ask if I had a few cigarettes for them. I went to the nearest cigarette machine and bought some packs of Lifes, the favorite brand of border soldiers. I wrote a few words of greeting on a small piece of paper and threw it over with the cigarettes. The soldiers carefully scanned their surroundings before they picked up the cigarettes. A little later a note weighted down by a stone came flying over. It said, "Thanks a lot for the cigarettes. But we're married, with children, and that's why we can't jump over — we've just got to put up with this humbug. There are many here who think as we do."

The three of them shared the cigarettes and burned the packages. One of them kept constant watch on the area behind them.

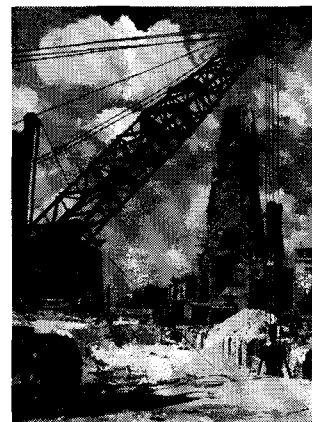
I wrote another note, telling them that I had also been a border soldier and had fled to the West, and that I would like to come to the Wall another day and see them again. I threw this over the Wall with two more packs of Lifes.

They sent me a detailed answer: "Today is the last day of our sixteen days' duty at the Wall. You know yourself what it's like here. Tomorrow we're going into intensive training. So that you'll know the new guards are OK we'll tell them to turn their caps around in their hands. We'll be back here on the nineteenth or twentieth. Many of us here envy you for making it."

From time to time I speak to these soldiers, in spite of the cleverly contrived control system. The urge toward freedom cannot be suppressed, and this fact gives us something to hope for.

WOLF JOBST SIEDLER

The BUILDING and REBUILDING



of BERLIN

Born and bred in Berlin, WOLF JOBST SIEDLER was arrested for anti-Nazi activities and spent three years as a prisoner of war. He served for a while as German secretary for the Congress of Cultural Freedom before becoming literary editor of the Berlin newspaper DER TAGESSPIEGEL. He recently became director of the West Berlin publishing company Propyläen Verlag.

It is a fitting irony of history that two hundred years ago Berlin could boast the oddest architectural ensemble of any Central European city — a barracklike settlement for giants. Frederick the Great's father, an eccentric gentleman who used to walk down the main street belaboring his frightened subjects with his walking stick and the paternal admonition: "You fellows must not fear but love me," had carried his enthusiasm for the rococo to the neurotic extreme of wanting to be protected by a Royal Guard of Cyclopean stature. The King's recruiting officers were ceaselessly on the lookout for outsize human specimens, and the hunt for giants was extended to neighboring lands, with the promise of special rewards for unusually lofty heads. Other European ruling houses were granted special diplomatic favors in exchange for five or ten glandularly disturbed youths; and on one occasion the Czar came through with a prize haul of over three hundred specimens, all of them taller than six foot four and worth a couple of hundred rubles apiece.

By the end of his reign Frederick William I had assembled a Guard of such physiological enormity that its upkeep involved considerable expense. The troupe, known in Prussia and throughout Europe as the "Long Fellows," had lodgings designed and built to order; doors and blankets were twice the normal length; the beds were nine feet long; while

cupboards, chairs, and tables had Brobdingnagian proportions. Long after Frederick the Great had dissolved the Guard, these giant-barracks were still one of the sights of Berlin, a monumental legacy which visitors came to gape at from near and far.

The legacy has since been greatly added to and altered, as a succession of conquerors, tyrants, and occupying powers thrust their visiting cards on the city. A casual tour through Berlin thus offers a kaleidoscopic impression of recent events rather than an orderly architectural progression from the antique to the ultramodern. Other European metropolises present a fairly definite physiognomy: Vienna, the baroque imperial ex-capital; Paris, the city of the two Napoleons, embracing the churches and town houses of the Bourbons; Rome, with its two thousand years of history. But Berlin, though it has charm, is a confusing mishmash of history, repeatedly cut off from its own past.

Boswell, when he visited Berlin in 1764, described it as "a beautiful city. Broad, long, and straight streets with stately dwellings. The Castle is magnificent: likewise certain of the Royal family's palaces are most handsome. The Opera too is a very grand structure. In the evening we strolled up and down a chestnut walk, along the bank of a lovely canal, where everywhere strange people were ambling." War and Communism have left nothing of

Photograph by Harry Croner, courtesy of Ullstein Picture Service.

this old Prussian Berlin. The Opera House was burned down during the war. The Castle was blown up by the East German government. Most of the royal family's palaces have been torn down. The chestnut walk, later planted with the lindens which made it internationally famous, is now a depressing boulevard, bordered by ruins and a pompous Soviet Embassy, and comes to an abrupt dead end at the concrete barrier of the Brandenburg Gate. The Berlin of the Hohenzollerns has disappeared.

So has Hitler's Berlin. The Führer never really liked the city, neither its architecture nor its atmosphere. For him, an Austrian, it was always too North German; and even after he had established himself in it as dictator, he made Munich the "Capital of the Movement" and Nürnberg the "City of Party Rallies." Toward the end of the war he repeatedly spoke of his intention of retiring to the Austrian city of Linz. Berlin, nevertheless, was supposed to become Europe's most imposing capital; it was to be rebaptized "Germania," and gigantic new buildings, symbolizing the power and glory of the Hitler Reich, were to replace the old bourgeois edifices. Half of Berlin was to have disappeared in the process, and the work of demolition had actually got under way when the war broke out.

Little trace of this ambitious design remains, with the single exception of the Olympic Stadium. The Reich Chancellery was pounded to pieces by weeks of Russian artillery fire, and after the occupation of the city its ruins were torn down and the huge marble blocks used for the construction of the Russian war memorial. Most of the dictatorship's other edifices, such as Goebbels' and Himmler's private houses, were likewise blown up. Today one must really look hard to find vestiges of the fascist buildings which were to have stood for a thousand years. All Hitler achieved was the destruction of old Berlin. His intention was to erect not buildings for giants but giant buildings; but of these nothing remains.

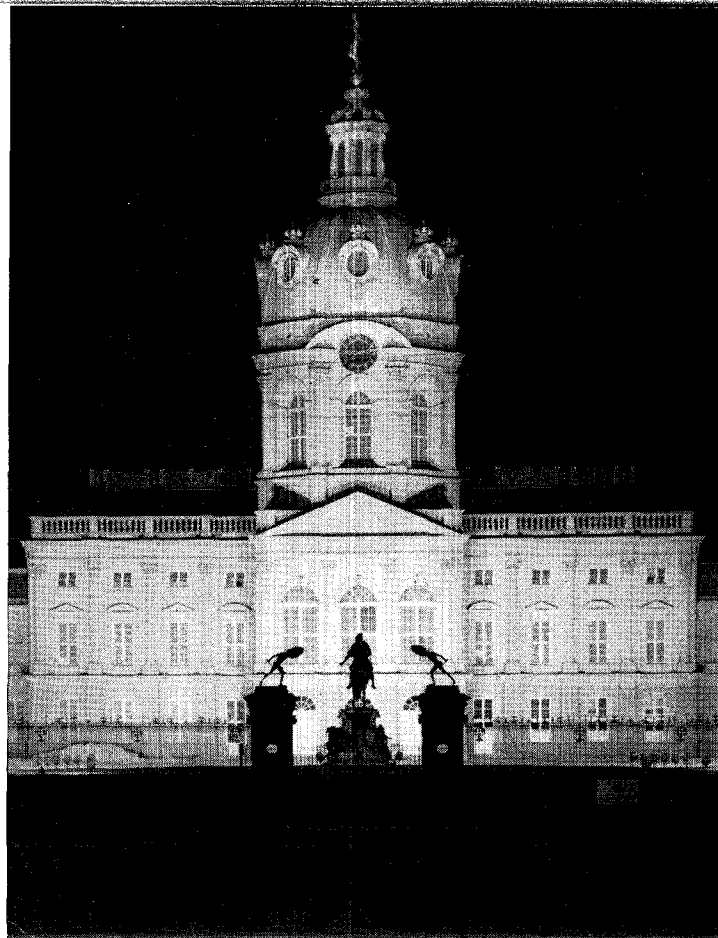
The irony latent in this situation was underscored some years later during the controversy which arose over the plans for the first large-scale job of post-war reconstruction, the question at issue being whether new apartments should be built for dwarfs. The Berlin Senate, in deciding to rebuild the completely destroyed Hansa Quarter, near the Tiergarten, a famous residential area once inhabited by diplomats and senior government officials, farmed out the job to a number of avant-garde architects of international repute. Included among them was Monsieur le Corbusier, who was invited to equip Berlin with a *Cité Radiieuse* similar to those he had built in Marseilles and Nantes. Le Corbusier insisted that the ideal dimensions he had patented for Marseilles and Nantes were also valid

for Berlin. Each of his projected two-story apartment units thus called for a room with a seven-foot ceiling, which the Berlin Building and Health authorities declared to be too low and insalubrious for North Germans. Le Corbusier wrathfully insisted that his theoretically ideal dimensions — the "Modular" — were as "valid for Hottentots as for British colonial officers." A compromise was finally reached, and Berlin was equipped with a huge pigeonhole structure — located next to Hitler's Olympic Stadium — which today has the dubious honor of being the city's largest building.

ARCHITECTURALLY, present-day Berlin is a strange potpourri. The pompous interlude of the imperial age has been followed, in an almost literal sense, by a reversion to the past. It was from Berlin that Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, Hilbersheimer, Mendelssohn, and Marcel Breuer emigrated thirty years ago, Berlin being the last seat of the Bauhaus style before it was transplanted to Chicago. The survivors are now once again at work in Berlin, on a greater scale than ever. Gropius is building an entire satellite city, and Mies van der Rohe has designed Berlin's newest museum. In the meantime, a new generation of architects has arisen — spanning a Reich, a war, and a debacle — which has once again established contact with the golden twenties, when Berlin was the home of Einstein, Max Reinhardt, Bertolt Brecht, and Mies van der Rohe.

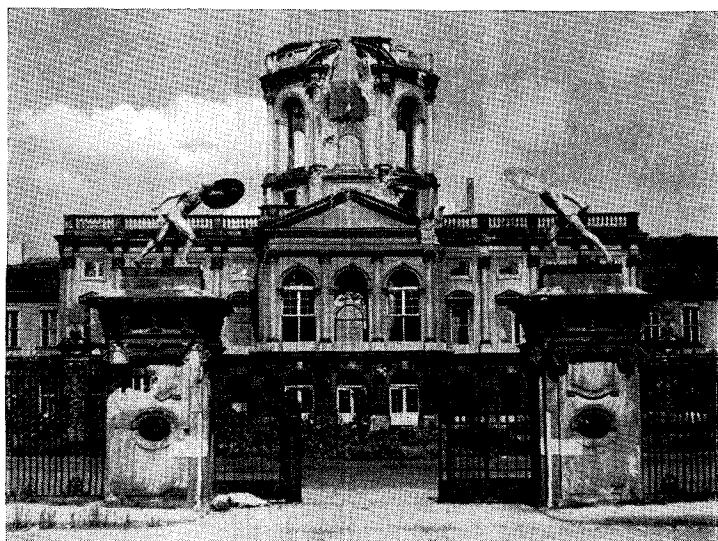
The same thing, generally speaking, is happening all over Europe today; but Berlin is the only major city where architects can literally start building from scratch. In Rome, Stockholm, or Paris new suburbs are going up, but in Berlin the most important building is going on in the very heart of the city, amid blitzed war ruins. The result is a bizarre mixture, with a neoclassic palace rubbing elbows with a *Jugendstil* building, an ornate *fin-de-siècle* stucco portal standing next to a Hitler eagle, a Gropius cube sticking up among all these relics of yesterday. On the other side of the Wall in East Berlin there is the Stalin Allee showpiece (now renamed the Karl-Marx Allee), with its square temple pillars and lighthouse cupolas and the sugar-cake style of post-war Soviet architecture, which has since given way to prefabricated buildings introduced under Khrushchev. A trip through Berlin is not only a journey in time from Frederick the Great to William II to Adolf Hitler to Willy Brandt; it is also a journey in space from Kiev to Chicago.

Berliners have watched all this activity with a wry and at times slightly irritated humor. The Congress Hall, which stands near the Brandenburg Gate and the old Reichstag building and was a gift



KAISER WILHELM MEMORIAL CHURCH

*Photograph by W. Schmidt
Courtesy Ullstein Picture Service*



CHARLOTTENBURG CASTLE

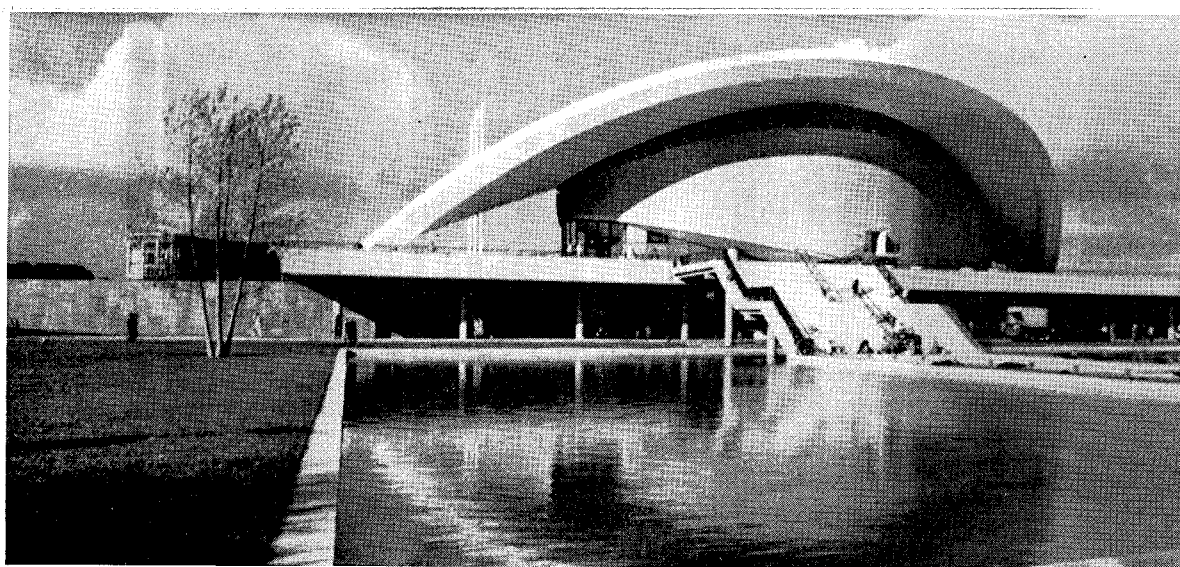
*Photographs courtesy Ullstein
Before restoration, Fritz Eschen; after, Harry Croner*

The City Restored



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, OPENED 1961

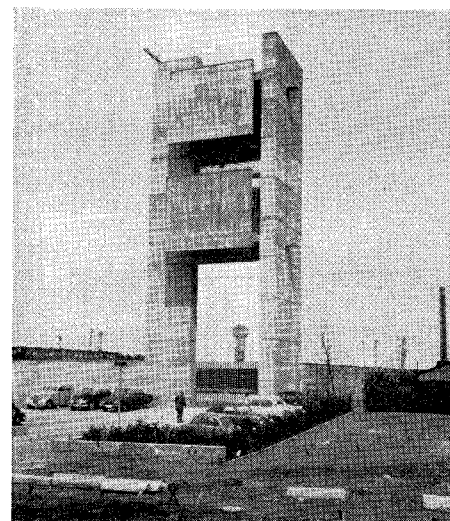
Courtesy Nina von Jaanson



CONGRESS HALL Architect: Hugh Stubbins
 Photograph by Harry Croner, courtesy Ullstein

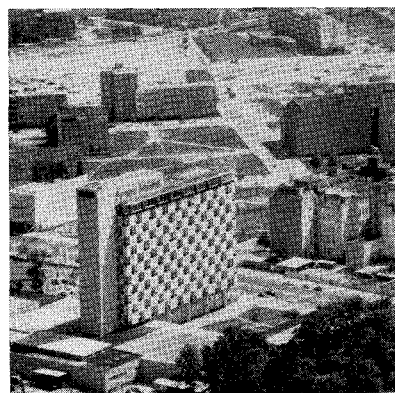


BORDER FISHERMAN
 East German guards patrol the double
 barbed-wire barricade across the canal
 Courtesy Wide World Photos



REGINA MARTYRUM CHURCH
 Photograph by Joachim Wiczorek
 Courtesy Ullstein





THE NEW HILTON HOTEL

*Photograph by W. Schmidt
Courtesy Ullstein*



KARL-MARX ALLEE

Courtesy Jochen Blume

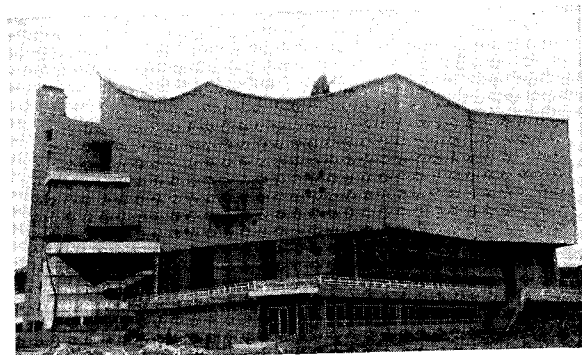
EAST BERLINERS BUY CHRISTMAS TREES ON KARL-MARX ALLEE

Courtesy Jochen Blume

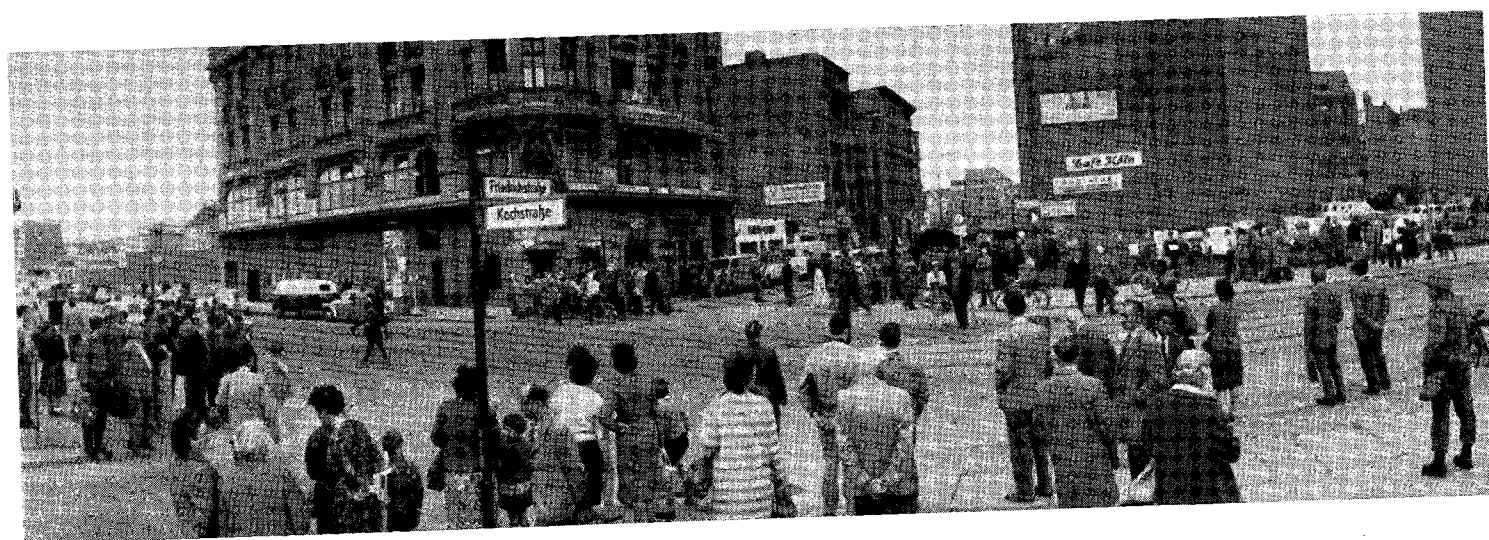




AERIAL VIEW OF ERNST-REUTER PLATZ, WEST BERLIN
Photograph by W. Schmidt, courtesy Ullstein



**THE NEW BERLIN PHILHARMONIC HALL
 IN THE TIERGARTEN**
Courtesy Nina von Jaanson



CHECKPOINT CHARLIE
Courtesy Jochen Blume

of the United States government and the work of an American architect, Hugh Stubbins, had hardly been built before it was nicknamed "the pregnant oyster" because of its bold, bivalvular roof design. The Berlin Philharmonic's Concert Hall, a cold cube of glass designed by Paul Baumgarten, is popularly known as the Music Garage; near the zoo a windowless department store decorated with mosaics quickly earned itself the title of Groschen-Moschee (the "Penny Mosque"); the Housing Department Building, Berlin's first skyscraper, has come to be known as the White Collar Silo; the mustard-colored barn which is to provide an amphitheater for Herbert von Karajan's orchestra was promptly baptized Zirkus Karajani in remembrance of the Zirkus Sarasani of pre-war fame.

The best known of these architectural oddities stands on the spot where Kaiser William II insisted on building Germany's most expensive and hideous Romanesque church, the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church. Here Egon Eiermann, who has been picked to build the new German Embassy in Washington, erected an octagonal spire separated from an octagonal nave, or apse. To the habitués of the Kurfürstendamm the pair is known as Berlin's "powder box and lipstick tube."

Over the past five years, Berlin has been gripped by an extraordinary building fever. Land values keep rising every month, and twenty thousand new apartments are built each year. In the last ten years West Berlin has done almost as much building as Ulbricht's entire East zone.

So what does it matter if the Berlin of tomorrow is a mixture of Odessa, Houston, and Potsdam? The city has long been accustomed to foreign importations. The original fishermen's village on the Spree was transformed in a couple of centuries into an artificial metropolis through the ceaseless influx of immigrants. In 1701, at the time of the first Prussian King, it hardly numbered twenty thousand inhabitants; it was Germany's least important and Prussia's most inconsequential city. It took emigrants from France, Holland, and Austria — victims of the wars of religion — to put Berlin on the map. In the mid-eighteenth century there were so many *émigrés* and refugees in Berlin that one third of the population spoke French. There was not only a Dutch church, there was also a French cathedral; entire city areas were under French jurisdiction, had French street names, French schools, and French grocery shops. Not until 1800 did the words *rue* and *avenue* give way to the German *Strasse* and *Allee*.

Clay Allee in West Berlin, named in honor of the airlift, is thus anything but an alien intruder, least of all, perhaps, for those who first thought it was so named not for the general but for the artist Paul Klee.

Public Utilities

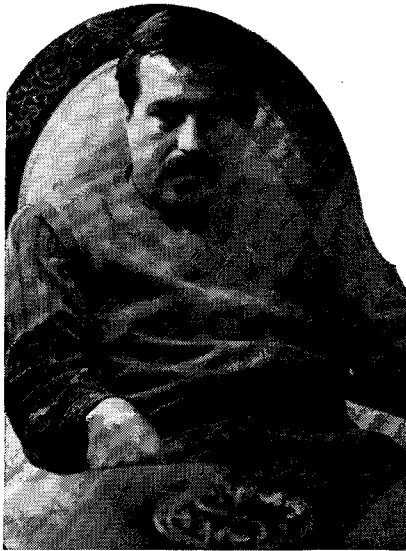
Before the Wall went up in August, 1961, there were eighty-eight vehicle and pedestrian crossing points between the East and West sectors of Berlin. Today there are no more than five. The best known of them, located at Friedrichstrasse, popularly called Checkpoint Charlie, is the obligatory entrance for all foreigners and allied personnel traveling by car.

The East sector can also be entered by the elevated Stadt-Bahn railway, though this route involves laborious police, currency, and customs examinations. The S-Bahn, a subsidiary of the German National Railways (Reichsbahn), was taken over by the Russians after the war and quietly — and illegally — turned over by them to the East German authorities in 1955. Because it is run by the East sector authorities, it is subjected to a boycott by West Berliners, who now travel, often at considerable sacrifice in time and money, in buses or the underground. As a result, the S-Bahn's buff and maroon cars travel like empty ghost trains through West Berlin.

Unlike the S-Bahn, which continues to serve eighty stations in West Berlin, the U-Bahn, or subway, has been effectively split in two. After the Wall went up, each side seized the cars in its sector. Of the eight major lines originally making up the subway network, four were entirely in the West and presented no problem. A fifth, having only one station in the East, at the Warschauer Brücke, now stops one station short of the former terminus. Two other, north-south lines begin in the French sector, cross the Soviet, and end in the American sector; on one line the trains run nonstop through empty stations guarded by East German border police; on the other the trains still make one stop out of six in the East sector. The eighth line, running from the Reichskanzlerplatz in the West to Pankow in the East, was split in two at Potsdamer Platz; the trains now go up to the last stop before the sector border, then turn around and go back in what Berliners call *Pendelverkehr* ("pendulum traffic").

The telephone systems have likewise been split. One cannot telephone directly from West to East Berlin; the call must go back to Frankfurt or some other West German city, but the odds even then are against one's getting through. Telegrams still go through, and mailbags are transferred at the border at least twice daily. All letters from East Berlin run the risk of being opened, but the haphazard censorship can be circumvented by the use of codes and fake names.

East and West Berlin still share the same sewer system. The East provides the power for certain key pumps which alone keep the sewage from backing up into the Havel River in the East.



WRITERS IN BERLIN

A Three-way Discussion

WALTER HÖLLERER holds the chair of German philology at the Technical University in West Berlin. He is the founder and editor of the German literary journal *AKZENTE*. GÜNTER GRASS is the author of *THE TIN DRUM* and *CAT AND MOUSE*. His new book, *HUNDEJAHRE* (DOG YEARS), was recently published in Germany. WALTER HASENCLEVER, who monitored this discussion for the *ATLANTIC*, is a Berliner who emigrated to the United States during the Hitler period and taught at Phillips Andover Academy. He now works for a literary institute in Berlin.

HÖLLERER: The question to begin with is, why should Berlin, in spite of its unfavorable position, still be the chief center of German literature? Why, for instance, should Günter Grass be here and not in Munich or Frankfurt or somewhere else?

GRASS: In my case, when I came to Berlin in 1953, I came as a sculptor. But the reason I came was that West Germany had become too much for me. Then I went on to Paris, and when I returned to Berlin for the second time, I came as a writer.

HÖLLERER: You had already written *Die Blechtrommel* [*The Tin Drum*] by then?

GRASS: Yes.

HÖLLERER: And *Katz und Maus* [*Cat and Mouse*] was written in Berlin after 1960? And *Hundejahre* too?

GRASS: Yes. By then I knew that if I had a few ideas to work out, Berlin was the right city to do it in.

HÖLLERER: You said it all became too much for you in West Germany. You mean that the whole setup sickened you?

GRASS: It sickened *me*, though lots of other people weren't sickened by it; they adapted themselves to it. In West Germany there are only two courses open to you: either join in the swim or, if you work at a different tempo, you must uproot yourself and go to Berlin. People here are really much slower. They even move more slowly in the streets. This

Photograph of Günter Grass by Helmuth Pollaczek.

really ought to be tested; it could be measured scientifically in some institute or other.

HÖLLERER: Here in Berlin people haven't got so used to the pressure of big business; here everything is more private, more individual. That doesn't mean that there are no parties here: you could go to as many parties as you felt like every evening; you could divide yourself up into different pieces, and every piece could find some sort of party to go to. But it's also possible to live your own life without being much disturbed. This is because Berlin is a very spread-out city — the German city which covers the biggest area. It is not identified with a university, as Göttingen and Tübingen are; it is not an industrial city pure and simple; so you feel freer here than in any other city to take part in a great variety of social circles.

GRASS: When you get tired of one particular circle you can change and frequent another, without having to go to another city. But you can do that in any big city; you can do it in Paris too.

HÖLLERER: Among students, at least, we can say that political discussions here are more to the point and less boring than in other university cities. Besides, in Berlin it is possible to talk to many people who cannot come from the East to any other West German city. To take an example, the president of the Bulgarian Writers' Congress recently

visited me because he happened to be in East Berlin and wanted to see West Berlin and to meet West Berlin writers. Or take the Czechoslovakian Military Mission — it lets its writers give readings or lectures here, and in this way it is possible to exchange ideas, often extremely surprising ones, in a way which isn't possible anywhere else. This helps give the Berliners a fuller perspective.

GRASS: We must remember too that the population of Berlin is perhaps the only group of people in Germany which has developed a political sense since the war. We saw this in the last elections, not so much because the Social Democratic Party won but because posters — for example, "Amrehn's always in Berlin" — which would have been very successful in Bavaria or other places didn't have any effect here. People here are very wary; they can't be rushed into making a decision.

HASENCLEVER: Perhaps we ought to explain this: "always in Berlin" was used at the time as a slogan against Willy Brandt, who is often away from Berlin, and some people think he wants to leave Berlin for good and be Chancellor in Bonn. That's why the opposition candidate, Amrehn, thought up the slogan "always in Berlin."

HÖLLERER: Here in Berlin the people have enough of a sense of humor not to take such slogans too seriously. There's plenty of evidence of sharp thinking in the way they argue. Lecturing, for example, is much easier in Göttingen or Frankfurt, where the criticism is much milder. It's important in Berlin to take pains in expressing oneself; one can't afford to say just anything and depend on the man in the street being satisfied; the Berliners are not so easily fobbed off with platitudes. This leads me to the point that Berlin is probably the only city in Germany that can boast of an atmosphere which is genuinely metropolitan. The other cities are much more provincial.

GRASS: I don't know if you can call Berlin really metropolitan. The most provincial feature in Berlin is its hectic effort during the last two years to become a metropolis. This in itself is a sure sign of provincialism.

Berlin can't compare with Paris in the number of literary names, and can't hope to do so, and there's no reason why it should. Where are the numbers of writers to come from? They can't come from West Germany, because a whole middle rank of writers, so to speak, is missing. We have a few names at the top; then there is a great gap; then comes a whole army of sentimental writers, in Berlin as elsewhere.

HASENCLEVER: We ought to point out that centralization in Germany has never been as marked as in France.

HÖLLERER: I'd like to make a few remarks now about the East Berlin writers. The journal *Sinn und*

Form [*Meaning and Form*] still exists there; it was edited until recently by Peter Huchel, but they've now got rid of him. Then there are writers like Bobrowski, who won the prize of the Group 47. We can call such literary men "Berlin writers," though their inclusion has become more difficult since the Wall.

GRASS: Yes, but there are also a large number of writers — serious writers, too — with whom it was impossible to discuss literary questions even before the building of the Wall, and now, of course, it's out of the question.

HÖLLERER: It's very difficult to make any generalizations about relations between writers in East and West Berlin — each individual is different. Some are genuine writers, others are Party officials. Depending on which they are, you can discuss things with them or not.

GRASS: Writers with whom you could discuss literary subjects are the very ones that you must now try to leave alone — otherwise you might get them into serious trouble; the others are to be avoided at all costs.

HASENCLEVER: Can you still see Bobrowski or the poet Christa Reinig, for example?

GRASS: They don't come to West Berlin, and we can't go over there. Christa Reinig never comes. Bobrowski finds it very difficult to get a pass.

HÖLLERER: He was here for half a day when he received the prize of the Group 47. He got a visa for that, but it was a great exception. We who have West Berlin passes can't go over to East Berlin at all.

HASENCLEVER: What was the reaction in East Berlin and in the East zone in general to your *Tin Drum*?

GRASS: The book hasn't been published there. I read three reviews, opinions of readers, and have talked to a few people; it was at least a sympathetic reaction. The three or four reviews mentioned my talent, but said apart from that I had nothing to offer. They're quite right. [Laughter.]

HÖLLERER: I think there were a few reviews printed officially. But the book couldn't be obtained, and so people had to rely on what the reviews said. Of course, these were written by the chosen hacks.

GRASS: Dozens of paperback copies have been sent over.

HASENCLEVER: When you were in Leipzig, did you give readings from your book to students?

GRASS: Yes; that was in May, 1961, shortly before the Wall was built.

HASENCLEVER: And it's impossible to do that anymore?

GRASS: Yes. I'd do it, but nobody's invited me since. The questions asked after the readings are always the same. If the audience like the book,

they clap, with greater or lesser enthusiasm, but the same questions always crop up during discussion: Why do you write books? What are you trying to do? Do you want to improve mankind, change people in some way? This has nothing to do with the Iron Curtain, these questions come from all ideological directions. There's hardly ever any literary discussion.

HASENCLEVER: Are there no novelists in East Germany today? New talents, like, say, Solzhenitsyn in Russia?

GRASS: There's Strittmacher — he's a talented writer. He's written some good stories.

HÖLLERER: Of course, there are the old-timers, the ones who were well known before — Arnold Zweig, Anna Seghers.

GRASS: But they wrote their best books before the East German Republic came into existence.

HÖLLERER: They haven't written anything since, just as Brecht didn't write much more after he went over. There are a few lyrical writers of some importance, like Peter Huchel, Johannes Bobrowski, Christa Reinig.

HASENCLEVER: Stefan Heym is a very special case. He went over to the East so that he could write in German again, after emigrating to America during the Nazi era. While he was abroad he wrote several quite successful books in English — *The Crusaders*, for example. When he arrived in East Berlin he continued to write in English because he refused to use the German language of the East zone. So his opposition takes the form of writing only in English; and then he has his books translated into German.

GRASS: One of our most talented writers, who lives in West Berlin, is Uwe Johnson. Both of his books show him to be a writer belonging to the East German Republic, but his books cannot be published there.

HASENCLEVER: Now, that is a category of writers who should be included — people who have actually written East German literature but cannot publish it in East Germany.

HÖLLERER: Gerhardt Zwerenz, for example, came from East Germany and has launched a very critical assault on conditions over there. Uwe Johnson attempts to show empirically what life is like on both sides. But the East Germans won't print these books.

HASENCLEVER: I think that Uwe Johnson is the only writer who has presented the dialectics which separate the East from the West, but he can't come to any real conclusions. The "Third Book of Achim" can't be written, because it nowhere quite jibes with either East or West. So the book must stay unwritten.

HÖLLERER: There are some extremists who even think there's an East and a West German language,

that German is developing in two different directions. That's just not true.

HASENCLEVER: I don't altogether agree with you on that. I remember when I came back to Germany as an American soldier and read the newspapers, which were trying very hard to be democratic, their words sounded as though Goebbels had written them, because of the Nazi corruption of the language.

HÖLLERER: Yes, but that's not a linguistic change, it's stylistic.

HASENCLEVER: But even single words had different values. Words like "mother" or "native land" or "community" were used, quite simple words. But all of them had a flavor of Nazidom about them and really couldn't be used for purposes of communication until they had been "de-Nazified."

HÖLLERER: But these are all associations which you read into a language, not a change in the actual language. Certain expressions are connected with certain things, and you can't bear to listen to them. That's a psychological phenomenon, but it doesn't mean that anything in the language has changed. After ten years have passed, the phrases can be used again quite easily. I might add that both radio and television here help to preserve the unity of the German language. They provide opportunities for Berlin to transmit information and material which it would be impossible to send to the East in any other way, because, of course, all printed matter can be intercepted. That means that when Günter Grass reads a chapter from his book over the air, a large number of people will be listening in the East.

GRASS: Uwe Johnson, for example, read his *Book of Achim* in six installments in a program transmitted by Sender Freies Berlin. They heard the whole of it over there.

HÖLLERER: Sender Freies Berlin also transmits a Third Programme in the evenings. It is put together so that everything of interest to intelligent people which is broadcast can be made public in the East. It has an enthusiastic audience because it's made as critical as possible. We must, of course, be careful not to broadcast propaganda programs, but to stick to factual reports. Take, for example, the *Spiegel* affair. There was tremendous interest in East Berlin about the reactions in the West, and the pros and cons were openly debated. The Third Programme broadcast a discussion about the Manifesto of the Group 47 against Strauss. Letters are received from the other side, and we hear again and again from friends that this program is eagerly listened to. This is why there are plans to do something for the so-called mass media in Berlin. In the Berlin Colloquium, which the Ford Foundation is helping to finance, we are planning to have a department where writers and producers will sit

down together and work out television films, independent of commercial interests. We are planning to set up a film academy to deal with questions like this, and the results will be quite different from anything we could achieve if it were somewhere else in West Germany. Television and radio are the only methods of breaking down the Wall.

HASENCLEVER: Has Berlin also become a center for painters and sculptors?

GRASS: No, we can't say it has. At the moment, there are no really talented artists. This isn't Berlin's fault; it's just that nobody has made the great breakthrough, although there are quite a few clever people about.

HÖLLERER: Berlin used to be a city of critics. In the era of Theodor Fontane it always had outstanding critics, critics who were ready to fight for causes and for issues. More recently, there was the time when Alfred Kerr was here, or Ihering, who is still in Berlin. There were sharp duels of wit. Nothing like that has gone on since 1945, chiefly because there are no really great newspapers in Berlin anymore.

GRASS: The main problem for Berlin is the fact that it has no hinterland. For the last ten years the same old faces in the same official posts — when you go to a first night at a theater, there's Herr Karsch again. On the other hand, we have Berlin sentimentality, which is well catered to in Axel Springer's newspapers. That's the most negative factor of all — the Berlin press working hand in hand with Berlin sentimentality. Words that are used over and over here, like "Wall," "Wall of Shame," and other formulas of this kind, are completely unnecessary; but probably this is something that can't be changed.

HÖLLERER: Facts speak for themselves, anyway.

GRASS: The Berliner is not sentimental when he talks to you; he speaks to the point and he's skeptical, but many ironic and skeptical people are very sentimental inside. This is something that the press seizes upon; and it's reflected again in speeches.

HASENCLEVER: The Berliner is always ready with a smart reply to hide his sentimental side. Yet he has a sentimental streak in him.

HÖLLERER: But this is inevitable, because he's always hoping. Everyone hopes sooner or later to be able to go over to the Alexanderplatz again, or to visit his relations in the East, or to make longer trips into the country. Not many people can afford to travel to West Germany several times in the year. All these things add up over a period of time and are exploited by people who know what makes good headlines. The special situation in Berlin is a favorite theme for these journalists.

GRASS: It's been a special boon to the Springer press, which controls four of the most widely read newspapers in Berlin — *Die Berliner Morgenpost*, *Die Berliner Welt*, *Die Bildzeitung*, and *Die Welt am Sonntag*. The "Wall" tone which is set by Springer has nothing at all to do with the real state of things, but churns out enough sentimentality for the total impression to be a completely negative one.

HASENCLEVER: You spoke a moment ago of a gap, a kind of missing link in the Berlin literary world.

GRASS: Not only in Berlin, but in all of Germany. There are maybe two hundred writers who write truly readable books.

HÖLLERER: In this gap I include writers of books which are not of high literary value, but are not rubbish.

HASENCLEVER: And why is there a gap, a missing social link?

GRASS: It could be a question of the present generation and the kind of professions they went into after the war. One main reason is the aftereffect of the war. There are no Jews in Germany, and the whole literary milieu and the critics have disappeared too. No gauntlets are thrown down, nobody issues challenges anymore. The occasional experiments in this sphere are artificially nourished.

HÖLLERER: Yet the whole development of paperbacks is very interesting. They've become intellectual books. The rest of the reading public borrow books from public libraries, belong to a readers' circle, or just watch television instead of reading. Writers who might otherwise write books now write for television and radio, because they're much better paid. But, after all, who reads *The Tin Drum* in America? Don't you think it's mostly students?

What Ulbricht Doesn't Know

BY KURT WISMACH

The gripe of the workers in East Germany found expression in the uprising of June 17, 1953, and again in a dramatic incident which took place in August of 1961. KURT WISMACH now lives and works in West Germany.

I AM thirty-six years old. When I escaped from East Berlin, which was my birthplace and my home all my life, it was not the first time I had managed to escape from behind barbed wire. I was in a British P.O.W. camp when the war ended, but I can tell you that escaping from the British was kid stuff compared with getting out of the German Democratic Republic. My first thought, on finding myself free in 1945, was to look for my mother, for our flat in Kreuzberg had been completely bombed. I found her at last in Köpenick in the Russian sector.

I set to work — hard work for a kid of my eighteen years — to earn a living for Mother and me. I got a job in East Berlin in a cable- and wire-rolling plant which used to belong to the largest German electrical manufacturer but which had been completely dismantled by the Russians, nationalized, and opened, with the most primitive machinery, under a new name.

My job was to pull the white-hot ingots out of the furnace with long-handled tongs. I was on the second gang, rolling the hot metal with hand tools into wire and cable. The lengthening strip used to run at terrific speed through and around the huge workshop as it thinned out, and though we wore protective aprons and mittens and heavy wooden clogs, it was hard and dangerous work without the proper tools. The metal would often slip out of its runway and have to be caught. Sometimes it slammed against our legs, so we needed high boots, though often a man would be lashed by the metal strip and injured. I have a few scars myself. These were electric cables, and we worked on about fifteen different kinds, mostly of copper. Many times



we had to use aluminum — a poor substitute for copper, but in East Germany there never was enough copper. The work itself was all right, and I got along well with my fellow workers. After three years of waiting, Mother got a little cottage in a back courtyard — just two rooms and a kitchen, but at least we had it to ourselves and no longer had to live with two other families.

Times were very hard then: there was not enough food, and was no variety; there were shortages of clothing, household goods, and repair materials for patching up the bombed and ruined houses. But we were used to all that. It is not material want that breaks your heart, for you get used to the low standard of living, and I, if not Mother, had never known anything else. I could have had it easier if I had joined the various Party organizations and taken part in politics. But I never did that; I never even went on the marches and demonstrations. The only time I marched was not for the government but against it, and that was during the uprising of June, 1953. I marched with a column of workers on June 17 and shinned up one of the masts at Alexanderplatz and tore down the Red flag. We had a bad time after the uprising, and I had to hide with some of my workmates for a time, changing my address almost every night; but the strike was so universal that the regime had to call an amnesty to get the men back to work, so I was able to return home and to the factory again.

Since I have worked in a Ruhr steelworks in West Germany I have realized how inefficient and uneconomic the factory conditions are over there in East Germany. I have read a bit and looked about me,

Photograph of Walter Ulbricht by Jochen Blume.

and I think the main cause of the inefficiency is the way the state plans everything in detail. It is logical, when every process is laid down in the plan, that when there is some breakdown, anywhere, it reacts at once on the following process and causes delays; sometimes the whole plant stands still for lack of some tiny part, and then contracts cannot be kept and the whole plan is thrown off schedule. Complicated processes like steel-cable manufacture cannot be worked out in every detail with dates and quantities in advance.

Then, too, the factories are overburdened with bureaucracy. There are dozens of planning officials, and supervising them are the senior planners and the political officials. In every medium-sized and large factory are the Party functionaries, the trade union officials, the women's organizations, and the youth organizations, each with its offices and secretaries. Each organization has a representative in each department. And they all have to be paid by the factory. They are there to watch everyone, to give political talks, and to organize political activity, such as demonstrations for peace and friendship with the peace-loving nations.

Trade unions in the D.D.R. are quite different from what they are in the West. In the D.D.R. they are branches of the Communist Party (the Socialist Unity Party is its correct name). They constantly demand extra shifts — shifts to build socialism, shifts to show solidarity with some Communist cause, shifts to take the place of the men who are members of the factory armed guards. Those factory guards are a sort of spare-time army. All the Party boys belong and parade around with rifles, playing soldier, while the rest of the workers have to keep production up to the level it would have been at with their assistance.

The trade union men have the whole thing worked out; they have staff lists hanging up in the factory with the number of special hours every man has worked for socialism. It's just too bad if you are low down on those lists. You'll never get a TV set, because you have to get a permit from the union clerk before you can even order the set. No radio dealer — they are all state shops, of course — will put you on the waiting list without that permit. You wait for your set according to the amount of voluntary extra hours you have worked. Good boys wait three weeks to two months; I waited two years for a TV. It was the same with holidays. I got the longest holiday time you can get in East Berlin, twenty-four working days, but I never once got away to the beach or anywhere. If you want hotel rooms and a railway pass to leave Berlin and tickets, you have to get them from the union representative in your department. Often even those men who were popular with the comrades couldn't get permits for hotels because the hotels were filled with

Party officials and their families. I never asked for holiday permits; I knew I wouldn't get them.

The trade unions in the D.D.R. are not real unions, made up of men who appoint their own spokesmen. I know that in Western countries the trade unions are often run for the benefit of their officials, but, after all, that is the fault of the members who are willing to put up with rackets. But in East Germany the unions are part of the state setup, and their function is to see that the Party plan is carried out and nothing else. You might say they stick to the name of trade unions because it sounds somehow respectable to the outside world.

Take safety rules, for instance. I started work as a boy under conditions where safety rules were a joke. There just weren't any rules, because there wasn't proper equipment or tools and the furnaces were old and worn-out. Steel rolling — hot rolling — is always dangerous, and safety rules are more important in this trade than in any other, with the exception of mining. But in East Germany, the safety rules are secondary to the plan fulfillment. Efforts have been made, I must say, in all fairness. There are security inspectors now, and much has been done in recent years. There now is proper timekeeping, so that men will not work too long and get overtired, and proper rails to prevent the hot steel from running out of the beds into the shops. In Duisburg, West Germany, these safety measures are taken for granted, and nobody would work without them. But they represent quite recent advances in East Germany. Even as late as 1961, it was the rule that when a quota had to be reached, the safety precautions went out the window — just when they were most necessary, when the pressure was on.

In East Berlin men are not so keen on extra money, for it buys nothing. For years we tried to get the work week reduced, and though my weekly wage here in West Berlin is just about three quarters of my wage in East Berlin, I can buy nearly three times as much with it. Furthermore, there are things to buy. The union men always took the view that shorter hours would endanger the plan, which was never really fulfilled. When the shorter hours did come in, it was really because so many men were emigrating to the West that a concession had to be made. But works meetings were an empty show. The union men were all Party members, and you had to watch your tongue in arguments at works meetings; I know several mates of mine who landed in jail for saying something too freely at works council meetings when we were supposed to be talking about *our* own interests with *our* representatives. At one meeting the union boss lost his temper with our arguments and shouted, "If you don't all shut up immediately, I'll have you all arrested." You can't call that trade unionism.

I can tell you, it is hard to watch your tongue constantly, and not only because you can lose your temper and say more than you mean to. There is another danger. In and around Berlin, the radio and television reception from the West is good. Almost everyone hears and sees them at one time or another, and most working people all the time. So we knew a lot more about what went on in the world than we were supposed to know. That was a real danger, and you had to keep it constantly in mind. Among the men it was a joke. At work I would tell a friend some bit of news or a joke I had heard on television and he would say ironically, "And just where did you hear that, comrade?" We called the Party men "comrades." It's depressing when you think about it, because the word means just the opposite of what it is supposed to mean. We always could tell after a few days whether or not a man could be trusted; you develop a sharp instinct when living like that. But no matter how careful you were, there was always a danger that you might let something slip within hearing of one of the comrades. I think that was probably the worst aspect of life over in the East.

Other things were a constant strain too. I know in the West people think it is the lack of goods which is depressing. But you get used to rationing. What is much worse is the feeling of being watched and listened to. You can never speak freely, not really freely; you always have to look over your shoulder first to see who is standing around. And the politics — it was as bad as the enforced caution. You start with politics when you brush your teeth in the morning, a Party man said to me once, and it's true. Take sport, for instance. I remember I went one Sunday to watch a bicycle race. It was a road race, and there was a big crowd watching, and I just wanted to enjoy the race for the sport of it; but the next day I read in the papers that all the people who went to watch the race were also "demonstrating for peace" because the event was called a Peace Race. That made me mad. I just wanted to watch cycle racing; I wasn't demonstrating for peace or anything else.

And the discrimination. You work with a man in the shops; you both do the same things, the same hard work, and get the same pay. But if he joins the Party or makes himself popular with the comrades, then you suddenly hear that he has an apartment in one of the new blocks and is going to the Baltic Sea coast for his holiday for a price that doesn't even cover the cost of his food. If his kids are sick, they get into the hospital at once; his boy can go on from school to specialized training or to college. It happens not just occasionally but all the time. No matter how clever a youngster is, he won't get anywhere without the favor of the Party behind him. Idiots of boys get the college places because their

parents work more extra shifts than anyone else. Even if there is a breakdown, the men who are popular with the Party still get credit for work.

The breakdowns in work are a constant worry. Minor things such as a screw breaking off or a tangled cable can stop the whole process for hours. Ours was an old factory. When new machinery was delivered, it would stay packed in crates for months because it would not fit the old belts. In the first years after Russian dismantling, even ordinary screws were impossible to replace. You couldn't send to the stores for another screw. They just didn't have any screws! And since the old machines were not standardized, every breakdown had to be repaired by hand with any old parts that happened to be in the stores. Parts were made even out of scrap steel. Sometimes a couple of mechanics would be filing down a part for hours while we all stood about doing nothing. There was no such thing as servicing in those days; the machinery ran until it broke down and then was patched up the best way possible.

New machines sometimes made things worse because they worked so fast that we would be turning out unfinished cable at twice the rate at which the next processing plant could take it. The whole area, corridors and all, would be stacked high with strips and wire waiting for transport. The troubles seemed endless. Just as soon as the new machines were made to fit with the old ones, either the electricity would fail or there would be a lack of coal. Sometimes machines were ordered without proper checking, and they came with modern electric equipment that didn't fit the old junk we already had. Or drive belts would be a different width or thickness and would not run off to the other machines.

You would go home tired and irritated after eight hours of that sort of thing and find that the neighbors' kids had been asked in school if anyone in the house watched West Berlin television. Even in the kindergartens, the teachers used to ask the children what they had seen and heard on television and radio. If you have brought up a child to tell the truth, you cannot tell him he has to lie to his teacher. I didn't understand that properly until I had a child of my own. Once, back home in Köpenick, I saw the kids in the kindergarten playing the October Revolution at school and pretending to shoot "bourgeois." It gave me a shock, and I started to worry about the time when my son Joerg would have to go to school. There is too much pressure put on the children, and they are not able to protect themselves against it, for they naturally respect their teachers and feel that what the teacher says must be right.

The child in the first grade comes under pressure, and the teacher does it very cleverly. She doesn't say, "Now, tell me if your parents see West Berlin

television.” She just smiles at the kids and says, “Now, let us all play what we saw on television last night, shall we?” Then she knows, of course. Naturally, not all teachers are like that; some of them are decent girls, but, like the decent mates at work, they don’t make any progress in life.

When the child gets a bit older, all his friends join the Young Pioneers, and he naturally wants to go camping too. If you want him to go to church and be confirmed, he begins to think it all a bore because it isn’t what the others are doing. If the parents give in, every time the boy comes home he has some new game he thinks is clever and doesn’t understand the meaning of, like playing at the October Revolution and not thinking of killing people. I know that all kids are bloodthirsty, but in East Berlin you have to be careful about telling your child that it is wicked to hurt people and wrong to envy others their possessions, because he says, “Yes, Daddy, but these were only old bourgeois.”

It’s only a matter of time before all the young people are infected with these ideas. At the present time there is still the older generation that knew something better before the Nazis started ruining people’s minds. Grandmothers and grandfathers, being old, are not so frightened of the consequences, and they have a steady standard of judgment taught them in their youth. But as they die off or go away, or as the parents keep the children from them out of fear or because they want to get along in the world, the young people are left with only the Party to guide them. I can imagine that in thirty or forty years, with the constant Party pressure, the number of young people able to resist Communist ideas will get smaller and smaller. That is one of the main reasons people used to leave and come to the West; they couldn’t just sit there and watch their children change. It isn’t possible to listen to the same things day after day without beginning to think in those terms yourself. Ambitious kids go along with the Party line. Sometimes they take it lightly, and that makes them unconscious cynics believing in nothing; sometimes they fall for it and believe it; but anyway, they get an opportunity in life. As a father, you have to think of that when you refuse to let your boy join the Pioneers.

BUT I left East Berlin because of Walter Ulbricht personally. He came to the factory to give us a pep talk, something about getting a peace treaty. At half past two on that Thursday afternoon the entire shift, fifteen hundred workers, streamed into the huge high-voltage hall to listen to the Chairman of the State Council and First Secretary of the Central Committee, the *Spitzbart* (“Goatee”), Walter Ulbricht. We waited, packed like sardines, in our

overalls and wooden shoes, and some of the fellows climbed up onto the cranes and cable rollers. I caught hold of a big cable roller and sat perched way forward, out ahead of the rest, so that actually I was sitting right above the row of seated officials. The *Spitzbart*’s boring old clichés in that thin, high-pitched voice of his began to annoy me, as usual, but it wasn’t until he said he had heard that a woman worker in the plant had asked a Party member why we didn’t have any free elections that I realized I was in a real rage. I began to clap enthusiastically. There was a deathly silence, and it seemed as if a thousand faces all turned toward me, toward where I sat, up on a tall roll of cable by myself above the platform. “Even if I am the only one to say it,” I shouted, “free elections!”

Ulbricht began to scream at me about “the people” and “the working class.” Some of the faithful old comrades broke in with “Hear, hear” and applauded him. I could see that from various corners of the big factory hall comrades were threading through the crowd toward me. I pulled up my knees so that they could not reach up and pull me down, and I shouted out the words which were quoted in all the papers: “Have you the slightest idea what the people really think?”

This really made the *Spitzbart* mad, and he started on a long tirade, yelling himself hoarse in a flood of words. And that saved me, because none of the comrades liked to interrupt dear Wally Ulbricht, and they couldn’t get at me without causing a noisy interruption. All the comrades applauded him madly, but hardly any of the workers lifted a hand. When he had talked himself out, he stormed out of the meeting — for once it had gone all wrong — and the comrades crowded after him to show how loyal they were.

My own friends advised me to clear out at once, but I turned up at the next shift as usual. There was a message for me to go to the management offices, where two members of the Central Committee of the Party and two comrades from the works were waiting to question me. That scared me a bit, but I wasn’t really afraid until I noticed that a gray car was following me as I went home. Later I saw that there was a man standing outside our house.

Now my wife and I have been in Duisburg for over eighteen months, living in this one room in an emergency block for refugees. We managed to get Joerg out too. When we get our flat, we shall be all right. But the people here don’t understand what it is like to live in exile. We were born in Berlin, and that is our home, and we can never go back. Sometimes I wish I had stayed in West Berlin, but there is only one steel plant where I could have found a job, and they have all the men they need. It hurts me to think of Berlin. It makes us lonely sometimes, we who are of and from Berlin.



THE PEOPLE OF EAST BERLIN

by Otto Frei *For several years OTTO FREI has been the correspondent in Berlin*

for one of Switzerland's leading newspapers, the NEUEZÜRCHER ZEITUNG. He has had ample opportunity to observe the changing life and the rise and fall of the political thermometer in the East zone.

THE Berliners on both sides of the Wall have a common past, speak the same language, and feel themselves to be inhabitants of the same city. They are a determined people. Even under the crippling conditions of a totalitarian economy, more than one million East Berliners accomplish a productive effort which compels respect. The East Berlin workers and engineers in the precision equipment and electrical industries, which are concentrated in the Soviet sector of Berlin and look back on a proud tradition, are very capable. From 1958 to 1960 thousands of new apartments went up in the Soviet sector, especially in the pleasantly situated outer suburbs, at a rate of construction which came close to matching that in West Berlin.

The rural spaciousness of the East Berlin suburb of Köpenick gives one the feeling of being in the most peaceful corner of the March of Brandenburg. On fine Sundays most East Berliners gather on the banks of the broad Müggelsee or in Treptow Park, where after the fall of Berlin the Soviets put up monuments to the glory of the Red Army. In the lakeside restaurants, patient waiters carry cups and cakes daringly balanced over the heads of the many customers. Potsdam with the Palace of Sans Souci lies at the gates of the city; people flock to

Photograph of Marx-Engels Platz by Jochen Blume.

the Spree Forest and the lakes of Mecklenburg; in about four hours the Baltic coast can be reached. East Berliners enjoy an extremely pleasant natural habitat.

How deceptive are appearances? Does worry lurk in the peaceful shadows of the chestnut trees? Thousands of East Berliners have relatives and friends in West Berlin and in West Germany, separated from them by the Wall and the barbed wire. In many cases mother is separated from son, husband from wife, boy from girl. The Communists are doubtless aware of the real mood. It was not by chance that the newspaper *Berliner Zeitung*, which is published in the Soviet sector, admonished its readers some time ago that they should not always stare at the brightly lit facade of the Hilton Hotel on the West side of the Wall. The Americans — so the paper said — are by no means resolved to stay in West Berlin, and almost all the rooms in the Hilton Hotel are empty; the American manager has the lights lit only to mislead East Berliners. So the citizens of the “capital of the German Democratic Republic” — which is what the Communists call the Soviet zone of Germany — should avert their eyes from West Berlin and fix them on the socialist present, which also has its attractive side.

The Communist Party leader, Walter Ulbricht, and his colleagues are forever complaining that young painters in East Berlin use dark tones, that young authors write pessimistic novels, that young artists portray the socialist present in "gray on gray." Looking at a picture of the barricade fighters of the Paris commune, Ulbricht exclaimed that the young artist had created tired, hopeless figures and that the convinced, optimistic, fresh, and forward-looking element was absent from art as a whole. He accused sculptors and graphic artists of allowing themselves to be corrupted by the influences of "Western decadence." Recently he appealed to the members of the Communist youth organization to have more confidence in the state. A young Communist woman author wrote that the young people who once believed that the new socialist order was rising on the flaming red horizon were now full of the weariness and cynicism of the angrry young men whose dispiritedness had extinguished the glow of hope.

Moral depression is especially pronounced in East Berlin intellectual circles, which enjoyed a privileged position before the Wall; because of the freedom of movement prevailing throughout the city and their importance for the regime, certain intellectuals were able to attend meetings in West Germany and in other Western European countries. Separation from the West hit hardest those who have preserved a capacity for independent thought. Conversations with doctors, scientists, artists, and authors in East Berlin produce a shattering picture of intellectual and moral distress.

Western acceptance of the closing of the border and the military occupation of East Berlin by the illegal Ulbricht regime came as a tremendous shock to the entire population of the Soviet sector. Prior to August 13, 1961, the East Berliners were half-free men. They had, of course, to work during the day in state-owned enterprises in an unfree society and were subject to an arbitrary legal system. But in the evening, at the close of work, they came over to West Berlin to meet relatives and acquaintances, go to the movies or the theater, stroll up the Kurfürstendamm, and read Western newspapers. About eight million theater and movie tickets were sold each year in West Berlin to East Berliners and inhabitants of the outlying districts which are part of the Soviet Occupation zone. About 60,000 people from the East came daily to West Berlin to work in factories and workshops. Thousands of them had been with the same firms for decades. In 1948, Berlin was divided politically, economically, and administratively, but for thirteen years the people could move fairly freely in both parts of the city and meet whenever they wished. Some 200,000 Germans from East Berlin and the Soviet zone visited West Berlin every day. West Berlin could

play the role of meeting place because the Soviet Occupation authorities respected the most important condition of the quadripartite agreements on Berlin, freedom of movement within the city. Thus Berlin, despite political division, was still a special area under the administration of the four victorious powers.

On August 12, 1961, East Berliners went to sleep as usual with the feeling of being relatively free men, at least partially protected from Ulbricht's arbitrary rule. In fifteen minutes the subway or the elevated could bring them to West Berlin for twenty pfennigs. When boarding trains for the West, they saw Communist placards in the East Berlin Friedrichstrasse Station with the warning: "Don't go to West Berlin! Don't fall into the clutches of the slave dealers!" They looked away contemptuously or cracked jokes about it.

THE Wall led at first to a power psychosis among fanatical Communist officials in East Berlin. Ulbricht had his regime's flag — a black, red, and gold banner with hammer and compass enclosed in wheat sheaves — hoisted on the Brandenburg Gate, the symbol of the power of the former German Reich, and he proclaimed in the style of Adolf Hitler: "Our boys in uniform brilliantly fulfilled their combat mission. From now on we are the ones who plot the course of German history!" The regime encouraged feelings of revenge. Ulbricht, who before August 13 had been forced to take the popular mood into consideration because of the prevailing possibility of flight, formed an organization called "Worker's Fist," whose members drew private citizens into political discussions. When those spoken to showed that they were opponents of the regime, they were beaten up. The appearance of goon squads recalled to the population the worst period of Nazi rule.

The courts in East Berlin and in the Soviet zone passed terror sentences on an assembly-line basis against opponents of the regime. Many, including former "border crossers" — East Berlin and Soviet zone workers who were employed in West Berlin factories — were deported from East Berlin and its outlying districts. The government passed decrees restricting freedom of movement and assigning people to compulsory labor. Fanatical members of the Communist youth organization clambered up on the rooftops and dismantled TV antennas oriented toward Western stations. There was a rash of bellicose headlines in the state-controlled press: "A clenched fist for the enemy!" "The enemy will lose both hair and teeth!" "The worker's fist smashes the snout of the militarist beast!" "We have the best rockets!" Along with

the consolidation of the system of political control went a forced militarization of society, which took on almost wartime forms.

The bright dreams once harbored by Ulbricht and his entourage have since withered on the vine. In the winter of 1958, after the opening of Khrushchev's offensive against West Berlin, officials in East Berlin repeatedly announced: "By spring at the latest we'll take over in West Berlin!" At that time the East Berlin radio stations played the old Berlin hit tune "*Wenn der weisse Flieder wieder blüht*" ("When the White Lilac Blooms Again") in bold anticipation of things to come. When Ulbricht fell short of his goal, since Khrushchev had to change his timetable, the East Berlin Communists announced: "The separate peace treaty will come one way or another, but it will come soon, and it will give us complete control of all communications routes to and from West Berlin, including the air corridors!" That too was a hope that was not fulfilled. Ulbricht built the Wall in August, 1961, to save his state from bleeding to death and to protect it from the corrosive winds from the West, but West Berlin continued to exist as a free community, thanks to the commitment of the Western allies. Since then the Communists have not advanced an inch further on the Berlin question. In October, 1962, shortly before the climax of the Cuban crisis, Ulbricht had to eat his own words in front of leading Party comrades. In view of the setback in Berlin and the retreat in Cuba, a tendency toward discouragement, depression, and resignation has spread among Communist officials in East Berlin. The power-psychosis phase was followed by a sobering-up process, and the latter by outright disappointment.

This mood in the ranks of Party officialdom naturally does not remain concealed from the population. So long as the struggle for Berlin remains undecided, and so long as the Western powers maintain their troops in the city, the people of the Soviet sector will not give up hope for a freer life. However, the mood continues to be fairly somber. The Communists continually demand from the intellectuals not only public statements of support for the state, but also active cooperation and education of the youth to be active "class fighters." One official, speaking before artists, authors, doctors, and scientists in East Berlin, declared, "The time of drifting between two worlds is finally over. We now demand commitment to socialist construction!"

The industrial workers of East Berlin are also faced with continuous pressure, especially on the thorny question of work norms. The Communists and the state-controlled trade union organization want to abandon the old norms system, which makes it possible for the worker to overfulfill job

time rates and thus earn relatively high and stable wages. The slogans are: "Raise labor productivity!" "More production for the same wages!" Since, however, the officials still remember the shock of the workers' revolt of June 17, 1953, which broke out as a result of increased labor norms, they proceed cautiously and flexibly. When the workers in a factory stubbornly resist, the Party as a rule retreats for the time being on the norms question, and then later makes a new attempt.

Another source of discontent is the erratic nature of purchasable supplies — notably, household goods and foodstuffs. East Berliners, like the other inhabitants of the Soviet zone, are ever at the mercy of a totally inelastic system of economic management which is designed to satisfy not individual needs but the requirements of the Party plan. For the most part, sufficient quantities of foodstuffs and consumer goods are available to cover minimum daily needs, but the range of choice is drastically limited, while the supply may fluctuate wildly. A store may find itself with a sudden shipment of bathing suits in December. Visitors from the West often think they are filling an urgent need when they bring East Berliners chocolates or cakes; in fact, such gifts, though much appreciated, are unnecessary luxuries compared with such hard-to-come-by necessities as elastic bands, safety pins, paper napkins, or bicycle chains. Simple things, like drinking straws, which East Berliners used to buy at West Berlin's leading department store, the KDW (*Kaufhaus des Westens*), are unobtainable beyond the Wall. Meat, eggs, butter, fats, and milk are often in short supply, while coal and potatoes can be obtained only with ration coupons.

THESE vexations are by no means apparent during a short stay in East Berlin or in a quick look around the streets. The bus excursions which start on the Kurfürstendamm in the West and include a lengthy tour of the East offer a characteristically deceptive view of the real situation, even in the areas of building and reconstruction. The center of Berlin still remains largely bombed out, with jagged blocks of undestroyed buildings and acres of cleared-off wasteland. Little attempt has been made to rebuild the old Prussian heart of the city, where the eighteenth-century Stadtschloss of the Hohenzollern kings, which had been damaged during the war, was torn down by the Communists to make room for the utterly featureless Marx-Engels Platz, where the May Day parades are held. It is likely that Ulbricht and his colleagues for years felt so sure of one day being able to take over the urban facilities available in the West that they deliberately postponed the ambitious plans drafted by East German architects

which called for, among other things, a new Central Committee skyscraper dominated by a tower four hundred and fifty feet high.

The one major piece of post-war reconstruction involved the rebuilding of what was once the Frankfurter Allee before becoming the Stalin Allee and, more recently, the Karl-Marx Allee. It is a dreary mile of bathroom-tile facades plastered here and there with gingerbread ornaments and birthday-cake pinnacles. Few visitors get beyond this monotonous row of proletarian cliff dwellings to the far more modern and multicolored apartment blocks built in the eastern suburbs of the city.

Otherwise, the Soviet sector may seem perfectly normal to a superficial observer: the streets are neatly kept; the traffic, such as it is, is well regulated; in the store windows there is a choice of goods which, although it may be meager in comparison with that in West Berlin, is still relatively rich and colorful compared with what is available in other cities in the Soviet bloc. People are well dressed, and children laugh and play as loudly as anywhere else. The moral distress and the intellectual pressures which lie heavy on the inhabitants strike the visitor only when he is received in East Berlin families, treated as a friend, and included in conversational circles where intimate worries can be aired.

What does an outsider know of the conflicts which confront parents in East Berlin as a result of the atheistic state philosophy and its claim to total control of youth? Take one East Berlin family as an example. The father, an engineer in a state-owned electrical plant, has a good salary and can give his family a life free from material worry. He owns a small car and is able to take a vacation once a year at the Black Sea or Czechoslovakia's Tatra Mountains. The family lives in a good-looking modern apartment in the outer green belt of the city. But the totalitarian state philosophy casts a blight over this material prosperity. The son of the family, a lively, intelligent boy, has to take part in the atheistic youth-dedication ceremony instituted by the Communist regime — a ceremony curiously in contrast to Marxist doctrine, since it represents a direct borrowing from religious rites. During the ceremony the young people must declare their loyalty to the Communist state and Walter Ulbricht's "Ten Commandments of Socialist Morality" (worker discipline, collective consciousness, proletarian internationalism, the spirit of comradely self-sacrifice, and so forth). The parents find themselves in a dilemma. They wish to remain true to their convictions and have their son confirmed in the Evangelical Church. However, if they do not let him take part in the youth dedication, the father not only can expect difficulties in his professional life, but he also runs the risk that his son will not be allowed to continue his studies.

Many parents seek a way out of the dilemma by letting their children take part in the youth dedication and then later having them confirmed, assuring their pastor that the children have remained true to Christian teaching despite their compulsory acknowledgment of atheistic materialism.

The view is often heard in the West that East Berlin youths today follow red flags as readily as they once followed brown flags during Hitler's time. Nothing is more misleading than this oversimplified generalization. Old Communist officials have often complained to me that they are helpless in dealing with the problem of skeptical, cynical, and hypocritical young people who have learned the formulas of Marxism-Leninism by heart without believing in them. Lip service to socialism has to be paid as a means of admission to more advanced schools. College students especially, according to veteran Communists, accept state allowances and other aid as a matter of course and carry on a game of playacting with the Party. The Communist regime itself, whose leading figures were dishonest in their treatment of the de-Stalinization problem, bears the chief responsibility for this state of affairs. For many young people who had believed in Stalin, the dethronement of the dictator destroyed a complete world. Ulbricht, however, dismissed the matter with a few cynical remarks. I have gained the impression, on the basis of long observation, that the regime has not succeeded in really winning the majority of youth to Communism and the collective way of life — which is all the more surprising since totalitarianism has been the rule in East Germany without interruption for thirty years, ever since the establishment of Hitler's rule of force, in turn replaced by the Red dictatorship. There was no breathing space for youth between the two, no possibility of taking part in any kind of truly democratic life.

No doubt the Wall solved some of Ulbricht's problems. So long as the road to West Berlin was open and a gap existed in the barbed-wire border running clear through Europe, East Berlin Communists could not systematically exploit the labor potential available to them, and the whole economic planning system was vitiated accordingly. During my visits to East Berlin and the Soviet zone prior to August 13, 1961, state officials repeatedly told me that so long as people could go to West Berlin, the Communist state would never flourish, since visitors to West Berlin were corrupt and only paid lip service to Communism. Now that the Wall is up it seems that the Communist Party continues to be confronted by the same basic popular psychological-political situation. The Communists may have stopped the refugee flow, but they have not won the heads and hearts of the people.

THE YOUNG GERMANS

by Erika von Hornstein

*Wife of a German manufacturer and mother of two children,
ERIKA VON HORNSTEIN was born in Potsdam and has spent much of her
life in Berlin. When her husband was accused of economic sabotage
in 1950, she fled with him to West Berlin, where they made a new life. She
has interviewed many refugees and has recorded their determination
and their adventures in her book BEYOND THE BERLIN WALL. For this issue
she conducted the following inquiry with three young tunnel builders.*

NOTHING is more disquieting to serious young Germans today than their sense of civic responsibility in contrast to the passivity of their fathers' generation; and nowhere is the problem more dramatically posed than in Berlin, where the proximity of the Wall gives it a particular acuity. Last summer I talked with three of the young men, still in their twenties, who are working at some personal sacrifice to help their countrymen to freedom. Werner, a twenty-five-year-old law student from Königsberg, came to Berlin from West Germany to help in escape work. Otto, a twenty-seven-year-old engineering student, sacrificed more than a year of academic work to tunnel building. Franz, a refugee from East Germany, is twenty-four. His family — parents, brothers, and sisters — had all fled to West Germany during the 1950s. He stayed behind in the East because he wanted to study music in Jena.

"I pulled strings and got myself into school," Franz told me, "but I had to pay a lot of money to do it — study fees, as they were called — though that's very unusual in the East. I didn't get any sort of scholarship or anything. I went on with this for a year, earning money doing odd jobs; and because I stayed in East Germany I managed to get inter-zonal passes, which my parents never had. I could get as many passes as I wanted, so I could go to West Germany every month. But then, as time

went on, the officials said, "You have to choose — join the Communist Party and show that you belong to the Workers' and Farmers' State; then you can carry on with your studies, and you'll get a scholarship too." The usual conditions; but I had to get one thing straight: I couldn't go to West Germany anymore. So then I said, OK, I'll join the Party; and I actually made an application for membership and went to West Germany for what I thought was the last time.

"But I couldn't go through with it. The reason? I could not bring myself to join the Party, and second — and this is the main reason — there was always the threat of the Volksarmee [People's Army] hanging over me. I would never have joined the East German People's Army or the Federal German Army either. I'd rather emigrate to Australia or New Zealand than join any sort of army at all. It's all the same to me if it's East or West."

"But, Franz," Otto interrupted, "you're not a pacifist."

"No, I'm not," Franz replied. "This is how I look at it. We're in a crazy situation, with two German states in existence, and we must face this; there are two, with West German frontier guards and the People's Army pointing guns at each other, ready to shoot if the armed truce ends suddenly. But I could never shoot just because a Herr Strauss in West Germany says we have to, or a Herr Ulbricht in East

Berlin says we have to. That would be civil war. I'd absolutely refuse to do it."

"At least you're not worried by any general moral issues, like the commandment 'Thou shalt not kill,' or anything like that," Werner said.

"That's got nothing at all to do with it," Franz replied. "It's just the plain fact that two Germans are standing facing each other with guns in their hands. And that was quite enough to make me decide that I'd never join the Army. At that time the East Germans were putting on a terrific recruiting drive, and we were under pressure all the time. Apprentices had to sign statements that they would join the Army when they had finished their training, and if they didn't sign, their examination grades were poor, or they even flunked out. The Party workers had all sorts of tricks; they got hold of you for twelve, fourteen hours at a stretch and really worked on you to sign — you understand?"

"I understand only too well," Werner said, "though my case is rather different. I grew up in Cologne. My father fell in the war, and there is a law which says that only sons whose fathers died in the war — I am an only son with two sisters — don't need to join the Army. At that time, I'm prepared to admit — though today my ideas have changed a lot — at that time I felt somehow that if I were a citizen of a country, I couldn't just take everything my country had to offer me without serving it in some way in return: by joining the forces if the country I belonged to had conscription laws. That's why I joined up."

"Maybe if I had stayed in the East I would have joined the Army there for the same reasons you did," Franz commented. "If I'd signed on as an officer for twelve years, I could have had wonderful opportunities for studying. I could have got a fat scholarship — eight hundred marks if I'd had three children. That's what many of them do over there, people of my age who are now officers."

"WHAT importance do you think West Berlin has for Germans living in the East zone?" I asked.

Franz quickly replied, "Oh, Berlin isn't important today. To the East Germans it's the same as the frontier zone, Hanover or Dresden. Until the Wall went up the East was interested in Berlin. The people were like children, happy to see a shopwindow with oranges in it, you know. I was eighteen before I saw a real orange. But it wasn't only because of the shopwindows that we went to West Berlin. We could walk along the streets and talk without having to turn around every so often in case anyone was behind us. That is past now. Of course there are a few people who say that if West Berlin were taken over by the East, the future would look

much blacker, and the whole of West Germany might be taken over too. But that's only the minority."

"Just a minute," Werner broke in. "That's the main question: is it in fact a minority?"

"That's what I believe, of course," Franz replied.

"I think it's mostly people from the East zone who say that Berlin is still what it was before — a certain symbol or bulwark which will survive only if the protecting powers will keep their pledges, and that sort of thing," said Werner.

"I think the bulwark is collapsing," said Franz.

"That's what scares many people and makes them say, for God's sake, don't let it collapse," said Werner. "If it in fact does crumble, there'll be nothing left on the other side but total resignation."

"I think that for those in the East zone who believe that, West Berlin has already collapsed," Franz said.

"You're far too gloomy," said Otto.

"Maybe," replied Franz.

"I'd like to put in a word of warning about the sentimental feelings that play such a part in this situation," said Otto, "on the East side just as much as on the West. In West Germany, when I talk to my school chums about Berlin and tell them what's going on and what they could do too, they are surprised and sympathetic. They find Berlin wonderfully interesting because there's always something happening here at the Wall — shots are always being fired, things like that. That's why Germans like to visit Berlin. But I'm sure that if you suggested to these people that they should help us build escape tunnels, they wouldn't do it. They'd find some excuse."

"What sort of people do get together today to build tunnels and arrange escapes?" I asked.

"It's difficult to say," Otto replied. "Most of them are people who have themselves fled as refugees from East Berlin or the zone. I'd say that ninety percent of the people who help the refugees are former refugees themselves. The other ten percent are West Berliners and West Germans — I'd say three percent West Germans and seven percent West Berliners."

"And no foreigners?" I asked.

"We mustn't forget them," said Otto. "Foreigners have done a lot to help us, especially when it was still possible to get refugees through the control points on foreign passports. One thing we must be clear about: you can't expect a refugee to escape one day and to start building a tunnel the next. Refugees must first get acclimatized over here. They must establish contact with West Berliners, with other people. I know of many young refugees who complain bitterly that they can't find any points of contact at all. They hardly ever get friendly with West Berliners or West Germans.

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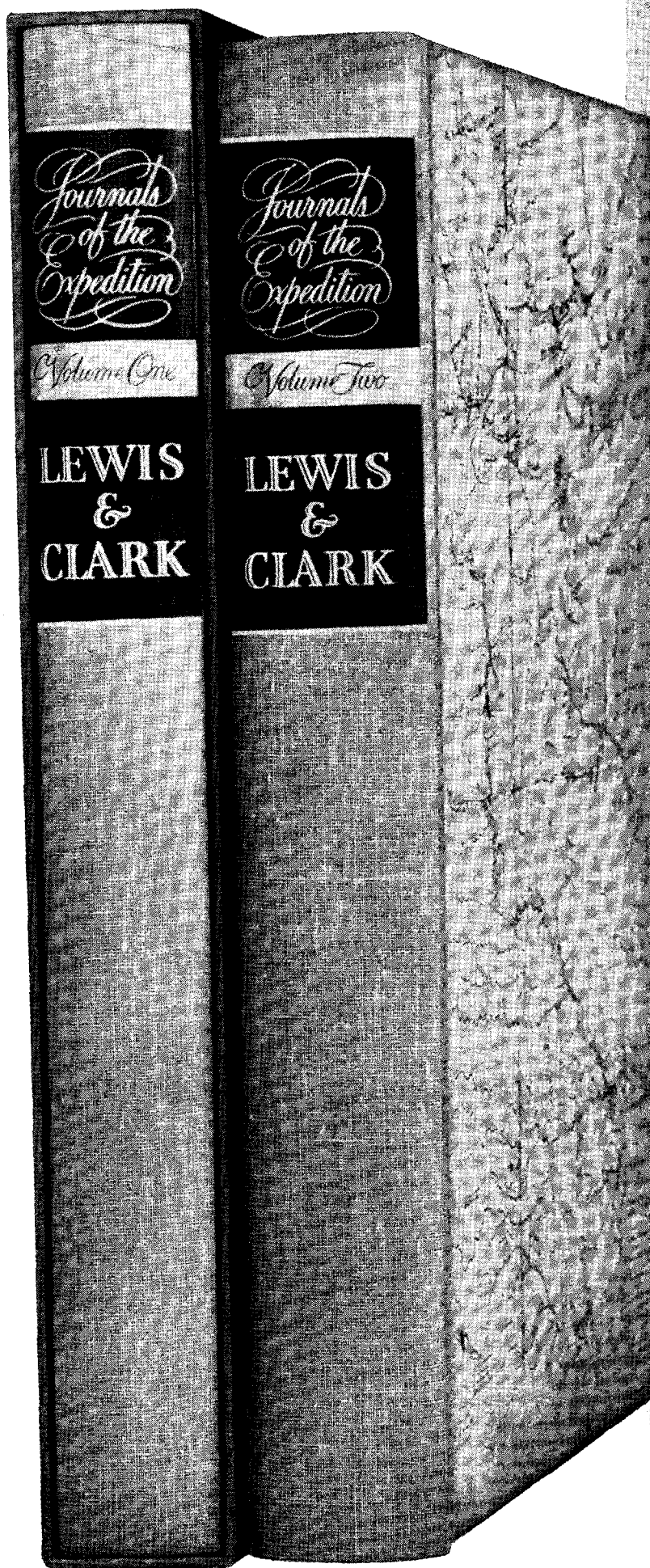
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The mysterious Mandans, whose light skin gave rise to the belief that they were a "lost" Welsh tribe. (BODMER)



Muskewaki warrior (BODMER)



Mandan chief (BODMER)



Funeral scaffold of a Sioux chief. The body, sewn in a blanket, was left on a high, exposed platform. (BODMER)



Indian buffalo dance. The honor of wearing buffalo heads was accorded only to the bravest warriors. (BODMER)

Somehow, there's an impenetrable obstacle between them."

"It's a difference in their way of thinking, an enormous difference," Franz said.

"I think it's a difference in experience," said his wife, Ursula. Franz had brought his wife over the Wall last March.

"I often get the feeling, too," said Werner, "that some people don't go to East Berlin because they don't want to see the great difference in conditions there, so they won't have to admit to themselves: yes, we're snug as a bug in a rug here, but a few yards away they're standing in line for three hours to get one banana. And then, when they meet refugees from the East there's somehow always this feeling of tension: well, there he is, he's gone through hell, and I've been sitting pretty."

"I don't find this surprising," said Otto. "I would say it comes from the astounding apathy of West Germans and, especially, of West German youth. They simply have no idea how to sit down and talk to these people or how to deal with the terrible complexes that they get in the East zone."

"In the East the whole day was planned for them," said Ursula. "Even their holidays were planned to the last detail, and they have no idea what to do with their free time when they get here. They feel absolutely helpless. They can't even make up their minds what to do with a free evening."

"That's right," agreed Otto, "that's just what happens; and this is something which would really be well worth doing — looking after people and helping them overcome this difficulty. But nobody's interested."

"In this connection," said Werner, "it would be interesting to ask ourselves if this lack of interest, this apathy in young people, is something specifically German or whether it isn't rather an apathy which is equally typical of young people in America and France and England; if, in fact, it isn't a social problem which affects the whole of the world today."

"Now, I'd like to say this," put in Otto. "You've been to Israel, Werner. I've seen the book called *The Yellow Star*; I don't know if you've heard of it. The photographs alone had this effect on me: it doesn't matter to me whether it's Germans, Americans, Englishmen, or Frenchmen imprisoned behind that Wall — or Jews. When people under any kind of pressure anywhere want to get out, and when the possibility of getting out is taken away from them, I'd have to try to help them get out."

"I wonder," argued Werner, "whether you'd give up two and a half semesters of study if the people concerned weren't your own countrymen."

"It's obvious that morally I feel more bound to

do what I can for a German than for a foreigner," replied Otto. "But fundamentally, this doesn't matter. People of my father's generation have often said to me, be careful what you do about your studies. You must get those finished first. Later on you'll have plenty of chances to do something useful, in the developing countries abroad, for example. Of course, that's an argument. But for me that's not the burning question at the moment."

"Is your conviction in this respect at all influenced by doubts or a critical attitude toward your father's generation?" I asked.

"I can't answer for others," replied Otto. "I can only answer for myself. And what I say is, this whole problem of the Nazis in the Third Reich wouldn't have been so extremely difficult for me if I could have seen that the generation before us had really wanted to cope with it somehow themselves. But they make it so terribly easy for themselves by running away from it all, running away from it into work, careers — they just don't bother about what's happened in the past. They sit back comfortably, put blinkers over their eyes, and don't care a damn. It's horrifying how little is done in leading industrial circles about problems created by the Nazis."

"I think it's dreadful when people avoid talking about the Nazi era," Franz said. "It's the older generation, after all, which is responsible for the Nazis and the war, and they show so little interest in it! Today they hardly ever speak about it — only in the family circle. Yes, *The Yellow Star* had a shattering effect on me, and I asked my parents about it. 'You lived near Buchenwald; how could something like that happen, what did you say about it?' 'Well,' they told me, 'what could we have said? We knew about some things, but then we didn't know other things; what could we do? Let's talk about something else.' They always pushed these things under the carpet."

"Franz, don't be too harsh," said Otto. "We must realize the human difficulties. A man has to have great strength of mind to admit that he failed to do something. And those who really resisted Hitler, or who suffered under him, don't like to talk about the things they endured and what they knew. They don't want to pretend they knew better, to say, yes, I knew the war was lost as soon as Hitler began it. People don't believe that sort of statement anyway. But I think the basic reason for the apathy of young people today is that they haven't received any guidance at home. Their parents don't discuss political problems; they just avoid them."

"No American generation has been unfortunate enough to live under a dictatorship and to know what it was really like," Werner commented. "If you have never lived under a dictator, you can't imagine how difficult it would have been for a

mother of young children, whose husband has just been killed in the war, to shout out suddenly what she really believed and to be thrown into prison because of it. You couldn't know what it was like."

"My feeling is," said Otto, "that we were lucky that our fathers took part in the Second World War, and that they lived through the Third Reich. And Germans of our age are old enough to know what happened then. Unfortunately, much too little is done in the schools to tell what actually did happen in Germany. But the situation is quite different regarding the Berlin of today."

"Today," Franz said, "resistance means building tunnels! The pressure all comes from the East — people want to get out; all we have to do is open the hole for them to escape through."

"Did you have a hard time getting out yourselves?" I asked.

Franz replied, "Well, we were separated when the Wall went up because I had a West German identity card and Ursula did not."

"I'd been in East Berlin with the children for three weeks," Ursula explained, "and we had to keep hidden because I had gone illegally to East Berlin and couldn't go back home again. So then my husband said, 'You stay here in East Berlin; we must manage something somehow.' So I stayed on, and he went to West Berlin. When they started looking for me in our hometown in the East zone, my husband got together a group to help us get over the Wall."

"The first time we tried," continued Franz, "a Communist on the West side made a signal to the police on the East side and shouted something like 'Someone's trying to escape!' At that point we had to call off the whole operation because a Vopo came along."

"The Vopo went up to look at the cut in the barbed wire," Ursula said, "but he didn't arrest us."

Franz continued with his story. "An hour later we came back to the same place again — kind of a silly thing to do. But we had arranged beforehand with our friends in the West that if they thought we couldn't make it, they'd stand up somewhere where we could see them and blow their noses with white handkerchiefs. We came back an hour later, and the Vopos were standing there. An officer had already come along and inspected the place where we'd tried to escape. All our friends on the other side were standing and blowing their noses like mad. And the Vopos let us go again."

"So then we tried it again at the same place four weeks later. We planned the escape for six thirty

P.M. — twilight in March, when it gets dark early. We were there on the dot. Just try standing there sometime with the Wall looming up a few yards in front of you — it's not exactly a pleasant feeling! We stood there waiting for twenty-five minutes, and I was ready to give it all up, but my wife said, 'Stick around a moment longer.' She'd seen the people on the other side approaching and at last putting a ladder up. Then everything happened so quickly; they came up to the Wall, cut the wire, threw the ladder over. My wife took one of the children. I was scared she'd break down, or someone might shoot at her, or something like that. But I've never seen her move so fast. I was left miles behind. Up with the kids — it all went like lightning. She took one kid and I took the other, and there I was on the top of the Wall, like a fool sitting astride the Wall, just because there were so many people standing underneath on the other side, and I yelled at them at the top of my voice to get the hell out of the way — as if it mattered if I'd jumped and fallen on a head or two."

"Here in Berlin," Otto said, "we refugee helpers go through the most unbelievable experiences. For example, you're in the tunnel one day working with a tunnel outfit when suddenly up roars a West Berlin police car, siren blaring, blue top-light blinking, racing along the border, and it makes straight for the house where you're building your tunnel. Naturally the Vopos on the other side are immediately alerted to what's up as soon as they see a police car coming like that. Then the West Vopos clatter down into the cellar, draw their pistols, jab them in our backs, and order us to stop digging and to come out at once. One time while I was getting out, I tried to light up a cigarette — I was so jittery I was ready to puke — whereupon the West Vopo knocked the cigarette out of my mouth! If things continue like this, if even West Berlin guards don't allow us to go on with this kind of work, then the Wall will stand there as long as the Great Wall of China!"

"We're the last handful of people who are doing anything at all here," Franz said. "But even if we go on building tunnels, and even if we have to build a tunnel all the way to the Alexanderplatz, we'll keep looking for ways of making contact with the people, with the politicians on the other side. Our Bonn politicians can dream up an 'All-German policy' to prevent any kind of contact from taking place; they haven't another idea in their heads. But we must take a stand once and for all, and not just go on waiting, waiting to see what the Americans intend to do."

BERLIN'S

ECONOMIC FUTURE

by HENRY C. WALLICH

Author and economist, HENRY C. WALLICH was born in Berlin, graduated from the Bismarck Gymnasium, and attended Oxford before coming to the United States in 1935. He received his graduate degrees from Harvard, for the past twelve years has been professor of economics at Yale, and has served on the President's Council of Economic Advisers. His latest book, THE COST OF FREEDOM, recently appeared on the White House book list.

BERLIN is being defended by the West at high risk. The chances for holding the city seem good, but victory will be hollow if the economy of West Berlin fails, as the Communists hope.

Before the Cuban crisis, the East German regime had high hopes for a speedy takeover in Berlin. Utterances at Party meetings and in the press made that clear. Khrushchev's new line has compelled the East German government to defer its plans indefinitely. Barring a new major change in Soviet policy, Ulbricht must now pin his hopes mainly on economic attrition. Is the Berlin economy likely to reach a point where either the allies or the people of the city may feel that it is wise to make some accommodation with the Communists?

The visitor to Berlin, particularly if he has not seen the city for some years, will be struck by the recent gains in construction, in the number of cars, in all the outward signs of affluence. During a short visit, moreover, the Berlin atmosphere can be very exhilarating, and the feeling grows strong that the city can survive because it must survive.

The Wall heightens the emotional reaction to Berlin. As the visitor walks up to it, he finds himself confronted with a shoddy piece of masonry which at first sight hardly seems capable of cutting a large city in two. At the Brandenburg Gate, the Wall is not high enough to block the view of a tall man. A man of medium height can chin himself on it and look over, as General Clay did in November, 1962. But the Wall runs on and on, interminably, implacably. Impervious to argument, to sentiment, to anything human, this row of cement

blocks speaks more eloquently of Communism than Ulbricht ever did. And as the visitor stares at it, mile after infuriating mile, he learns more about the values of the West than the most articulate prophet of freedom may have been able to teach him.

The visitor returning from the tour of the Wall, and perhaps from a short trip into the Soviet sector, carries away a strong sense of the strength of West Berlin. But if he spends considerable time in the city, doubts begin to assail him. He will notice that the bustle and the traffic in the streets are less than in West Germany. He will become aware of the predominance of elderly women. His eye will wander away from the new architectural showpieces to the many buildings that are shabbily repaired and to the many ruins and empty lots which together make up perhaps two thirds of the total area. He will remember, if he has done his homework, that West Berlin is heavily dependent upon subsidies. He cannot help wondering whether all this reflects a lag in reconstruction or some deep-seated malaise.

The answer is that it is more than a lag, but that the problem can be solved. To appreciate the economic problems of Berlin, it is necessary to go back to the city's pre-war role. As the capital of Prussia and later of Germany, Berlin was the center of a vast bureaucracy. It was also the financial capital of Germany, where the main offices of the big banks and of many other enterprises were located. It was, in other words, a combination of Washington and New York, much as London and Paris are. But the center of heavy industry was in the Ruhr, although

Berlin was strong in the electrical industry. Berlin was also the winter headquarters of the Prussian aristocracy which at one time had attended the court; it was a strong intellectual center; and it had the tourist traffic and the many ancillary activities that accompany such attributes.

Most of this centripetal power is now gone. West Berlin is a municipality, with a bureaucracy attending the needs of 2.2 million people. The banks and most other big enterprises have moved their main offices to West Germany, and Berlin has become an out-of-the-way place, far from the main-streams of German life.

The deep gap in the city's economy has had to be filled by the deliberate creation of industries. This had to be done in the face of great handicaps. Berlin is a city without a hinterland. An island in a Red sea, it cannot draw its resources from, or sell its products to, the immediate surrounding area. It must make its living by importing fuel and raw materials from the West and by shipping back the finished products. Its access routes are vulnerable to Communist interference. These are not the makings of a strong industrial economy.

Berlin also had been hit harder by the war than most other German cities. One third of all housing was destroyed or rendered uninhabitable. Dismantling of industrial equipment, with the Russians nearby, was particularly thorough. Unemployment was heavier than in most other parts of Germany.

As a result, the recovery of Berlin lagged behind that of West Germany by perhaps five years. While in the West the economic miracle was beginning to take shape, in Berlin the only miracle was that after the blockade economic life in some form was possible at all. Unemployment in 1950 amounted to 32 percent of all possible wage and salary earners.

But Berlin could count on two advantages. One was the great effort made, inside and outside the city, to get it going again. Americans, Berliners, and West Germans contributed ideas, effort, and money. When American aid came to an end, the West German government took over.

The second advantage came from Berlin's role as a marginal supplier. So long as there was free capacity in West Germany, new orders were slow in coming. But as capacity in the West became crowded and delivery times lengthened, as wages rose and labor became scarce, people remembered Berlin. Suddenly, as West Germany was running over with economic activity, the half-empty barrel that was Berlin started to fill. The city was not far from catching up with West Germany when it was struck by the economic calamity of the Wall.

The Wall suddenly deprived West Berlin of about 7 percent of its labor force — workers who had been living in East Berlin and, under the jeers of the

Communists, had daily crossed into West Berlin to jobs with better pay than those in the East sector. The loss of the labor force was partly compensated for by very rapid productivity gains. But the impact slowed down the expansion of the Berlin economy. Economic growth during the first half of 1962 was only one percent per year. New orders dropped by 18 percent.

In the days of heavy unemployment, the loss of part of the labor force, human considerations aside, would have been an economic gain. But with full employment approaching, it hurt the Berlin economy badly. It also brought into focus a problem that was bound to manifest itself sooner or later.

West Berlin's chances of economic survival depend upon giving its population a living standard at least as high as that of other large German cities. Otherwise, people will simply pack up and move, as many already have done. With job openings in West Germany exceeding the number employed by six to one, the economic risk is small. What has held people, aside from their attachment to the city, has been the housing shortage in West Germany, but that is bound to abate someday.

It is clear, therefore, that West Berlin could not indefinitely trade on a relatively low wage level as a means of attracting industry. Prior to the building of the Wall, that, in fact, was what Berlin was doing. The difference between wages in Berlin and those in large cities in the West was not tremendous, averaging perhaps 10 to 15 percent. But the method of attracting industry by offering relatively cheap labor was in the long run incompatible with the maintenance of a stable or growing labor force.

When the Wall suddenly made labor scarce, it may have improved the prospects for viability. Berlin no longer could attract capital by offering cheap labor. It had to attract labor by offering well-paid jobs. By having to convert itself into a place where it was attractive to go, it also had to become a place where it was attractive to stay.

A big start on the solution of this problem was made when industrial wages in West Berlin advanced 18 percent in 1962 over 1961, against an increase of about 11 percent in West Germany. Even at their new level, wages are somewhat below those of West Germany, but countervailing attractions are offered, to which I shall return presently. Meanwhile, it is important to view the labor-force and wage situation in Berlin against the long-run demographic trends of the city.

BERLIN suffers from an imbalance of the sexes, a low birthrate, and a population that is generally overage. The tourist's impression that most people in Berlin are elderly women is only a mild exag-

geration. There are 1363 women in Berlin to every 1000 men. War losses have produced similar disproportions throughout Germany, but in Berlin the situation has been aggravated by the emigration of active young males. Of the total Berlin population, the proportion of the people aged sixty-five and over is 18.2 percent, as against 10.6 percent in West Germany. From 1950 to 1960, the birthrate, plus the migratory movement, was insufficient to maintain the level of population, which declined slightly.

The ultimate result of these population trends, if they were to continue unchecked, would be to reduce the labor force of West Berlin by about 20 percent in fifteen years. Perhaps this would favorably affect the level of wages and make Berlin a more attractive place to work in. But it would slow the growth of the Berlin economy, sap its vitality, and quite likely reduce willingness to stay in the city. The allies might find themselves defending an old people's home.

Every healthy city has a steady inflow and outflow of population. People move partly for economic reasons, partly for a variety of personal motives. For Berlin, the personal motives are heavily weighted in favor of emigration. Even allowing for the considerable equanimity of the average Berliner, life in Berlin does impose a nervous strain. The official view is that whatever happens to Berlin also happens to West Germany. No one, according to this reasoning, can increase his safety by moving to the West. But in his private thoughts no Berliner can be completely sure that West Berlin will not someday come under a different kind of regime. Many no doubt toy with the idea of moving and then decide against it because there always seems to be time. A sudden invasion by the East Germans or Russians is unlikely and in any case would presumably touch off a war. A gradual encroachment, if it should not lead to war, would still provide a chance to get out.

Aside from the element of danger, the isolation of Berlin is oppressive to many people. It induces a state of mind that in oceanbound communities sometimes is called an island psychosis. The circumference of West Berlin is less than one hundred miles; every car ride of any duration, every good hike, brings Berliners to the boundary of the sector or zone. To get out by plane is expensive; travel by train, car, or bus involves uneasy contact with the East German police. These handicaps drive some people away and no doubt keep many from coming.

Great efforts are being made by the West German government to provide attractions for those who already live in or who want to go to Berlin. Tax and other subsidies have always existed. After the building of the Wall, Mayor Willy Brandt and his able Senator for Finance, Professor Karl Schil-

ler, spent half a year arguing with the Bonn authorities how best to step up the subsidies. As a result, West Berliners enjoy some attractive tax and other benefits.

For people in the upper income brackets the principal bonus is a reduction in the personal income tax, by 30 percent below rates applicable elsewhere in Germany. For those in the lower brackets, where this may be no great bonanza, a cash bonus has been established which begins at a rate of 5 percent of pay for those with the smallest income and continues at progressively lower rates until the income reaches \$8500. This is a kind of negative tax which, together with recent pay increases and a relatively low cost of living, may put the Berlin worker on a par with workers in other large West German cities.

Special credit facilities are offered to small businessmen and refugees, as well as to homeowners. Even for apartment rentals, financial aids can be obtained to cover the down payment (contribution to construction costs) which in Germany is often asked of tenants. Thanks to these arrangements, Berlin has come to be known as the best place in Germany in which to get married.

How effective benefits like these can be in drawing labor to Berlin time alone can tell. The city administration assiduously counts every immigrant. The balance has fluctuated from month to month, but on the whole it seems to have been favorable. To make up for its adverse demographic structure, Berlin needs to attract a net inflow of 15,000 workers each year. In 1962, the inflow was 18,000, and most of the newcomers were under twenty-five years old. If this keeps up, Berlin's labor force will not shrink, although it will grow very little.

The city and the Federal government are working hard also to attract business to Berlin. Some very rich tax deals are open to those who are willing to venture. Corporations get in effect the same 30 percent income tax reduction that individuals in the upper income brackets enjoy. More important, the corporations can write off 75 percent of investment expenditures during the first year. In addition, 10 percent of the value of movable equipment purchased can be taken as a credit against income tax.

The German turnover tax of 4 percent levied on all wholesale and retail sales is waived on Berlin products sold outside the city. If the products are resold by their purchaser, the tax is waived a second time. This tax bonus had the probably unintended effect of mobilizing a large part of the tobacco industry and causing it to move to Berlin.

Businessmen have compared Berlin to an unattractive girl with a large dowry, to which Berliners have replied that the girl is not at all unattractive, but that in her lovely home she happens to have an unpleasant subtenant. Whichever way one looks at

the tax advantages provided, it is not difficult for a firm to overcome the drawbacks of a Berlin location. But German businessmen have been realistic. They obviously feel that to settle in Berlin means to put one's neck in a noose. Companies that have most of their assets in Berlin may have excellent earnings and dividends, but their stock will not be appraised very highly by the stock exchange. An industrialist placing an order with a Berlin company may demand some sort of insurance against obstacles to delivery. A Berlin firm may be able to get orders only if it can demonstrate that it has standby facilities in West Germany or that it can take care of the customer's needs from stocks carried in the West.

A RENEWED blockade is the perennial nightmare of people living in and dealing with Berlin. It happened in 1948, but a spectacular airlift defeated the blockade. Few believe, however, that this feat could be repeated. It was one thing to airlift the minimum food and fuel needs of a hungry city. It would be quite another to keep going a prosperous industrial operation, with its vast inflow of materials and outflow of finished products.

West Berlin today is well stocked with coal, foodstuffs, and other basic necessities. It could eat and live under blockade, even without airlift, for a long time. But no airlift that seems feasible with the city's limited airport space is likely to keep the industries going. If a blockade should at some point be resumed, the choice would seem to lie between military reaction and some vast counter-blockade against the entire Soviet bloc, if the Western allies could be persuaded to give up their profitable trade with the bloc. Neither strategy would hold any assurance of saving Berlin.

For the time being, these grim alternatives are being avoided, and all those who invested in Berlin have had a chance to benefit from the extraordinary tax concessions. All, that is, except Americans. It is a peculiarity of the American income tax system that it automatically appropriates for the United States Treasury tax reductions that a foreign country offers to an American business. Foreign income taxes paid by an American business abroad can be credited against the American tax liability when the income is remitted to the United States. If the foreign tax is reduced for some reason, the American tax liability automatically goes up. The only way not to lose the foreign concessions is never to remit the income back home.

This problem is by no means unique to American business in West Berlin. Many countries, especially the less developed, offer income tax concessions to American companies. The U.S. Treasury pockets them all. Suggestions have been made to treat

taxes forgiven by a foreign country as having been paid for the purpose of computing the American tax, but the Treasury has opposed this.

Suggestions have been made also for shielding American business in Berlin against the consequences of the 1962 tax legislation which tightened the rules on American subsidiaries abroad. This might have been done by declaring Berlin an underdeveloped country, since such countries are exempt from the legislation. But the suggestion has been rejected, on the not unreasonable ground that Berlin is no country at all, being a part of the Federal Republic of Germany. Neither is it underdeveloped—it is the largest industrial city in all of Germany.

As far as the American contribution to West Berlin is concerned, the fact is that the United States, together with its allies, supplies the defense of the city but nothing else. Berlin gets no aid from the United States. On the contrary, local expenses of the 6500 troops that the United States has in Berlin, plus some two to three thousand quartermaster personnel, are defrayed by Germany through Occupation costs. This is not the case with troops stationed in West Germany.

Berlin still benefits from the funds originally derived from Marshall Plan aid. These sums were loaned for reconstruction purposes, and as the loans are repaid the money is lent out again as a revolving fund. The money is the property of the German government, however, and if the United States were to count its use as aid now, it would be double counting.

Since the building of the Wall efforts have nevertheless been made to strengthen American activities in West Berlin. General Lucius Clay, the patron saint of Berlin, has addressed himself to leading business corporations. Some fifteen companies have responded. The scope of their operations is extremely limited, but there is some symbolic value in getting familiar American corporate names into the city.

The Ford Foundation has made important grants to Berlin. Dr. James B. Conant, former president of Harvard and thereafter ambassador to Germany, is spending a year or more in Berlin. Other cultural leaders are making visits. There is talk—still very tentative—about establishing a third university in West Berlin. An automation center is being created, featuring American computers.

Financially, the burden of subsidizing Berlin rests upon the broad shoulders of the Bonn government. The Berlin budget receives a subsidy from Bonn of \$250 million. This goes to offset the structural weakness of the Berlin tax base and to meet the many special expenses the city must bear. The tax concessions are worth an additional \$100 million. Amounts of this magnitude pose no serious prob-

lems within a German Federal budget of \$14 billion. Berlin also benefits through the payments made from the Federal budget to its many pensioners, who form a much higher percentage of the population in Berlin than elsewhere.

The greatest benefit that West Germany can bestow upon Berlin is the close integration of Berlin with its own progressive economy. Although under the ultimate control of the allies, West Berlin is a part of West Germany in every other sense, with a common tax system, monetary system, customs area, social service, and civil service. While the city government is controlled by the Social Democratic Party, there is no question that the principles of the German free economy are accepted in Berlin.

It is in the light of this firm tie to West Germany that occasional flirtations with the East, of a most reserved character, must be regarded. In 1958, Khrushchev sent a memorandum suggesting higher levels of trade with the East. Since then, the prospect of large orders from the East German government and other Communist countries has from time to time been dangled before the eyes of Berlin businessmen. There is no doubt that the East would be willing to place such orders and that many Berlin businessmen would be delighted to have them.

Several solid obstacles are almost certain to frustrate these developments. The most immediate block is that the East cannot pay. Trade with Eastern countries is financed through a clearing account. When one side gets ahead with its deliveries beyond the swing credit stipulated in the trade agreement, it stops delivering. East Germany and the other Communist countries have very little exportable merchandise. Unless they are prepared to pay in gold or hard currency, which would be an exception, their capacity to buy from Berlin is limited by their capacity to deliver. This is the immediate reason why only 2 percent of Berlin's trade is with East Germany. Trade with other Communist countries is included in the trade statistics of the Federal Republic, but since the latter's trade with the Eastern bloc (excluding East Germany) is only 4 percent of its total trade, the pickings evidently have been slim.

Conceivably, the supply position of the Soviet bloc could improve, or a deliberate effort could be made to win over Berlin by providing adequate supplies. Some expansion of trade could occur under those conditions. It seems extremely doubtful, barring serious depression, that this trade would be allowed to build up to the point where Berlin

would become seriously dependent upon its economic relations with the East. In a depression, the danger of economic reorientation of all of Germany would become real.

The danger of political flirtations with the East can also easily be overrated. Mayor Brandt, within the limited scope he has as head of an occupied city, at times has followed a softer line than the Bonn government and the Christian Democratic Party in Berlin would have liked to see. The issue usually is whether benefits that may come from negotiation on particular points — and the points are almost always minute — are worth the increasing implicit recognition and other concessions that the Pankow regime may gain from them. Even the American reaction to overtures of this sort is ambivalent. The United States would like the West Germans to be more "flexible" — that is, more ready to accept whatever accommodations with the Russians the United States may find negotiable. At the same time the United States is suspicious of any German initiatives in an Eastern direction.

The best protection against a turn to the East, in all of Germany but most particularly in Berlin, is the strong anti-Communist feeling that life on the Communist frontier has engendered. This is not always appreciated by outsiders. The German newspaper *Der Spiegel* reported an exchange between President Kennedy and the British commander in Berlin, culminating in the latter's reply that East Berlin might not be pleasant, but that it was no concentration camp. Not many Germans, particularly those with friends or relatives in the East, would be so detached. Anti-Communism in West Germany runs deep. The principal danger that Berliners see is not that they might be tempted to turn East, but that their allies might not support them sufficiently in their commitment to the West.

While this concern will probably endure, there is no indication that the United States has done anything but firm its resolve to defend Berlin. That should take care of the military and political side of the Berlin problem, if anything can. The economic side is largely in the hands of the Bonn government. From all appearances, the existing level of trade, the subsidies, and the tax benefits are sufficient to keep Berlin's economy expanding and to enable the city to maintain an adequate labor force. Should these means prove insufficient, the Bonn government can increase them to the point where they can do the job. If present circumstances continue, there is every reason to believe that West Berlin is viable.

by all means, but there is something you ought to know: there are two schools of thought on how to open a bottle of champagne. The Convivial, or New Year's Eve method, as shown in the illustration. You work the cork up with your thumbs and then let 'er fly. The unofficial record for distance was achieved on Mardi gras 1962 at New Orleans when the cork from a Jeroboam (four-fifths a gallon) of Paul Masson Champagne vaulted 4 feet, or 1 foot for each glass of California champagne in the bottle.

TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT ?

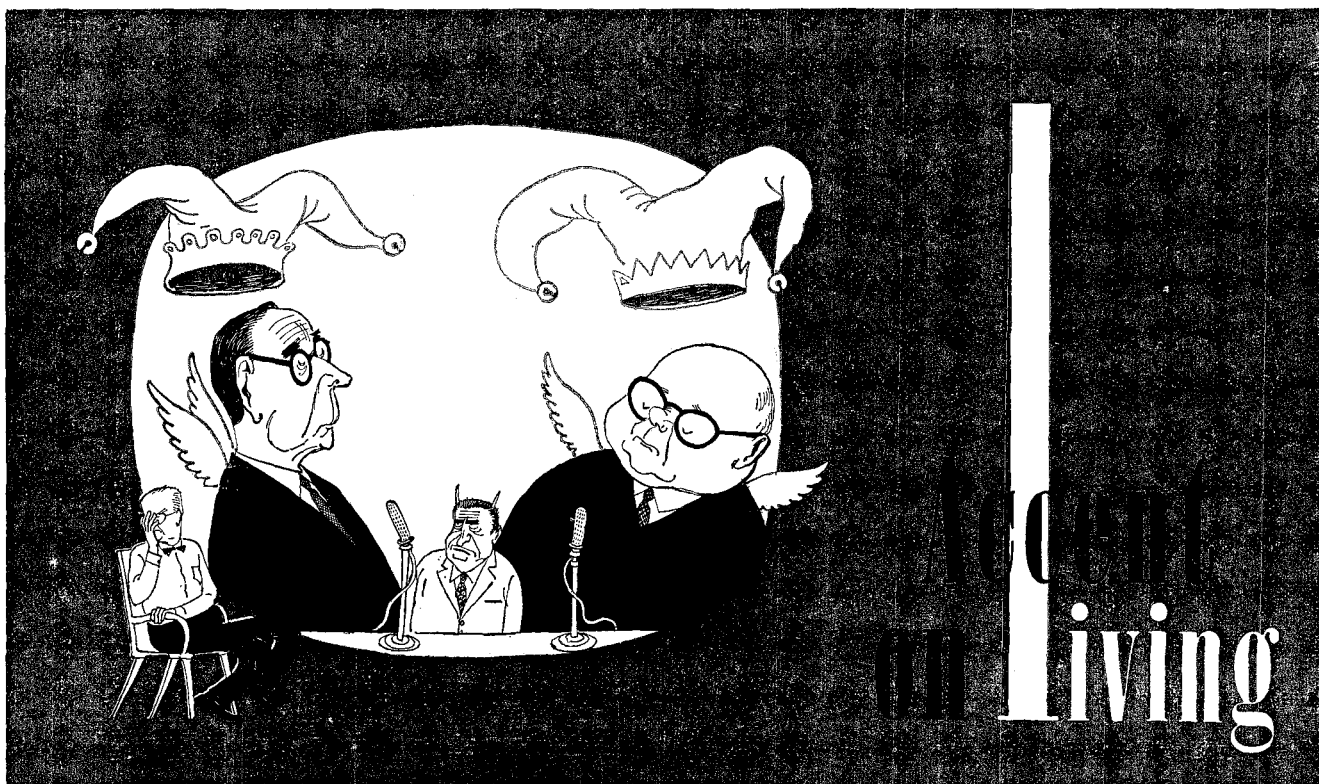
The more discreet method, preferred by *sommeliers* and old family retainers is as follows: hold the bottle with one hand at a 45-degree angle and, with a napkin over the cork to firm up your grip, *twist* the bottle in one direction and the cork in the other until it comes free. There will be only a gentle, but emphatic, *shoosh*.

There's much to be said for each of these different styles, but the festive, delicious epilogue is the same in either case.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

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TELEVISION: Embarrassing Moments of 1963

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

There may be a distinction worth drawing between a television performance that is merely no good and one that is embarrassing to the viewer. The no-good shows are unmistakably what we expected them to be, identified at a glance, shut off without a qualm; but the embarrassments catch us unaware. Before we can bow out, we have, indecently, like a Peeping Tom, intruded on some fiasco that we should have preferred never to have seen at all. Some examples in 1963:

Senators Mundt and McClellan: Their determination, by means of their own questions, to share the spotlight they had caused to be turned on Joe Valachi. The self-satisfaction both senators seemed to draw from an awareness of their own moral and intellectual superiority to their guttersnipe witness would have been extremely funny had it not been so embarrassing.

100 Grand: To watch the opening performance of this widely advertised new quiz show was like meeting a person who was unaware that he was suffering from an incurable and soon to be fatal disease. It was em-

barrassing in details as well as in the large. How, for instance, does the viewer respond when the quizmaster, or whatever he is supposed to be, begins by insisting that the show is absolutely on the level? To clinch it, each contestant signed a preposterous "affidavit" that no one else knew what questions he was about to ask his opponent — so there! Gone was the trusting trust company vice president who used to carry the questions from vault to studio in a little black bag, custodian, alas, after the fact. Gone were the usherettes in their fishnet tights, who once sealed off the contestant in his cue-proof cabinet, but only after too many cues had already been given and received. Gone too were the histrionics, the scowls of groping recollection, the grin of memory triumphant, hope, dismay, avarice writ large, etc., etc. What survived was the inane information on tap from people who knew more about one special subject or another than anyone could wish to hear. *100 Grand* lived for only three performances, an embarrassment to all for every moment of its stay.

Hugh Downs and Alec Waugh: This interview with a perfectly readable English author, on the *Today* show, was bowling along harmlessly enough until Waugh happened to mention that he had attended an English public school. Even as the viewer began to hope that what seemed to be coming next could somehow be avoided, Waugh determined to forestall any misunderstanding on the part of his audience. What was called a public school in England, he went on relentlessly, was really a school like our Groton, St. Marks, and such. But now came helpful Hugh Downs to drive the point home, and I am not quite sure whether an assist from others on the show was included. In other words, said Downs, what *you* call a *public* school in England is what *we* call a *private* school over here. (Exclamation points, general concurrence, affable chuckles at how such things could be.)

Command Performance: Picked out in light on a dark screen appeared a royal crown and the words — repeated sonorously by an unseen announcer — Com-mand Performance! The source of the command was not disclosed, but what followed was a Hollywood B picture, a release of the year 1936.

Are you flying in a jet while reading this? Take a good look at the engines.

The American Airlines fan-jet story.

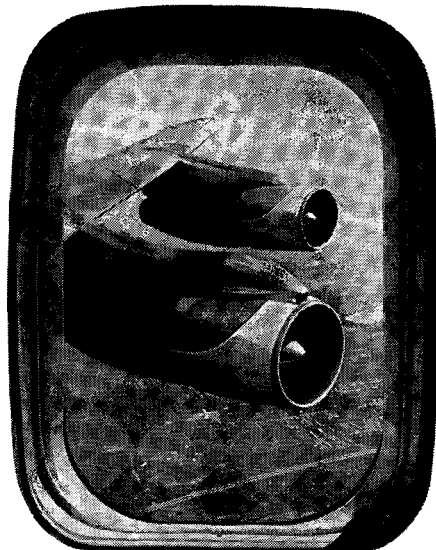
If the engines on your plane are fan-jets, they'll have a bigger opening than ordinary jets.

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Fan-jet takes in twice as much air, has 30% more power.

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Now, if you happen to be on an American Airlines Astrojet, you needn't bother checking the engines at all.

All of our Astrojets are fan-jets. [We have 64 of these planes—41 more than anyone else in the business.]

But if you're on any other jet, take a look.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Spins the Smoke: It was embarrassing to be faced by a normal-looking adult, possibly a husband and father, who had been hired to explain to us persuasively a dual absurdity: (a) that the filter in the cigarette he was plugging was actually constructed in such a way as to "spin the smoke,"

and (b) that spinning or spun smoke was preferable to other varieties.

Senator McClellan and James R. Hoffa: Their belief, on quite separate and unrelated occasions, that the word is pronounced (and presumably spelled) "substantuate." One would pass this as a slip of the tongue

were they not so aggressively parading their precision of utterance.

Footnote on Bob and Ray: Their marvelous performance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, absolute perfection in every respect, served to emphasize how embarrassingly dreary are so many other television comedians.

Bats

BY MORRIS FREEDMAN

MORRIS FREEDMAN has written and done editorial work for many magazines and newspapers and is now an associate professor of English at the University of New Mexico.

One night bats visited us in Washington, D. C., in the house we were renting while away from our home in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

They came at 5 A.M., or at least were noticed by my son at that time, in his room. He's fourteen. He knocked on our bedroom door and opened it.

"Dad," he said, "excuse me, but there's a toad flying around in my room. Maybe two. I know it's a toad, because there's no water."

"You're having a nightmare," I said.

"I know," he said. "That's just what I thought, too. But the third time I woke up, I saw it on the wall right over me. And I'm not scared. That's why I think I'm not having a nightmare."

"Toads don't fly," I said. "Go back to sleep. Frogs don't either."

"Dad, please come take a look."

I pulled myself up and, staggering and shuffling, went to his room and flicked the light on. It blinded me, and I could see nothing.

"See," he said, "over my window."

I squinted. What certainly looked like a toad to me, with my eyes half open, was squatting on the wall over his window.

"Maybe we're both dreaming. Let's both go back to sleep."

"I heard a rustling behind the picture, too."

I turned that, dislodging a bat, which fluttered slowly around the room. We backed out hastily, my son almost closing the door on me.

"Bats," we said simultaneously.

At this point my daughter woke up. "What's the matter?" she said.

"Why are you guys making so much noise? It's not fair." She's eleven.

"There are bats in Paul's room."

"I know," she said, "four of them. And I still don't think it was fair that you let him take them when all I could bring was three dolls." She was clearly talking about Paul's baseball bats, which he had stowed neatly under the front seat of the car and in the sides of the trunk, along with two catcher's mitts, one for each hand (he's left-handed and I'm right-handed, and one was for me to catch his pitching, and the other for, well, him to catch mine), a left-handed first baseman's mitt, and two fielder's gloves, one left- and one right-handed. He also brought a sack of balls. He likes baseball and hates to be caught without equipment. But I didn't understand at the moment what she was talking about; those dolls puzzled me, and I didn't know there were four bats in Paul's room. I had seen only two; how could she know of more?

"You're dreaming, darling," I said. "Go back to sleep."

"New Mexico bats, Iris," Paul said on her wavelength. "Carlsbad Caverns bats. The kind that fly." At which she jumped out of bed, wide-awake. My wife was also up by now.

Paul spent the rest of the night in the living room, the door to his bedroom closed. "Good night, bat boy," I said to him. "Good night, Vampira," I said to my wife. "Good night, Miss Dracula," I said to my daughter.

"You're not very funny, Daddy," she said.

In the morning I asked my wife to call the naturalist at the Rock Creek Nature Center, a Department of Interior local enterprise not far from our house. "If I call," I explained, "he'll simply tell me how to get rid of them. If you call, maybe they'll send someone out. Maybe they need specimens or something."

She called and learned a great deal about bats. Bats carry rabies,

for example, which we knew, but the ones we had probably didn't because if they did they probably wouldn't be hanging from the ceiling. They'd be on the floor. The naturalist told us not to worry in any case, for the bats surely would fly out at dusk. He didn't know that the windows were screened; we had no idea how they got in. He wouldn't come out to get them as specimens, since, he said, they were common in the area. He suggested we try the zoo, which suggested we try the United States Public Health Service, which suggested we try



district rodent control, which suggested we try S.P.C.A., which suggested we try the Animal Rescue League, which suggested the Fish and Wildlife Service, Small Mammal Division, which suggested the Department of Agriculture, which suggested we call any of the local universities. Since I am a university man myself, we didn't. *Noblesse oblige*. We felt pleased to discover how many different organizations might have come out to help small animals in trouble if they hadn't happened to have their fieldmen in court that morning.

We gathered from all the advice that whoever went after the bats ought to keep his head covered and wear thick gloves. I volunteered. I donned a narrow Ivy League rain cap, a present from my brother-in-law, who likes to laugh at me in it; it's narrow and small and perches on top. To cover my arms, I put on a raincoat, and for my hands, left-handed and right-handed catcher's

mitts. Since we were renting the house, I didn't have any other gloves, and I don't have such thick ones anyway. I worried about the bats getting at my eyes, and as my own contribution to the equipment, I put on sunglasses. Then, with a wastebasket and a folded newspaper, I entered the room.

The first bat was no problem. It fell into the basket; I covered the top quickly with the paper; and gripping the basket at the sides, I dashed down the stairs, out the side door, and into the backyard, where I hurled the basket as far from me as I could. I noticed our neighbor, a Mrs. Jenson, watching from her screened porch, and I nodded as I ran by. We hadn't met formally. The bat, awakened, fluttered out, made several swoops, and flew into the high branches of a tree. I retrieved the basket, hurried back into the house, and repeated the process with the other bat I saw.

Then I returned to check the room. I moved the picture, and a third bat dropped down and flew back and forth and up and down. I swung at it each time it came by and finally knocked it to the floor, where it lay trilling and clicking its tiny teeth. I scooped it into the basket and dashed for the yard. Mrs. Jenson was leaning over the fence now.

"Bats," I explained.

"Yes," she said, and backed away.

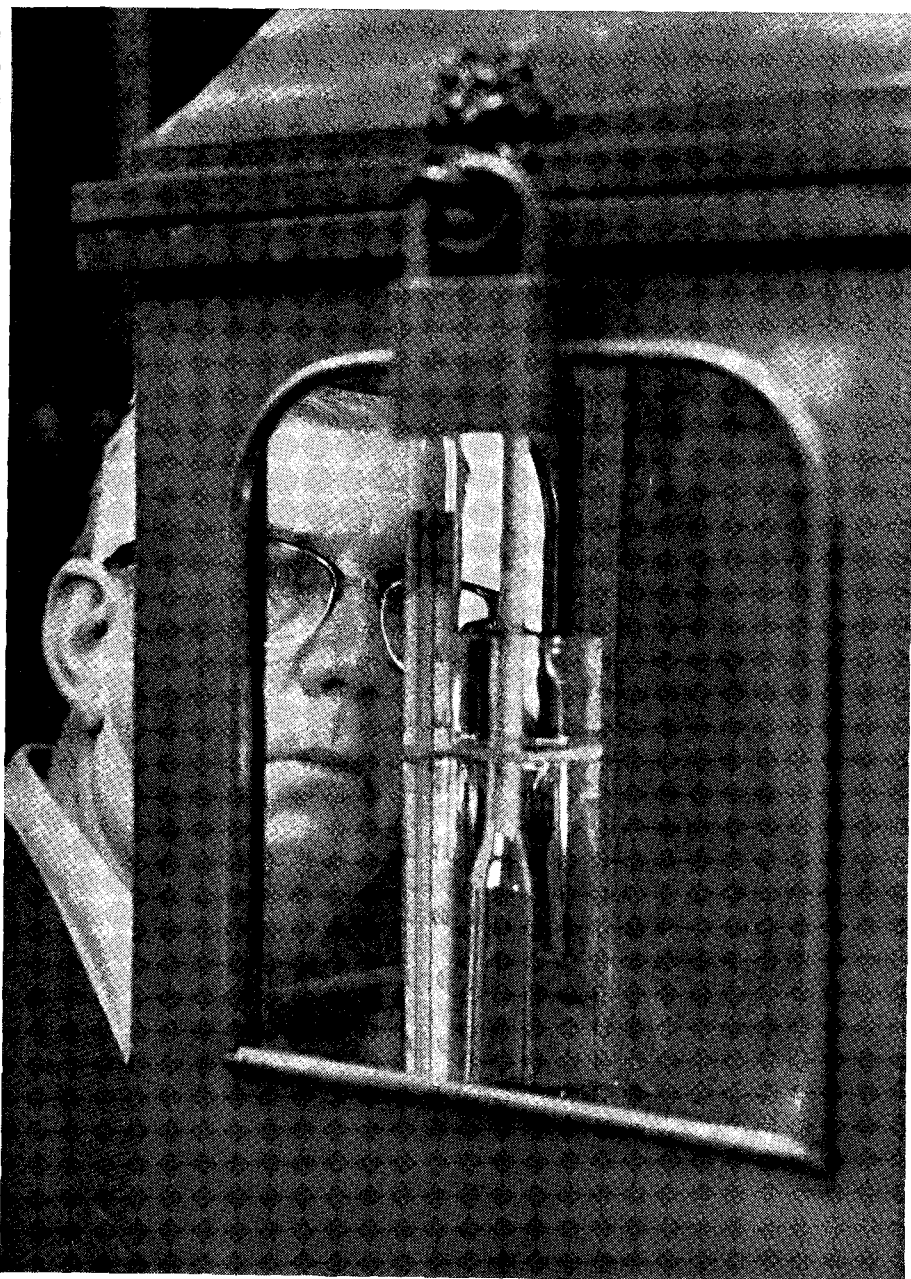
"I mean, what? Who are you? Oh, yes. Bats? My word. We've never had them."

There were no bats anywhere else in the room. I continued looking for about fifteen minutes, fully garbed, pushing furniture and turning pictures. When I assured everyone that all was clear, removing the mitts to dramatize the point, Iris and Paul broke into the room, looking for guano. They remembered from the lecture at Carlsbad Caverns that it was valuable. They found a good deal.

REAL PROPERTY

BY ERIC PFEIFFER

I am buying a plot of land;
forty acres of woods, forty
acres of tilled, plowed land,
a cabin, a creek, and a pond.
But what I want to know is,
How far down is it mine?



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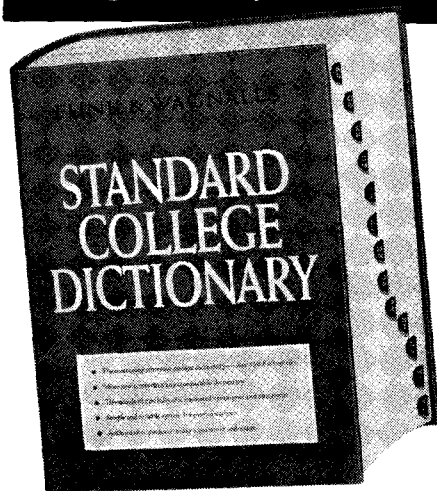
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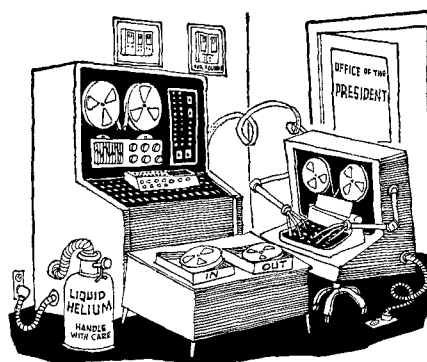
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Computerizings

BY VOLTA TORREY

VOLTA TORREY is editor of the *TECHNOLOGY REVIEW*, an alumni publication of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The drawing board and T square are becoming relics. They will be replaced by a window resembling a television screen and an electronic computer. An engineer will draw a crude sketch on this window with a pen that leaves a line of light, and the computer then will straighten his lines, determine the angles and curves, and complete the drawing for the engineer to inspect, modify, destroy, or approve.

By turning a knob on the computer console, the designer will be able either to enlarge a small part of his sketch and change a detail or to reduce the image so as to see it in relation to other things. The magnification can be so great that an oscilloscope screen less than a foot square will serve as the equivalent of a sheet of drawing paper a third of a mile wide and long.

At M.I.T., with a program called the "Sketchpad," you now can draw a rough rectangle or circle on such a glassy blank and have it appear almost instantly in perfect form. You also can make a three-dimensional drawing of a proposed gadget or part for a machine and then have the computer rotate it and thus show you how it will look from all sides. Even without any previous experience with a computer, an engineer can learn to use this new sketchpad in a few days.

"On some far-off day," the Joint Computer Conference in Detroit was assured this year, "it may be possible to call up last year's automobile on the oscilloscope, to wave the magic wand of the light pen, and

in a short time to create the modified version from the old." How far off is that day when the blueprints for an old car can thus be turned into plans for a new one, Detroit does not know, but the magic wand clearly can be seen emerging in the lines that draftsmen are drawing.

The solemn young I.B.M. men in white shirts will replace the ink-smudged printer's devils in shops throughout the land before moving on to invade the auto companies' drafting rooms. Metropolitan newspapers in New York, Washington, and other cities have ordered a computer system capable of feeding electrical impulses to as many as twenty typesetting machines at a time. The computer will see to it that the lines are filled out properly, that words are hyphenated where necessary, and that a machine never stands idle because of someone's coffee break.

Automation's first victims were the unskilled and clerical workers; craftsmen are finding their know-how worthless now; and as the computers are further developed, the managers of industrial enterprises will themselves be increasingly affected. In the 1980s, some prophets say, machines will make so many of the decisions that men now are employed to make that the ranks of middle management can be greatly thinned out. Some men will move upward in status and salary, but others will move downward, and the line between lower and top management will be more difficult to cross.

Other seers are less certain that artificial intelligence will rival human intelligence so quickly. They point out, too, that though replacement of managers by machines may become technically feasible, it may not be economically attractive. Even these skeptics, however, expect the number of decisions made in the depths of complex wiring networks to increase and the number made from office chairs to decrease. Managers, they say, may soon find their roles more nearly like those of astronauts in space vehicles controlled from afar and less like those of ship captains in preradar days.

Within a decade or so, the desk of the manager of a mail-order catalogue-sales operation is likely to be a computer console rather than a place to sort papers. Tiny lights on the computer's flow panel will indicate the orders coming in and the

actions being taken to fill them. The manager will have learned to recognize irregularities in these light patterns that are indicative of troubles, and will be able to eliminate many of the difficulties by simply adjusting controls at his fingertips. By the time things get so far out of hand that angry customers start trying to get him on the telephone, he will no doubt be in conference with other specialists.

The Ford Motor Company's steel division in Dearborn, Michigan, has a telemetry system ready to collect and record data on each strip of hot steel that is rolled. These data will include the order number, gauge, width, and such facts about the processing as the roll force and speed. The information will be recorded in a digital form suitable for a computer's use, and the system's human monitor will have a desk-level console, finished in black textured vinyl, at which to sit and watch indicators of what is going on. Radiation Incorporated, which built this Data Logger, says it has inherent design flexibility and can be used for controlling a wide variety of industrial operations.

Some computers already are capable of carrying out several human beings' instructions simultaneously. To use one of these giants intelligently a man needs time to think, but letting a costly machine loaf while he broods is not good business. So efforts are currently being made to devise methods of having a single large computer serve several masters at once. Whenever one user pauses, the machine can turn its attention to another man's problem and thus keep itself fully occupied.

Several typewriterlike consoles have been attached to a large machine at M.I.T. in such a way that an operator at each one of them can proceed almost as though he had exclusive access to that machine. The number of consoles can be multiplied, and the users can be miles apart. Such arrangements are being explored in a government-financed project called MAC, an acronym for both "multiple-access computer" and "machine-aided cognition." The MAC project's goal is to place the "logical power" of a computer at the service of people wherever, whenever, and in whatever amounts they may want it. This new kind of power, its developers believe, may ultimately be dis-

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tributed in somewhat the same manner as electrical power is nowadays, and possibly almost as widely, to factories, offices, and residences.

"Small companies will be able to enjoy the benefits of time-sharing by subscribing to the service of a local computing facility or a large computing utility," one of the enthusiasts about MAC predicts. "Organized as a utility, a computing service could include access, at a charge, to a vast array of computer programs, information libraries, and automated consulting services, such as business forecasting and analysis." Thus, computer time-sharing could become the basis for a new public thinking utility.

The keystone of modern computer technology is the memory or information storage unit. To serve many people promptly, a machine must have a place to store each person's data from which those data can be retrieved very quickly whenever they are needed. The memories of today's machines are much bulkier than human memories and probably take up more space than is necessary. Engineers have consequently been trying for several years to perfect ways of making enormous computer memories more compact.

An attractive possibility that several laboratories have considered is to use electrical superconductivity. When kept at very low temperatures, some materials lose all resistance to the flow of an electric current, and thus could be made to retain information in the form of electric currents for indefinite periods of time. Putting data in that form poses no serious difficulties.

The quantity of information stored in a computer is customarily measured in bits, each bit representing a binary digit (a 1 or a 0). RCA's David Sarnoff Research Center recently announced that it has an experimental superconductive memory in which 16,384 bits of information can be filed, even though it is smaller than a playing card and only 120 millionths of an inch thick. This thin film is kept immersed in liquid helium at a temperature close to absolute zero.

Further automation of industry, its management, and its regulation will of course require frequent exchanges of columns of numbers between machines in widely separated establishments. But this process need no longer be risky.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION

High School English Textbooks

By JAMES LYNCH
and BERTRAND EVANS

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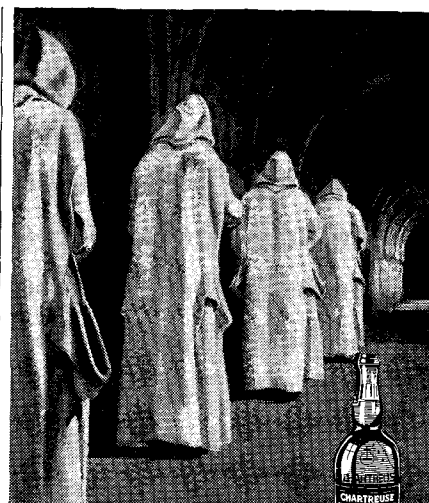
Christmas Seals Fight Tuberculosis and other Respiratory Diseases

All kinds of data can now be sent and received very fast, with complete accuracy, by sequentially coding and decoding them to expose errors, thus compensating for defects in the communication channel. Like an intelligent person, a machine receiving data can be made to recognize its own failure to understand a message perfectly. It then can automatically request the sending machine to retransmit the misunderstood portion. Thus, when noise somewhere along the line becomes bothersome, the rate of transmission of information is slowed down; but as soon as the line is clear, the transmission rate is stepped up again.

This use of coding to overcome weaknesses of transmission channels is called SECO, for "sequential coding," and it requires costly, sophisticated hardware. It is still in what the engineers call the "bread-board" stage, but a working device attached to an ordinary telephone line has shown that theoretical possibilities which have been known for many years can now be realized. The military services and the space explorers are likely to be the first users of SECO, but others, too, may someday be able to afford it.

Small special-purpose computers as well as large general-purpose machines are being developed swiftly and may be put to equally intriguing uses. One of these applications, for example, may be to gauge how well a young child can hear before he has learned to talk and answer questions. The electrical activity in his brain when auditory stimuli are fed into his ears can be recorded and analyzed to determine the extent to which those stimuli are being received by the brain. This is a task for a computer rather than a man, because the brain is never quiescent but has a so-called spontaneous electrical activity against which a small signal is difficult to detect. With a computer, however, it is relatively easy to obtain very rapidly an average of the individual responses.

Computers designed for direct examination of living beings should both facilitate physiological research and help doctors attend promptly to our ailments. The use of these and other machines now feasible, however, will require the cooperation of experts in an array of academic disciplines and the education of new kinds of specialists.



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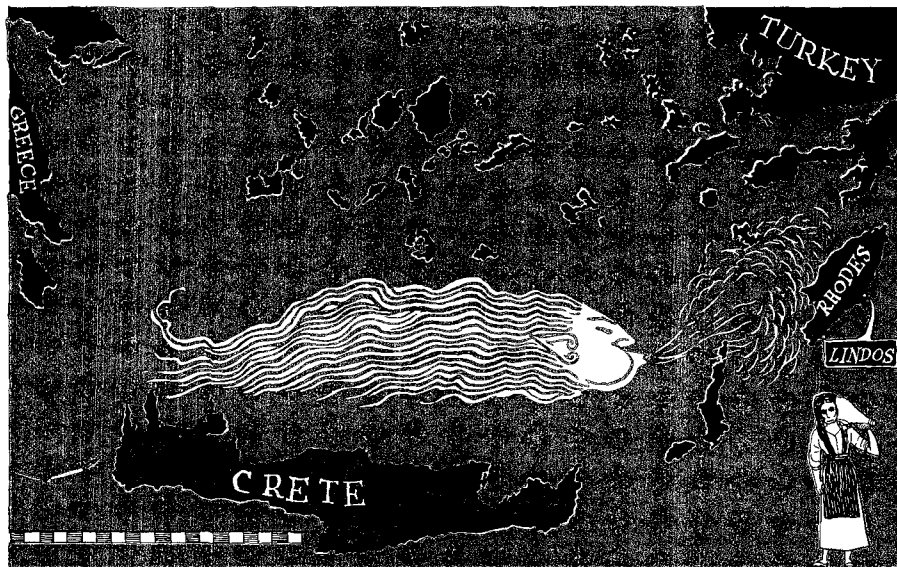
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pleasures and places



WATER FOR THE VILLAGE

BY JOHN MARTIN

Take a man. Possibly he lives not far from you. He is a resident of a fair-sized suburb, thirty minutes by car from his office. He owns a home and cares for it well. He has a rolling lawn, bright green, with no weeds or crabgrass to mar its delicate, thin blades. He waters it faithfully, and has acquired a *barrage of hoses and sprinklers* over the years.

Sometimes, during an especially dry summer, his township restricts him to a few hours each day when he may soak down the grass. Not enough time, really. A sprinkler, partly shielded by bushes, is spotted by patrolmen in a cruiser, and they caution him about it. Dry patches appear in the green and deface it. The man is indignant. Chances are the roots are dead. He will have to turn those patches over and reseed them if he does not want a lot of weeds on his hands.

The ban is short-lived. Before long it is lifted, and once more the man may use water as lavishly as he likes. Perhaps it would be hard for him to imagine, if he stopped a moment to wonder, people living their entire lives in the shadow of a permanent water shortage. I speak of the Greeks who inhabit the islands scat-

tered over the surface of the Aegean Sea.

These islands are formed of volcanic rock and are barren, with a topsoil fit only for the hardiest plant life — wild herbs, greens and caper bushes, tall grass, barley, and tree crops.

Some smaller islands, which have no fresh water, depend entirely on rainwater. In the summer people there drink the rainwater which they collected the December before. Other islands, like Hydra, supplement the meager ration nature doles out with shipments of fresh water from the mainland, which is hosed from the boat into cisterns ashore. Certain more fortunate islands have enough springs and wells to keep the inhabitants supplied.

I lived on one of these for a year, on Rhodes (the largest island in the Dodecanese group, which runs south from Izmir off the Turkish coast), in the small village of Lindos.

On the road out to Lindos you pass a waterfall whose thin strip cascades over a cliff, not just in the rainy season but all year round, an unheard-of thing which even the Rhodians marvel at. And the road takes you through the green groves of orange and lemon orchards. But

just the same, unless you see the land under the mantle of green that camouflages it briefly during the rainy season, you will quickly realize that water is not to be had here in abundance.

The pinch is strongly felt in Lindos. Nature is partly to blame for this, but underdevelopment is responsible as well. A large spring flows on the far side of a low mountain which could give Lindos a surplus of water if pipes were laid. But right now things stand as they have for centuries; life continues on a primitive level.

Lindos is a village of winding streets and whitewashed stone houses with mud roofs, some of which date back to the fifteenth century, when crusading Knights of St. John occupied the village. Lindos is dominated by an acropolis, built high on a promontory of solid rock, which separates the village from the sea. It has only one source of water, a spring located in the village square. The spring undoubtedly determined the location of Lindos. It was operating long before the birth of Christ, and it has never been known to dry up. In 600 B.C. the Lindians constructed a waterworks which provided outlets for the water at different points through the village. Although it is the oldest of its kind still to function, extensive repair work has reduced its efficiency over the years.

Only the main outlet in the square has been unaffected. Water flows there in a steady stream from the caves in the hill behind, refreshingly cool in summer. Air vents on the plateau above provide access to the caves in case anything happens to block the flow of water from inside. Men who repair wells and springs can be lowered by rope into the dampness below and, by the light of a hurricane lantern, set right whatever has gone wrong. The water will continue to collect, dripping from stalactites which hang from the roofs and walls of the caves, and to pour out of the marble trough in the square.

But none of it is piped to the individual houses. All water to be used for drinking or cooking must be brought either by hand or by donkey from the spring. This is quite a chore and a tremendous nuisance, and one good reason why the people of Lindos are very careful not to let water be wasted.

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"



PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES
AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 (\$7,000,000) and £90,000 (\$252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

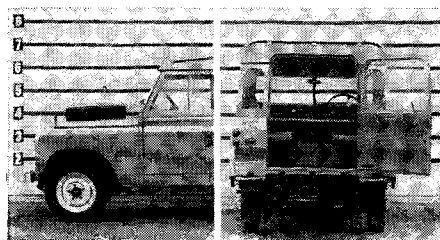
Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:



Left Profile

Rear View

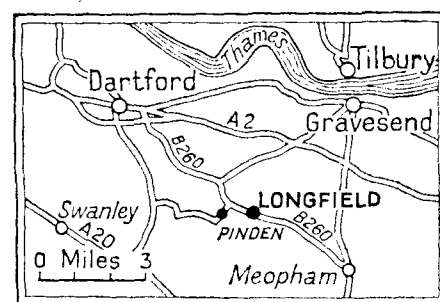
"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell,

head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended...they must have got the wind up'."

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

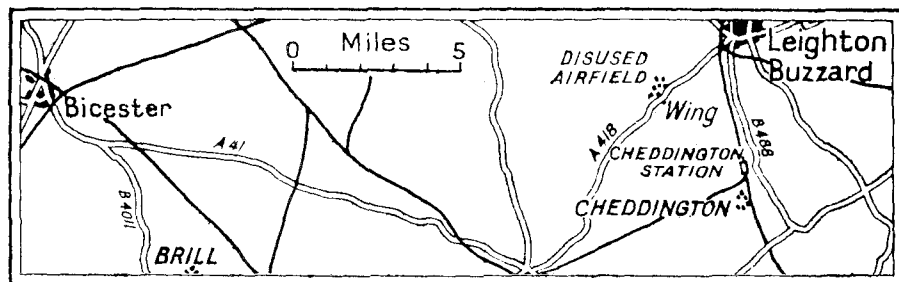
Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgeline road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the wind-screen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual commission of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)





"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle also been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach buggying and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

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Transporting the water is by tradition the women's task. They carry it in light-brown jugs made of baked clay, called *stamnas*. These vary in size and hold anything from a quart to six gallons. Women prefer to bring a lot of water with every trip. They have been transporting these heavy burdens since they grew strong enough to lift them, and now think nothing of it. When the *stamna* is full, they simply plug its neck with a small sea sponge and set it horizontally on one shoulder with a bit of cloth or a napkin to take the edge off the weight, gripping the handle to keep it steady as they walk. Only the slight forward bend of their posture suggests the number of pounds they are carrying.

A donkey, which can have twenty gallons lifted onto its back and not bat an eye, finds the work easier. People who have flowers or lemon trees to water get the additional amount they need from the waterman, who goes back and forth from the spring all day, prodding his donkey along with a switch. Each load, which totals roughly twenty gallons, costs the customer twelve or fifteen cents, depending on the distance from the square to his house. The waterman's tins are rustproof and are tightly plugged with pieces of wood wrapped in canvas, so the water he sells can be used for drinking.

Taking into consideration the day-to-day difficulty of getting water into the homes, one can see why water becomes almost a luxury item. Economy is the keynote, and here are some of the ways water is saved, some of the ways in which water has a direct and formative influence on the lives of these people.

To begin with, they collect rainwater. Nobody in Lindos would dream of drinking it, as people do on drier islands, but everyone washes with it, takes baths in it, launders his clothes in it, and even washes the floors with it. It is collected in barrels or cisterns as it runs off the roofs in the rainy season. Since most of the roofs are spread with earth for coolness on scorching summer days, the water comes out muddy, but a bucket or two of whitewash pretty well clears it up. Rainwater is, of course, softer than springwater, and detergents work more effectively in it.

Strange as it may seem, the floors themselves economize on water.

They are a Lindos original and until recently did not exist anywhere but on the island. Now a Lindos-type floor decorates the United Nations building in New York, I have been told, but the pebbles to make it had to be brought over from Greece. These can be found in great numbers on the beaches of Rhodes, worn smooth by the continuous motion of the waves. Their oval shapes appear perfect to the naked eye. They come in many colors; gray predominates, but many are an ivory white, fewer are jet black, and there is also a rusty red that is hard to find. The white and black pebbles, and perhaps a few reds if the stones are for a courtyard, are used to make the floors. The pebbles are set upright in a mixture of lime and concrete, forming a black design on a white ground, depicting motifs from the sea, or the pointed form of a cypress tree, or a branch. Now and then you come on a design that is completely abstract.

The practical value of these floors is that, with occasional sweeping, they need washing only twice a year. Dust and dirt disappear in between the pebbles. The floors are washed during fall cleaning and once again when the house is made immaculate for Easter. The floor is sluiced down, sprinkled with soap powder, and swept with a broom from one end to the other. Then it is doused again, and all the suds and water and dirt are swept out the door. The pebbles are left with a glistening finish.

Washing is perhaps the greatest single source of depletion of the water supply, but Lindians have devised a number of ways, in addition to collecting rainwater, to cope with the problem. The multicolored wool blankets and rag rugs which people weave in their homes during cold winter days are taken to the sea for washing, where they are pounded and scrubbed against the smooth rocks along the shore.

The strong Aegean sun is brought into play as a cleanser. Washed dishes are given a light rinse and then left standing for the sun to dry them and rid them of bacteria. A neat row of silverware leaning against the trunk of a tree is not an unusual sight. Clothes and sheets are hung out after washing to be bleached clean. Sometimes more is expected of the sun than of soap and water, but because of its intensity

there, it seldom lets a woman down.

Insects are dealt with in the same way. In the summer you may open a box of cookies and find it swarming with ants, even though it has been carefully packaged and sealed. They seem to get into everything — meat, fish, butter, and cheese. Nothing seems safe. Your first impulse is to throw the food as far away as possible — unless you are a frugal Lindos housewife. This is something the women would never do, for they do not consider ants dangerous germ carriers. Perhaps they cannot afford to. In any case, they have an effortless way of getting rid of them, which has nothing to do with washing. The item is put out in the sun for a few minutes. The ants take flight in all directions, and soon it is free of them. They are gone before a slab of butter has time to melt.

Lindians believe that too much water is a bad thing, and when they are thirsty they hold their natural impulse in check and take a very small amount. This is no challenge in the winter, but a short walk in the summer sun can make your throat so parched you need several quarts to quench your thirst. But they are right. A lot of water drunk that way hits you hard, in the stomach. When you want a glassful, a sip is better. If you are a mealtime guest of a Lindos family, no water is touched until the dinner is over. Then everyone has a glass. Once you are used to the idea, you find that you are eating much more than usual and do not miss drinking with the meal. (Perhaps this accounts for the fact that most Lindos women are on the heavy side.) But once you begin sipping wine or beer, tea or coffee, you find you are drinking a lot and eating little.

An indirect saving is involved in the kind of crops most people grow, which, by and large, require no watering at all. Almost every family owns a vineyard which supplies it with grapes throughout the summer. The vines grow in sand, usually near the coastline, and despite the large percentage of water every grape contains, the vineyards require no irrigation to flourish. Most of the vineyards are located in Pefkes, a farm settlement about an hour's ride from Lindos, which many of the villagers move to in the summer but which is left deserted in the winter, when the crops have been harvested. There the vines are

flanked by orchards of fig and almond trees, which yield well without being given a drop of water. Olive trees are the same, and it is a rare family that does not own enough of them to provide oil for cooking. People also grow a low-grade grain to feed their animals, one which they give no care whatever until threshing time.

Only professional farmers handle crops which need constant watering. These men have invested in motors



to pump well water into their fields, enabling them to grow tomatoes, eggplants, summer squash, peppers, and melons. With a little luck they stand to gain a sizable profit. Pefkes has only one real farmer, a lanky, sly, aging man who spent his youth in Algeria. One day he explained how money can be made in his business. It is all a matter of timing; you must have a good crop early in the season, when the product is in great demand. The profit is made when the price is highest. The more you sell the better. Then you can rest easy, when tomatoes are going for a cent a pound. But if you plant early and hit it right, a good crop of tomatoes can bring in thousands of dollars in two weeks. Chances are, however, that one of the many unpredictable windstorms will wipe you out before you even get started, and you will have to do your planting all over again in order to break a little better than even. The jackpot is an enticing target, but not an easy one.

Like most Aegean islanders, the Lindians are water connoisseurs. The water of every well in Pefkes has been tasted and judged for freshness, sweetness, and coolness. The quality is said to vary greatly from one well to the next. The mayor, who owns a large house, installed a metal windmill so that all could come and get water at his well. But the villagers

say his water tastes like medicine, and his only takers are those who have no other source in Pefkes.

Fishermen know of secret spots along the shore, some hidden in almost unreachable places, where freshwater springs come from underground and flow into the sea. Many are indistinguishable from the salt-water pools that surround them, and it is a marvel that they were ever discovered. Some villages are famous for having good water. The cold water that flows from the spring of one mountain village is almost a legend. It is said to be so icy, even in midsummer, that it can make a watermelon burst apart. And for those not fortunate enough to live by that mountain spring, a special variety of water jug is imported from the island of Kalymnos during the summer months. Made of a very porous clay, these jugs will not only keep water cold but, if left in a breeze, will actually make lukewarm water refreshingly cool.

It is not certain that life will go on this way much longer in Lindos. The village must combat a steady decrease in population. In this century the number of inhabitants has dropped by the thousands. Lindos is losing the best of its men to the urban centers of Greece, as the country moves through the implementation stages of industrialization.

In the nineteenth century Lindos had some commercial prominence, but this was lost when its sea captains refused to equip their ships with motors so they could compete in a new age of sea transport. Now the only ships in the harbor are the pleasure yachts which come in summer. Lindos has great appeal for the tourist, thanks to its ancient acropolis, which many viewers prefer to the more famous acropolis in Athens; and tourism is, at the moment, its one hope of economic rejuvenation.

But to take advantage of Greece's fast-growing tourist trade, Lindos must become modern and streamlined. It needs hotels, electricity twenty-four hours a day, and running water. Not so long ago the sea captains held out and the commerce of the village went under. Now the village as a whole finds itself in a similar position, but it may not be the one to decide. In all probability, the government in Athens will make the decision — in favor of tourism and rapid development.

they shall have music



ALBUMS FOR CHRISTMAS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

The modern formula in record packaging is beginning to resemble Alexandre Dumas's recipe for Roast à l'Impératrice, according to which a turkey is cooked inside a pig, a pheasant inside the turkey, a partridge inside the pheasant, a quail inside the partridge, a lark inside the quail, an olive inside the lark. At the end only the olive is eaten, with the rest thrown away. With similar prodigality, records nowadays seem to be adorned with art reproductions, smothered in reading matter, encased in exotic fabrics, and festooned with gold lettering.

Cynics might assert that such albums are designed for the coffee table rather than the record shelf (where, it might be noted, they seldom fit) and that their release dates are almost invariably timed for the weeks before Christmas. Nevertheless, they frequently present an agreeable blending of the musical and decorative arts, and the record that lies at the center often turns out to be as delectable as M. Dumas's olive.

Two new RCA Victor releases — Mendelssohn's incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 in F, the *Pastorale* — are cases in point. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* music

is housed in what may well be the largest record album ever issued (LSC/D-2673, stereo; LM/D-2673, monaural). The disc itself is the customary twelve inches in diameter. The blue and gold portfolio-type case, however, measures 17¼ by 13½ inches and opens up to disclose (in addition to the record) two engravings by John Boydell of *Midsummer Night's Dream* illustrations published in London in 1803 and never previously reprinted. With or without these trimmings (and a standard-size edition is available), the recording itself offers a performance of the Mendelssohn score that is so clear and straightforward that one does not know whether to describe it as beautifully simple or simply beautiful.

The artists involved are Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Leinsdorf has had the interesting idea of presenting not only the orchestral excerpts that are always played and the songs and choruses that are less frequently given, but the spoken passages from Shakespeare that lead into the musical portions. The solo singers are Arlene Saunders, soprano, and Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; and Inga Swenson, a veteran of the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford,

Connecticut, recites the appropriate lines, which, so the brochure says, were selected by Mr. Leinsdorf himself.

Few recordings demonstrate more convincingly the tonal purity and instrumental precision which Leinsdorf is eliciting from the Boston Symphony these days. Perhaps there is more sunlight than moonlight in his direct approach to this most romantic of all scores, but he makes the music glisten with a hundred sparkling and crystal-clear details. Surely the *Wedding March* has seldom been played as brilliantly, festively, or joyously as it is here.

Fritz Reiner's treatment of the Beethoven *Pastorale* Symphony is equally lucid, balanced, and tonally bright, and the packaging is even more sumptuous. This time, instead of an outsize portfolio case, RCA Victor has issued a standard-size album that makes up in thickness what it lacks in height and width (LSC/D-2614, stereo; LM/D-2614, monaural). Its title is *The Pastoral: In Music, Words and Pictures*, and its contents include fourteen pages of color reproductions of paintings by Courbet, Constable, Corot, Pissarro, Degas, Gainsborough, Van Gogh, and others. Interspersed with these are snatches of Tennyson's "The Brook," Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," Thoreau's *Walden*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and other works. The literary excerpts are rather scrappy and not particularly Beethovenish, but the pictures are lovely and blend together pleasingly. There is no lack of excellent *Pastorale* Symphony recordings, but no others have nearly so much visual appeal. As in the case of the Mendelssohn, the recording is also available in a regulation jacket, without adornments.

In addition to these special year-end releases, Victor has put out four lavish new entries in its "Soria Series" recordings. These are the work of Dorle and Dario Soria, the imaginative team who once headed the Angel Records operations in the United States and who now devote themselves to the planning of unusual record packages for Victor.

Of the newest batch, the most valuable is *The Horowitz Collection* (LD-7021, monaural only: two records), which sets forth the talents of Vladimir Horowitz not only as a pianist but as an art collector. Horowitz last year shifted his recording allegiance to Columbia, but he was



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a Victor artist for a quarter of a century, turning out some of the most spectacular piano recordings of our time. This album offers a cross section of pieces made between 1942 and 1955, some of which have not been issued previously on LP. They represent a remarkable display of Horowitz's genius for penetrating to a work's essence even while he dazzles the ear with sheer technique. From the graciousness of Czerny's *Variations on the aria "La Ricordanza"* to the steely strength of Prokofiev's *Sonata No. 7 in B flat, Opus 83*, and Samuel Barber's *Sonata for Piano, Opus 26*, Horowitz seems supremely in his element. To one bedazzled listener, the *clou* of the collection is a pianistic version of Saint-Saens's *Danse Macabre*, which has a ghostly *diablerie* that makes many an orchestral recording of the work seem earthbound and dull.

To go along with this music, the Sorias provide a booklet containing excellent color reproductions of four paintings owned by Horowitz — Manet's *Mme. Manet dans le Jardin à Bellevue*, Picasso's *Acrobate au Repos*, Rouault's *Tête de Jeune Fille*, and Degas's *Les Courses* — lovely pictures all, however remote their connection may be with the music in the album.

A closer tie-in between music and art is found in two other new Soria albums; a generally gay and bouncy program of Elizabethan music played by the Julian Bream Consort and illustrated with paintings of the period (LDS-2656, stereo; LD-2656, monaural), and a powerful complete recording of Puccini's *Tosca* (LDS-7022, stereo; LDM-7022, monaural: two records).

This is a *Tosca* that exploits to the full Puccini's emotional range, from pathos to passion. But what sets it apart from most other *Toscas* is the almost symphonic texture that Herbert von Karajan achieves from his orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic, and his leading singers, soprano Leontyne Price, tenor Giuseppe di Stefano, and baritone Giuseppe Taddei. Individually their contributions are notable for both dramatic characterization and vocal strength; together they blend into a performance that never flags in its musical interest and impact. The sixty-page brochure, with its color reproductions of sketches for the premiere of *Tosca* in Rome in 1900, serves as a visual embellishment to the music.

The fourth Soria album repre-

sents, at least to this listener, something of a disappointment. It is a performance of Schubert's great *Symphony No. 9 in C Major*, made in 1941 by Arturo Toscanini and the Philadelphia Orchestra (LD-2663, monaural only). The Schubert C Major was a work that fascinated Toscanini: he programmed it repeatedly, starting with the first symphonic concert he ever led, in Turin in 1896; and he recorded it three times. This recording, made during a brief period of guest conducting in Philadelphia and never before released, is his earliest interpretation on records. It may also be his best, for it moves more easily and with less rigidity than the others. And yet this reviewer confesses to an uneasy feeling that Toscanini's sense of urgency and crispness, which achieved such miraculous effects in other music, was misplaced in Schubert. As arresting as this meticulous and forceful performance is, it seems to leave the symphony lifeless. It might be noted that there are those listeners who, on the other hand, have over the years regarded Toscanini's Schubert C Major as a uniquely stirring and successful interpretation; of such differences is musical controversy made. In any event, the recording is handsomely packaged, with a brochure split between Schubertian scenes and Toscanini portraits.

Angel's most massive album of the year is a thirteen-record set of the complete piano sonatas of Beethoven played by the late Artur Schnabel (GRM 4005, monaural only). These famous recordings, one of the landmarks of the phonographic art in the pre-World War II era, were issued on LP by Victor seven years ago and sold out a limited edition, considerably to the astonishment, so it is said, of RCA officials. Angel, which is again making the records available in a sturdy maroon and gold slipcase as part of its Great Recordings of the Century series, is hopeful that another sellout will be forthcoming.

Columbia's contribution to the deluxe-package market is an album entitled *The Badmen* (L2S 1012, stereo: two records). Its aim is to recapture, in song, story, and pictures, the spirit of the West in the era of Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and other outlaws less celebrated but hardly less nefarious. To this end, a whole posse of folk singers, including Pete Seeger, Ed McCurdy, Harry

Jackson, and others, has been assembled to sing Western ballads and sagas, with guitar interludes and accompaniments by Charlie Byrd and Sandy Bull. In addition, several survivors of badland culture have been asked to tell, in their own words, what it was like in the old days. Among those giving their reminiscences are George Bolds, who actually lived in Dodge City, "the toughest city in the West," and Homer Croy, who has spent a good part of his life interviewing people who knew the James boys.

The aural picture of the bad old days, both spoken and sung, is impressive and flavorsome. But the accompanying seventy-two-page brochure is, if anything, even more startling than the records. Beginning with a full-page photograph of three badmen hanging from a Union Pacific railway trestle after a lynching in 1894, it unfolds a graphic pictorial story of an era of bloodshed, violence, and villainy. Television, it appears, has hardly scratched the surface.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Nine Symphonies

Herbert von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, with Gundola Janowitz, soprano; Hilde Rössel-Majdan, mezzo-soprano; Waldemar Kmenit, tenor; Walter Berry, baritone; and the Wiener Singverein; Deutsche Grammophon SKL-101/8 (stereo) and KL-1/8: eight records

Herbert von Karajan has previously recorded all nine of the Beethoven symphonies, but his new set outdoes his old, as well as most other competitive versions, in sheer brilliance of musical organization and beauty of orchestral playing. The dramatic dynamism of Toscanini, the *gemütlich* warmth of Bruno Walter, the craggy power of Otto Klemperer (to cite the three principal rival albums) all have attractions of their own. But von Karajan's new complete cycle moves easily into their company. Some of the lesser symphonies seem deliberately underplayed, almost miniaturized. Even the Seventh is given low-pressure treatment. But in the Third, Fifth, and Sixth, keen attention to structural detail and to nuances of phrasing and color helps to build a powerful cumulative effect. The climax is reached in a

performance of the Symphony No. 9 in D Minor that can only be described as tremendous. It is possible to argue that where Beethoven marks a passage *ff*, von Karajan sometimes plays *fff*, but the power and exaltation of the musical concept are indisputable, as are the skill and refinement of the musicians of the Berlin Philharmonic. From its shimmering opening to its stunningly sung choral finale, this is the finest Beethoven's Ninth of which this listener has any recollection. The one reservation concerns the sound — intrinsically pure and clear, and yet afflicted with an annoying surface crackle in the louder passages.

Lalande: De Profundis

Alfred Deller conducting Vienna Chamber Choir and Vienna State Opera Orchestra, with Mary Thomas and Honor Sheppard, sopranos; Alfred Deller, countertenor; Robert Tear, tenor; and Maurice Bevan, baritone; Vanguard BGS-5052 (stereo) Judging by Michel-Richard de Lalande's setting of Psalm 130 — "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord" — French church music in 1689 reached a degree of eloquence and grandeur it has seldom known since. This large-scale work, written for the court of Louis XIV and said to be a favorite of Louis XV's, was rediscovered only in the 1930s. In this rich-sounding, well-sung performance it is at once serious and graceful, devotional and lively, blending traditional liturgical styles with a directness of harmony and melody. Mr. Deller, doubling as conductor and soloist, directs a radiant performance.

Rossini: The Barber of Seville

Vittorio Gui conducting Glyndebourne Opera Company and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Luigi Alva, tenor; Sesto Bruscantini, baritone; Carlo Cava and Ian Wallace, basses; Angel S3638 C/L (stereo) and 3638 C/L: three records

There is no dearth of good recordings of *The Barber of Seville*, but this is the most enjoyable of them all. Its superiority stems not from the quality of its soloists (they are excellent, but so are those in other recordings), but from its restoration of usually deleted passages (including a large chunk of the Finale), its corrections of the scoring (based on Rossini manuscripts in Italian libraries, according to conductor Vittorio Gui), and, finally, its superb sense of

ensemble. This is opera in the Glyndebourne tradition, first established by the Mozart recordings of the 1930s. In fact, there is a Mozartean suavity and refinement startlingly different from the earthy and raucous good humor with which *The Barber* is usually performed — and recorded. The men of the cast are lively, able, and musical, and Miss de los Angeles — singing in the mezzo-soprano register intended by Rossini — is a lovely Rosina. The sound is rich and ample, and stereo high jinks have been studiously avoided, as have all other kinds.

Bach's Greatest Hits

Ward Swingle conducting the Swingle Singers; Philips PHS 600-097 (stereo) and PHM 200-097

The full jacket description reads "Bach's Greatest Hits: A Unique Jazz Vocal Treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach by the Creative Swingle Singers." The adjectives are accurate, for these performances are both unique and creative. The Swingle Singers, a small French group, using jazz vocalization syllables such as *pom-pom*, *papa-dah*, *dooby-do*, and the like, sing their way through thirteen Bach preludes, fugues, bourrées — even the Air for the G String. Moreover, they sing the notes just as Bach wrote them, while the swinging percussion group which accompanies them beats out a 4/4 rhythm. The effect is fresh, spontaneous, delightful. The bourrée from the English Suite No. 2, for example, with its bright repeated vocal patterns, becomes almost a joyous Christmas carol; and the famous "Sleepers, Wake" chorale prelude seems perfectly at home in new contours and colors. What kind of audience this record is aimed at is an open question; the guess here is that it will appeal, strangely enough, more to Bach lovers than to jazz fanciers.

Musical Memories of France

Les Cadets de Bourgogne, Choeur du Cercle Philharmonique de Chambéry, Musique Folklorique Alsacienne, and other groups; London TW 91302 (monaural only)

This regional anthology of French provincial music is distinguished by the presence of that noblest of drinking songs, "*Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*." Not all the verses are included in the robust rendition by Les Cadets de Bourgogne, but the graph-

ic description of the deceased tippler's funeral and interment — in a wine *cave* with his feet against the wall and his mouth beneath the spigot — is given intact, as is the moral: "*La morale de cette histoire, C'est de boire avant de mourir*." Fair warning: most of the remainder of the regional material (from Alsace, Brittany, the Vosges, and other parts of France) is musically lackluster, indifferently performed, and chiefly of local interest.

Stories of Sherlock Holmes: The Adventure of the Speckled Band; The Final Problem

Basil Rathbone, reader; Caedmon TC-1172 (monaural)

These readings by Basil Rathbone of two Sherlock Holmes stories are reminiscent of a remark by Dr. Watson in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. "I trust there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked," said Watson, whereupon Holmes pointed out to him exactly how much he had missed. In like manner, it is appropriate to observe that, far from representing complete stories, these readings by Mr. Rathbone, although smooth and atmospheric, are considerably abridged. In *The Speckled Band* whole pages are omitted, to accommodate the tale within the limits of one LP side. The excisions are less injurious to *The Final Problem*, a shorter and less detailed story, but they will nevertheless be annoying to many a good Sherlockian. Bringing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's incomparable detective to records is a laudable enterprise, but after this latest Caedmon attempt, the game, alas, is still very much afoot.

Streets I Have Walked

Harry Belafonte, with an orchestra and the choir of Junior High School No. 59, Springfield Gardens, New York; RCA Victor LSP-2659 (stereo) and LPM-2659

Harry Belafonte is a popular singer who manages to infuse his own style into a song without impairing the song itself. This collection encompasses several Negro spirituals, Portuguese and Israeli numbers, an ancient Japanese court song, and a little-known, pleasantly subdued version of the Australian favorite, "Waltzing Matilda." All are sung with lively lyricism by Belafonte, and an added element of freshness is given by the young voices of a New York City junior high school choir.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WHEN Route 128, the throughway encircling Boston, was completed, it drove the wildlife which had survived in surprising proximity to the Boston Statehouse into smaller pockets of marsh and pine land. The deer who had visited our wood lot only twenty-eight miles from town each spring and fall ceased to call. The only natives undisturbed by gasoline's blessing were the gray squirrels, who have multiplied; the rabbits, who make a mockery of our rock garden; the chipmunk; and the raccoon. Our sentiments toward the latter are cordial, since we have no green corn to lose.

The raccoons appeal to us because of their little hands, their boldness, their cleanliness, and their desire to fraternize. We appeal to them because of the iron pig in our backyard, not far from the pool in the rock garden. Who else in the neighborhood has a repository of food and the means to wash it so close at hand? Fish nights, when we have had broiled grilse or boiled salmon from the Miramichi, or school stripers caught that afternoon in Ipswich Bay, or lobster and steamed clams from Essex, provide their favorite repasts.

A biped opens the lid of the pig by stepping on a pedal, but this is too much for them. After he has cased the joint Father Raccy cleverly inserts his fingers under the rim and lifts until the opening is big enough for his head; then, head-down and with the lid propped on his shoulders, he makes his choice. When he has all he can carry to the pool, he backs out, the iron lid clangs shut, and we know that the second serving has begun.

I have no way of guessing how many heads of households have passed on the secrets of the pig since we began watching the raccoons two decades ago. Our vantage point is a window at ground level, close to the cellar stairs and giving full view of the pig within its small stockade. Here, at nightfall, seated on the stairs, we see the Old Man's dexterity and can hardly repress our laughter at Mother's antics. She is more tentative

about the heavy lid, with the result that it slams down on her fingers; when this happens she recoils and wrings her hands with as much exasperation as I might. They converse in a whirring, whickering talk, and I cannot report any concern on his part after she has muffed. He just assumes the male prerogative of doing things better and savoring the reward.

One July night, when the steady clanging of the lid denoted a good time all around, there fell a sudden silence in which the whickering of the parents, more audible than usual, broke into our reading. We went out to see what was the trouble, and young Ted, tiptoeing on the back porch, heard a distinct commotion within the pig. After turning the porch light on, he descended and stepped on the pedal: the cover lifted, and within was the biggest of the kids. Evidently he was emulating the Old Man's example until the weight of the lid caused him to lose his balance and tumble in. Now he scrambled up and out, and since his exit was blocked by a giant he went close to Ted and gently climbed up his pant leg to the knee. While this was going on a great whirring broke out on the branches of the spruce above us; we looked up, and there was the rest of the litter, their little heads outlined against the dark boughs. In the instant of distraction, the bold one slipped away to join his parents in the rock garden.

We traced the hollow tree where they lived by the simple expedient of filling a little white jar with the bacon fat they love and leaving it on the back steps. It was gone the next morning, with greasy footprints to express their interest; days later I spotted it at the foot of their dead pine, five hundred yards uphill from the house and in the densest part of the woods. But there are many questions we still seek to answer. How far do they forage? What pact have they with the dogs, cold war or coexistence? Do the nonresident privileges they enjoy with us scare away the chipmunks?

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Gone. Where? Gone where every right-minded man and woman should be — in wily and honey-tongued pursuit of the people who will give him books for Christmas. So that no time may be wasted on an unlikely prospect this page provides the public images of a few potential gift-givers and the books they are even now reading before wrapping as gifts — gifts that could be for you if you correctly identify your quarry. The images themselves, incidentally, are from **The McLandress Dimension** by Mark Epernay (\$3.75). They were drawn by James Stevenson to illustrate an already graphic diagnosis of our social syndrome. They have variously been ex-automated from tomorrow's State Department, kicked upstairs by a relentless prestige horizon measurement, or clocked and categorized by the McLandress sociometric coefficient, but they are all book readers, buyers and givers, and they are promising sources of your most prized Christmas presents.

If you want a sure thing, try the fortune teller. **Powers of Attorney** by Louis Auchincloss (\$4.50), a best seller as fast as possible after publication, antedates this wizard's prediction, but by such as Mr. Auchincloss fortune tellers stay in business. Of **Dorothy and Red** by Vincent Sheean (\$6.95) John Gunther wrote the publishers, "one of the most piercing love stories in literary history . . . reveals those two remarkable characters, Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis, in a totally new, stunning light." If you have read the section in *Harper's* you have your own crystal ball.



Or search between the lines and behind the scenes for a king-making commentator. He may be too busy to buy it for you* but on his recommendation get **East and West** by C. Northcote Parkinson (\$5.00) for historical perspective. For a challenging discussion of a national problem, **The Miseducation of American Teachers** by James D. Koerner (\$4.95). And speaking of perspective there's a wealth of it in **Paths of American Thought** edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and Morton White (\$7.50), the combination of historian and philosopher in search of the best expression of the changing American image in writings ranging from Benjamin Franklin to James B. Conant.



This man is discriminating and articulate. His own pleasure in a literary discovery will be doubled by yours. For instance **Men and Centuries** by J. H. Plumb (\$6.00) every page of which is fine writing, or that odd and hastily concealed affair of **Jamaican Blood and Victorian**.

*you could charge it to his account

Conscience by Bernard Semmel (\$4.50). And if you have read that masterly Tolkien trilogy **The Lord of the Rings**, here is the dividend, **The Adventures of Tom Bombadil** by J. R. R. Tolkien (\$3.50), the legends of the Shire in verse. A beautifully illustrated gift book. And for the inner sanctum the book about publishing, **Parnassus Corner, A Life of James T. Fields, Publisher to the Victorians**, by W. S. Tyron (\$7.00).



To the queen's taste is the newest in historical fiction, preeminently **The King's Orchard** by Agnes Sligh Turnbull (\$5.95), a biographical novel of one of the most dynamic figures ever to be rescued from the skeletal pages of frontier history. A century's span of family history is **Tears are for the Living** by Margaret Banister (\$5.75). And certainly **The Mercenary** by Charles Durbin (\$5.00), **The Fortunes of Gianpaolo Baglioni of Perugia** as it might have been told by Machiavelli.

The Village Voice at optimum pitch and the contemporary gamut. First, two very different treatments of the challenge at home — spelled out in the remarkable personal history **Black Like Me** by John Howard Griffin (\$3.50) who contrived to 'pass' into the Negro world, and searched out in the profoundly moving **Black Cloud, White Cloud** (\$4.00) by Ellen Douglas, winner of last year's Houghton Mifflin-*Esquire* Literary Fellowship Award. And for a new *mise-en-scene* — the China of the White Russian emigrés — **Born with the Dead** by Irina Kirk (\$4.00). Then, to the barricades with Maxwell Geismar's **Henry James and the Jacobites** (\$7.00) — controversial is too pallid a word for this.



The academic mentor in your life can shop for you by mail this Christmas. To him the news of a one volume edition of **U.S.A.** by Dos Passos (\$10.00) or a glance down the list of Sentry edition titles can settle everything with dispatch and serenity. He will be familiar with Sentries, but if they are still new to your bookstore, consider the temptation of a cloth-bound paperback series ranging from works by Archibald MacLeish and John Kenneth Galbraith to Henry Adams and Thoreau, from \$1.20 to a top of \$2.85.



This man is a Sound-bound armchair traveler but his taste in books for those willing to walk is as impeccable as his taste in martinis. Hope that he is aware of the newest in the incomparable Peterson series, **A Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Wildflowers** (\$4.95), and at very least the most recent addition to the Sounds of Nature book-and-record album series, **Dawn in a Duckblind** (\$6.95).



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

We have never tempted them within our screen door, fearing that further domestication would make them vulnerable in the winter; but do they miss us when we're gone and cheer when our lights first go on in the spring?

A RINGTAIL WONDER

In the spring of 1918, in his twelfth year, STERLING NORTH was scouting through some neighboring woods in Wisconsin when his faithful, drooling Saint Bernard began sniffing critically at the base of a rotten stump. "Dig 'em out, Wowser," he said, and in time up came a furious mother raccoon and her four cubs. Three of them escaped with their mother into the brush. The fourth went home in Sterling's cap to be trained as a pet. The true story of their friendship and adventures in what the author terms "A Better Era" is entitled *RASCAL* (Dutton, \$3.95), the winner of the Dutton Animal Book Award for 1963.

The boy had a way with animals. He had already raised four pet skunks to the point where they were being distrusted by the village, and he could call to his shoulder Poe-the-Crow, who lived in the Methodist Church steeple and who had a craving for anything bright, from pennies to engagement rings. Sterling's father was a tolerant man, well aware of his son's resourcefulness. At his suggestion the skunks were liberated, and the boy's attention centered on this tiny bit of fur named Rascal. They were to have nearly a year together from the first evening when the little raccoon sipped warm milk through a straw, and it was to be a halcyon time. The raccoon, who grew to be a two-pounder in no time, slept with the boy and rode with him in his bicycle basket; together they fished and explored the lake country, made special expeditions into the wilds of the Brule River, and went to the state fair, where Rascal aided his master in the pie-eating contest until they were both disqualified. In any good animal story there is a magic transition which makes contemporaries of pet and master, and that secret, with all of its endearment, is in this book and never mawkish. The author warns us that Rascal will have to be returned to the wilds when full-grown, and the final scene of liberation is handled simply. This book is a delightful pace-maker for an unusual series.

THE TROUBLED "RED"

When Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis met at a dinner party at her Berlin flat in July, 1927, the spark was instantaneous, and by the time coffee had been served, he had maneuvered her into a corner and asked her to marry him. "I

don't even know you, Mr. Lewis," she said with a quick laugh. The party was to celebrate her thirty-third birthday; the heartbreak of her disastrous first marriage to an ersatz Hungarian poet was past. She was surrounded by friends, and was at her fresh and vibrant best. Lewis at forty-two was our most provocative novelist, a somewhat mangy lion who was seeking a divorce from his first wife, Grace Hegger, and who, despite the enormous success of his four big novels (*Elmer Gantry* had just been published), was drinking hard. On this particular evening he was on good behavior. He told Dorothy of an idyllic farm in Vermont where he would like to live and work, and the appeal of his eyes and words was irresistible. He was to go on proposing until at last she consented, and the story of their thirteen years together, of the attraction that held them until his drinking bouts and the demands of her career started the inevitable separation, has been told with compassionate understanding by one of their closest friends, VINCENT SHEEAN, in his volume of reminiscence with letters, *DOROTHY AND RED* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95).

A minister's daughter, Dorothy lived with "a sense of historic mission," and from the first she was determined that her marriage with Hal, as she preferred to call him, would be a creative one, even if it meant subordinating her own career. She brought to him a sympathy and an intellectual admiration which for a time appeased his stormy vulnerability. They did, indeed, find their Twin Farms in Vermont, but on everything to do with the running of the place, as Mr. Sheean points out, they were at odds. Dorothy was proud to bear him a child, yet somehow she never seemed to be able to keep young Michael and his boisterous friends from raising bedlam within Hal's hearing, and he had a very short temper with children. The house parties here and abroad, some of them stretching on for ten days, which in her extravagant way Dorothy engineered, sound ghastly to me, and Red would fling away from them drunk and disgusted. The publication of her book *I Saw Hitler* in 1931 led to her expulsion the following year from Nazi Germany; now she was an international celebrity, and her absorption in Central Europe, her prophetic warning of what was coming, her strenuous assignments, created longer and longer absences.

This book is full of the stress of living and warm with love. At the core of it are Dorothy's letters and journals, and at the end the account of her visit to Sauk Centre at the time of the Sinclair Lewis Celebration, an essay which originally appeared in this magazine, and surely the most touching epitaph that ever will be written about the troubled "Red."

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THE GAY RUINATION

Ireland with a difference comes to us from several gifted pens, from Sean O'Faolain and Mary Lavin, and in terms of outrageous and uproarious comedy, from Brendan Behan and **HONOR TRACY**. In her new novel, **THE FIRST DAY OF FRIDAY** (Random House, \$4.95), Miss Tracy tells of the tribulations which beset young Michael Duff in his daily round as the owner and operator of a large impoverished country place. Michael is a Protestant and, by Irish standards, the most attractive bachelor in a hundred miles. He takes each day as it comes, and his gaiety is never quite extinguished by the realization that things are likely to go from bad to worse. To "help" him with the farming he has three hands, the most alcoholic of whom is Tomo, who in his search for his master's liquor inadvertently leads the big Hereford bull into the kitchen. The house, with its many dusty, closed-up rooms, is kept in permanent disarray by the priceless cook, Atracta, and her triplets and by Michael's mother, Mrs. Duff, a charming mind-wanderer who lives in the past except when aroused by the vagaries of the television set. The bull, with difficulty and much broken crockery, is removed from the kitchen, and Tomo, when sobered, is made to clean up the mess; the wall has been breached, and instead of shoring it up the villagers widen the opening as they wander in and out to gather their firewood; the river rises, and the master sends his groom to request that Michael dig out a vixen and her cubs who have gone to earth on the bank.

What restores Michael's sanity in all this is his affection for Dulcinea, to whom he has been engaged for years and whom he hopes devotedly to marry. Dulcinea is as pretty as she is spirited, and despite the harassment of her pedantic father, who has no intention of freeing her for matrimony, she and Michael have snatched-at moments of sheer happiness which keep their love alive. This is a feckless story told with a smiling turn of phrase, one short sample of which will give its taste.

Michael and Mrs. Duff are watching on television the shadowy figure of the Duke of Edinburgh opening a boot factory in the Midlands.

"I am not sure if I should want to live in England," she said, when the Duke had finished speaking. "The climate over there appears to be worse than our own. . . . At least, in Ireland, it does not rain indoors."

"That isn't rain, Mother," Michael replied. "It is interference."

"Really? How very odd. Why does the Duke put up with it?"

"Hush."

Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS



SHELBY FOOTE'S THE CIVIL WAR (Random House, \$12.50) began to appear five years ago, and its end is not yet in sight, although the second volume is. The present installment covers the period from Lee's victory at Fredericksburg to Grant's appointment to supreme command in the North. Between these points stands Gettysburg, which is described with such meticulous attention to action, terrain, time, and the characters of the various commanders that I understand, at last, what happened in that battle. (At least I think I do, which in itself constitutes considerable progress.)

Mr. Foote, who was a novelist until the Civil War pre-empted his energies, calls his book a narrative, presumably because a historian is not expected to write fiction and is expected to produce at least one theory about the cause or relationship of events which differs from all previous theories on the matter. Mr. Foote, not having any detectable theory to advance, cannot be called a proper historian and has tactfully put himself outside such consideration.

He is actually a splendid historian. He has an acute sense of the relative importance of events and a novelist's skill in directing the reader's attention to the men and episodes that will influence the course of the whole war, without omitting items which are of momentary interest. His organization of facts could hardly be bettered, and there are a dreadful number of facts to be presented. If there is anything about the Civil War that Mr. Foote has not discovered, from the price of flour in Richmond to the origin of the nail with which General Hancock was shot, it must be undiscoverable. He follows Lincoln's troubles with ambitious politicians in Washington and Davis' troubles with bigoted states' righters in Richmond, and points out the effect of these feuds on both armies. He quotes continually from the letters and diaries of soldiers on both sides, so that the large-scale description of events is peppered with the small, sharp recollections of men who heard the mockingbirds sing around a midnight ambush, or gawked over the fortifications

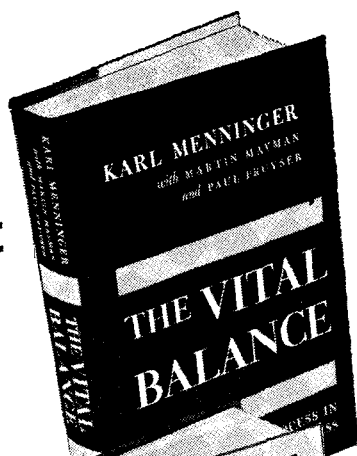
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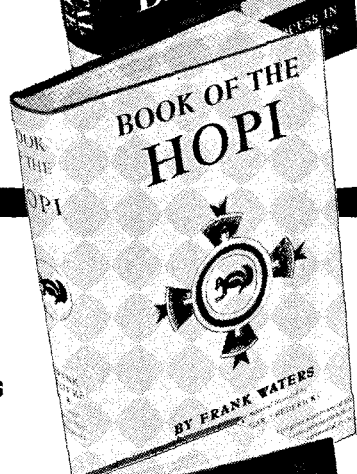
A strange and wonderful book
that reveals for the first time
their ancient ceremonial secrets

BOOK OF THE HOPI

by Frank Waters

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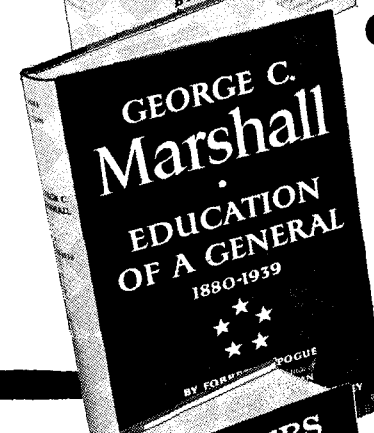
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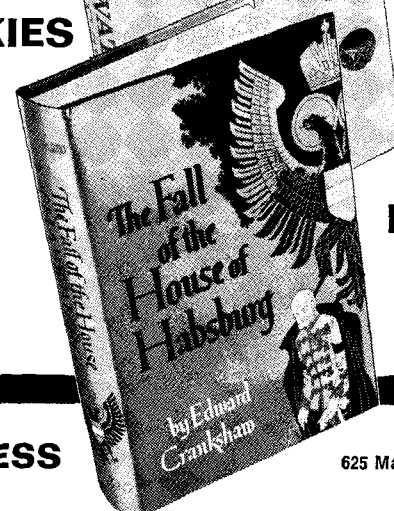
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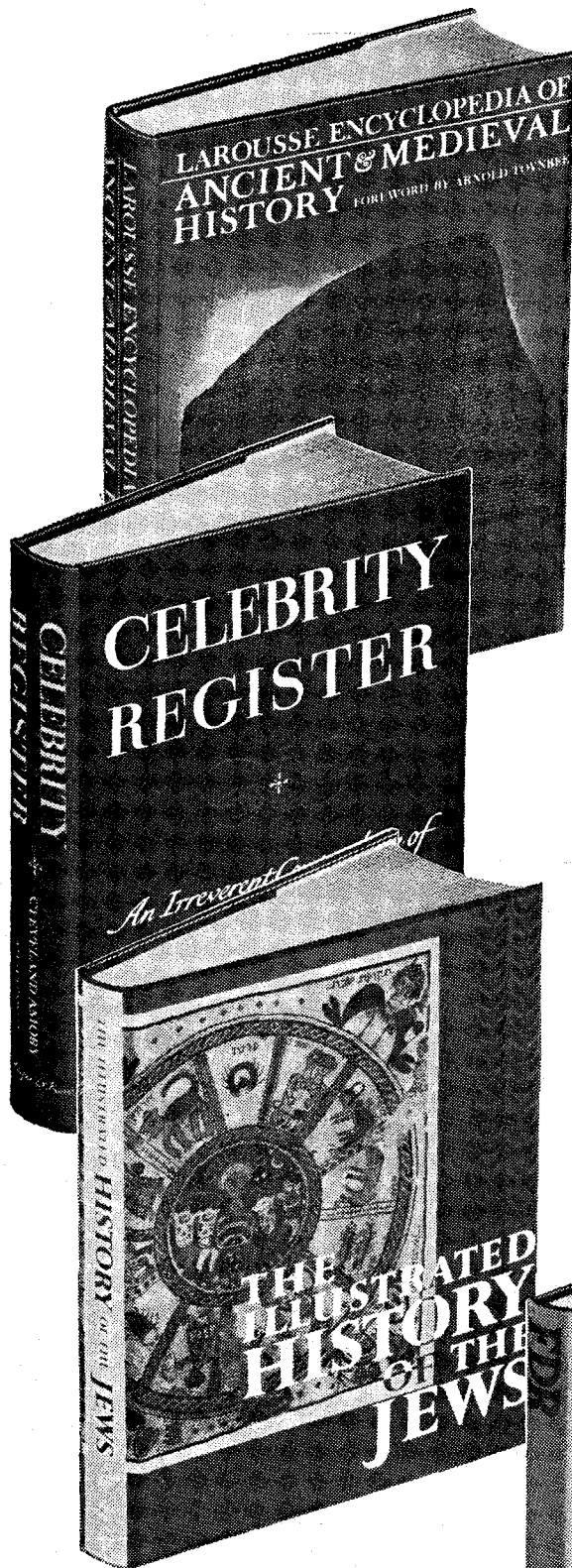
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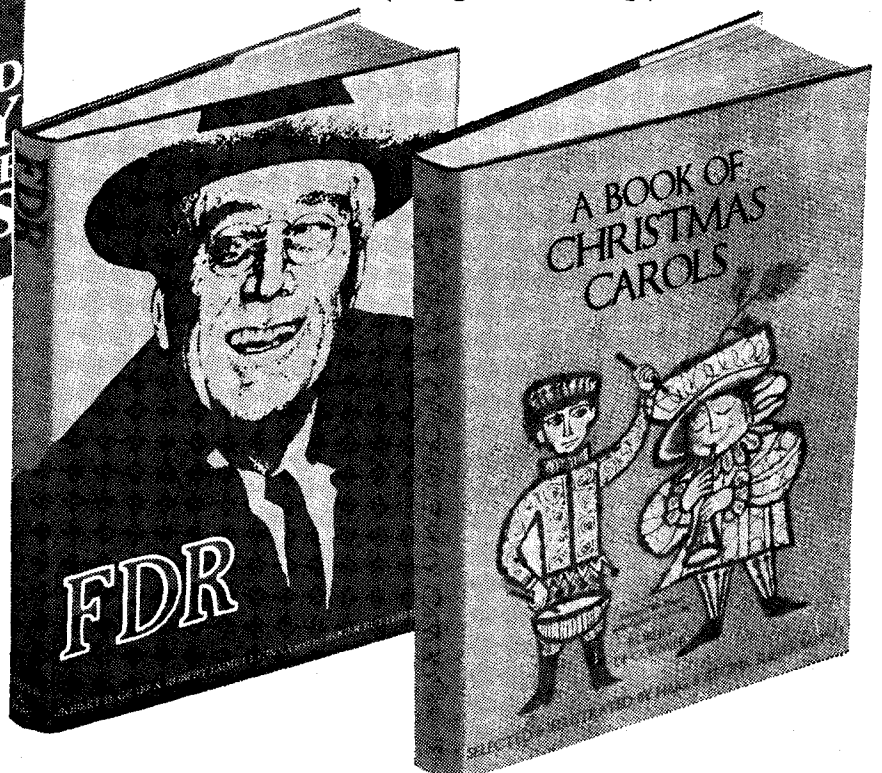
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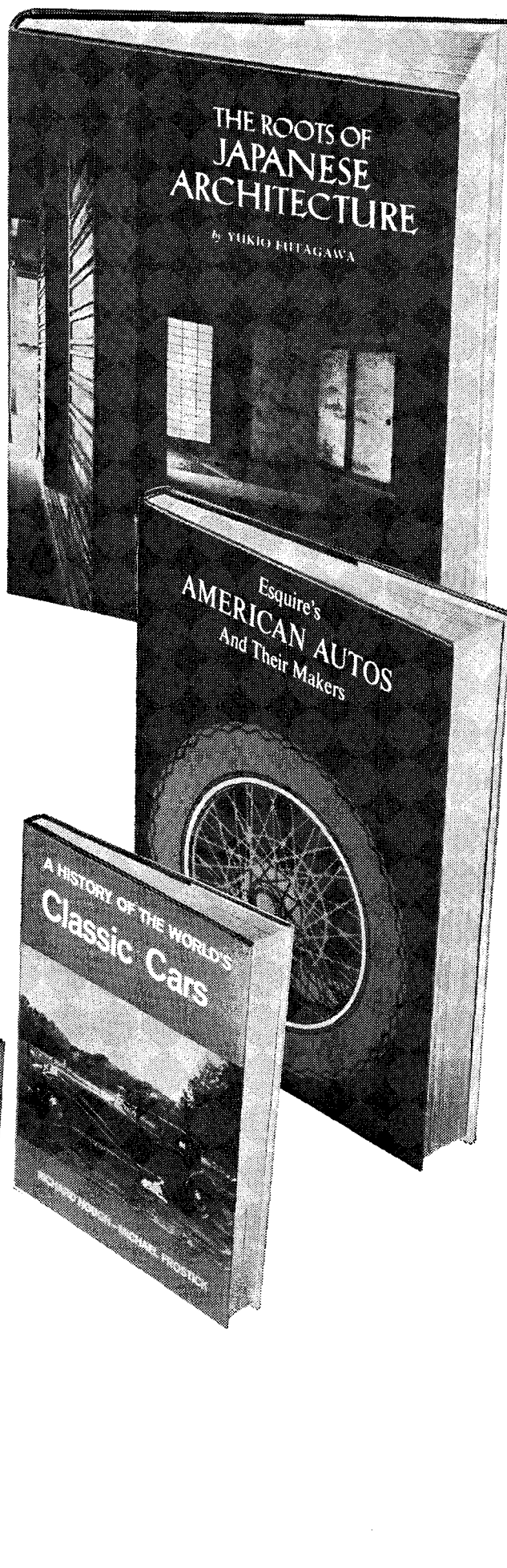
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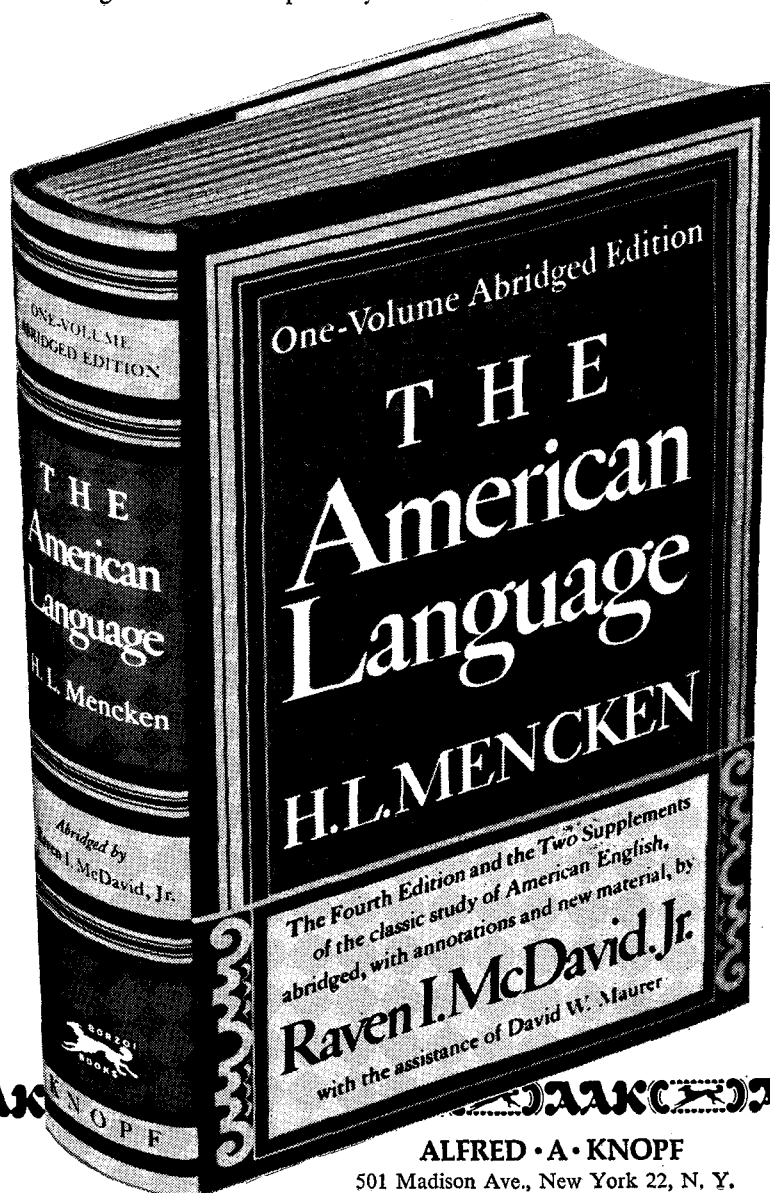
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on Cemetery Ridge while the Confederates dressed their line under fire. Mr. Foote's one obvious fault is the habit, which should be called the "Flowering of New England disease," of introducing each man with a sentence that includes his age, education, place of birth, family history, wife's name, wife's family history, children, if any, political allegiance, status at West Point, and debts in one brain-numbing lump.

It is not really surprising to discover, in the bibliographical note, that Mr. Foote's models include Homer and Tacitus, and that he considers himself "obligated also to the governors of my native state and the adjoining states of Arkansas and Alabama for helping to lessen my sectional bias by reproducing, in their actions during several of the years that went into the writing of this volume, much that was least admirable in the position my forebears occupied when they stood up to Lincoln."

THE WEST IN DESCENT

In contrast to Mr. Foote, narrator, C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON says of his *EAST AND WEST* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00), "I write as an historian." As a historian, then, Mr. Parkinson has a theory to discuss, a positive world view which he hopes will serve some purpose in a time when "to understand the East-West conflict is vitally important."

Mr. Parkinson begins with the obvious fact that all past civilizations have ended in decadence. "The energy dies away, the arts become sterile, policy becomes timid, and the outposts are abandoned. And it is this decay which creates the vacuum into which another and more virile civilization is drawn. As between East and West, it is clear that their periods of high civilization have never been simultaneous. Instead, there have been alternate periods of ascendancy, the decadence of one coinciding with the highest achievements of the other." Mr. Parkinson presently adds that this alternation of power between East and West has been, in the long run, stimulating and beneficial to both.

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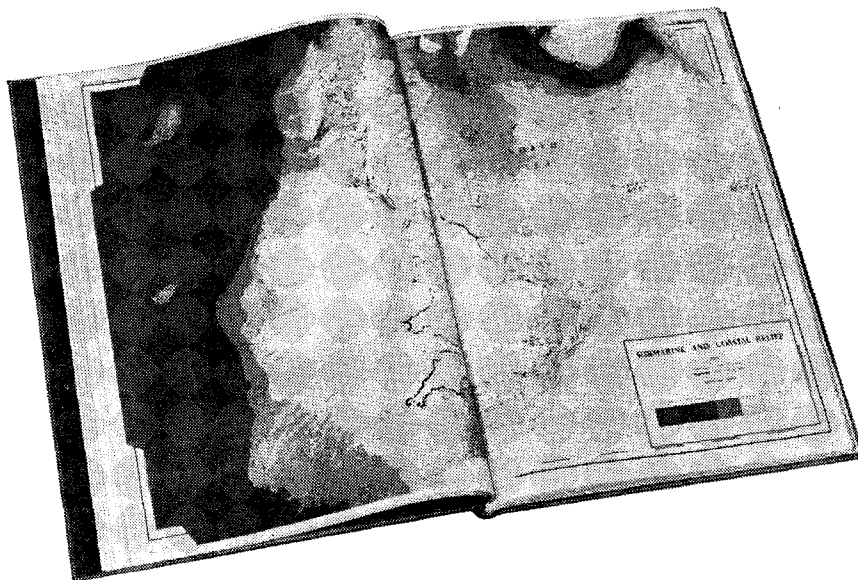


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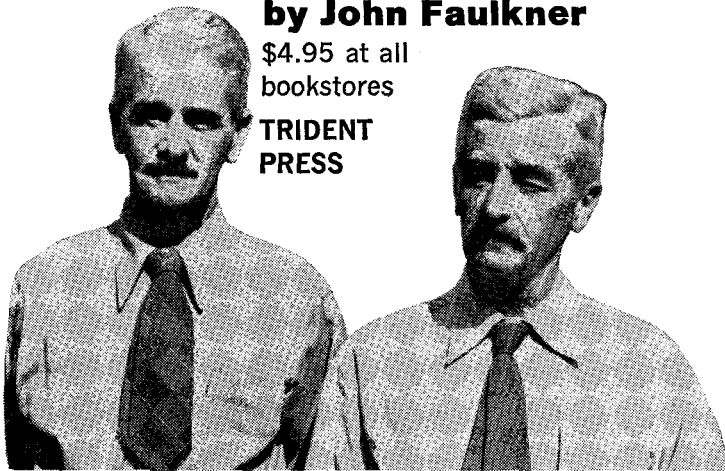
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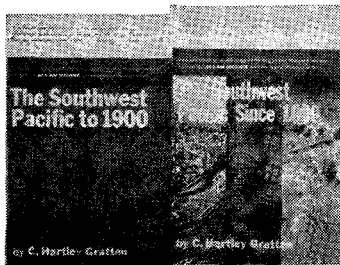
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period stretching from 3000 B.C. to the present, the author has necessarily practiced selection and condensation, which is not the most persuasive way to document a large, amorphous thesis, since almost any given episode used to support a statement turns out to be only a partial version of the known facts. It is impossible to accuse Mr. Parkinson of stating what is flatly not so, but he continually gives the impression that he has left out a great deal that is so. This condition has the odd result of making the argument for Mr. Parkinson's view of history less convincing than the unsupported view itself, stated baldly at the start.

Something in Mr. Parkinson's style suggests exhortation to be up and doing, so that one constantly awaits directions to achieve that important understanding of the East-West conflict. It never comes. Granted that power in the East and power in the West are outer points in the swing of the same pendulum, it would seem desirable to work out some method of judging where we are on the arc. Mr. Parkinson has this possibility in mind but does not get beyond deciding that the West is at the moment in decline; he considers old-age pensions, abstract art, and the high price paid for antique paintings sure signs of decay. But how much decay, he does not undertake to estimate.

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The book is first-person narrative, autobiographical to some extent because the hero is born in the Middle West during the 1890s and becomes a chimney sweep, boxer, artist, and newspaperman before going off to the First World War. Davis did all these things himself, and his descrip-

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tions of chimney sweeping in particular have breathtaking authenticity. George, his hero, is a well-intentioned, directionless egotist who combines intelligence and naïveté to an almost unbelievable degree.

I am perfectly willing to believe in George as an abstract possibility. As a working character, he does not convince me at all. He has the look of something concocted, designed to represent a whole generation of Americans — knickerbockered idealists raised on Sunday school, prohibition, purity, and the works of Harold Bell Wright, and ultimately rather staggered by emancipation from these restraints. Other people have written novels about youths of this same time and type, and everything that happens to George proves to be very like what has happened to other Georges in other books by authors ranging from Booth Tarkington to Theodore Dreiser.

EGYPTIAN TREASURES

TUTANKHAMEN (New York Graphic Society, \$15.00) is such a handsome book, so thick with gold-splashed color plates, so richly heavy in the hand, that one instantly suspects the text will be airy burblings designed merely to fill up the space not occupied by the pictures, which include seventy-five color photographs of tomb furniture by F. L. Kenett. The idea is unjust. The illustrations are precisely that — visual evidence accompanying the prose of **CHRISTIANE DESROCHES-NOBLECOURT**, who is an archaeologist, an Egyptian specialist, and chief curator of the National Museums of France.

After describing the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb and disposing of the old nonsense about a curse falling on the discoverers, Mme. Desroches-Noblecourt embarks on the story of the Pharaoh's short rule and early death. Explaining the circumstances of Tutankhamen's reign requires an explanation of the reign that preceded it, that of the monotheistic, anticlerical Akhenaten. He in turn is inexplicable without some understanding of Egyptian religion and society as a whole, for Akhenaten belonged to a royal house that had previously shown an inclination to sun worship and a decided distaste for the power of the Theban priesthood.

Thanks to erratic records, Egypt-

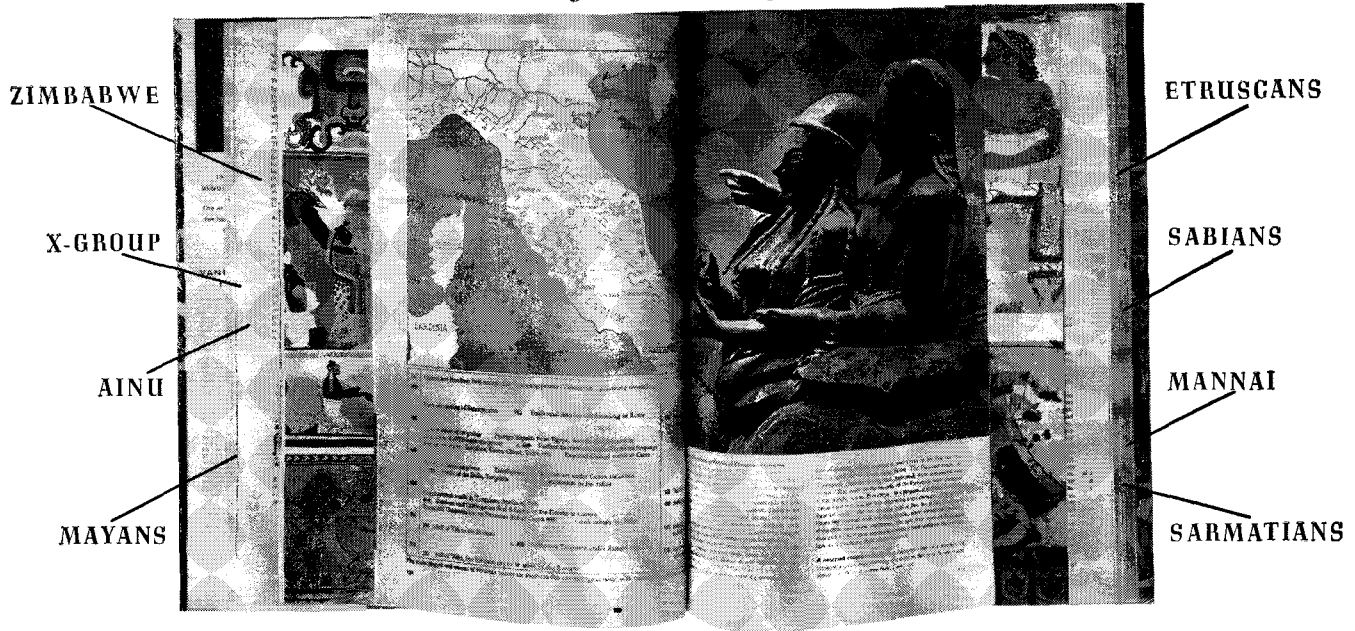
tian history is full of gaps. Even the relationships of members of the royal family are frequently inadequately described in the surviving writings, a state of things aggravated by the official practice of incest, which made it possible for a woman to be half sister and aunt to her own children. In sorting out the available information and arranging it into a coherent story, Mme. Desroches-Noblecourt has been forced to make some unprovable assumptions in order to proceed at all, but her guesswork is plausible and conscientiously identified as speculation. In addition to historical knowledge and a wide, affectionate acquaintance with modern Egypt, the author has a fine visual imagination. When she describes Tutankhamen's coronation, she has the courage and good sense to leave the pageant uncluttered by the scholarly reservations of "probably," "it seems likely," and "the Amarna tablets would seem to indicate—" She rolls it on in glorious Technicolor, and it makes delightful reading.

OUR CULTURAL IMPOVERISHMENT

NORMAN MAILER announces, in regard to **THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS** (Putnam, \$5.00), "This book has an existential grasp of the nature of reality, and it is the unspoken thesis of these pages that no President can save America from a descent into totalitarianism without shifting the mind of the American politician to existential styles of political thought." Since Mr. Mailer believes that President Kennedy has no imagination whatever, it follows that he cannot have the imagination to shift the mind of the American politician in any direction. *The Presidential Papers* proposes to compensate for this lack.

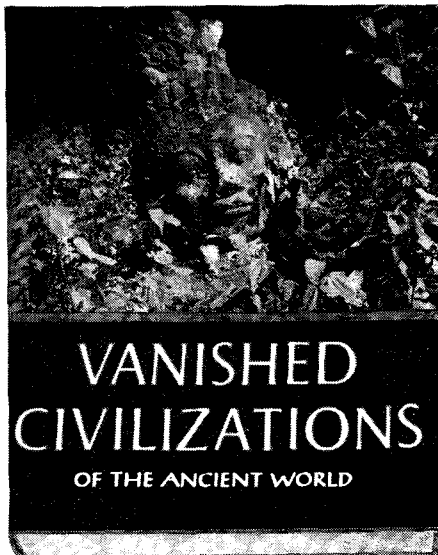
In this argument, Mr. Mailer has ignored a simple fact of politics. Any imagination a President, or would-be President, has, had better be kept strictly to himself. It is the business of a successful politician to appear to embody the imagination of the electorate. Mr. Mailer understands this perfectly well when he gets around to Hitler, discussing him as the embodiment of the worst elements of German fantasy. His concern over Mr. Kennedy's imagination appears to be an ex post facto notion, designed to give importance to a collection of magazine pieces,

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THE PERENNIAL PHILADELPHIANS by Nathaniel Burt. The Anatomy of an American Aristocracy. "A prize," says Cleveland Amory. *Illustrated.* \$10.50 to Dec. 31. \$12.50 thereafter

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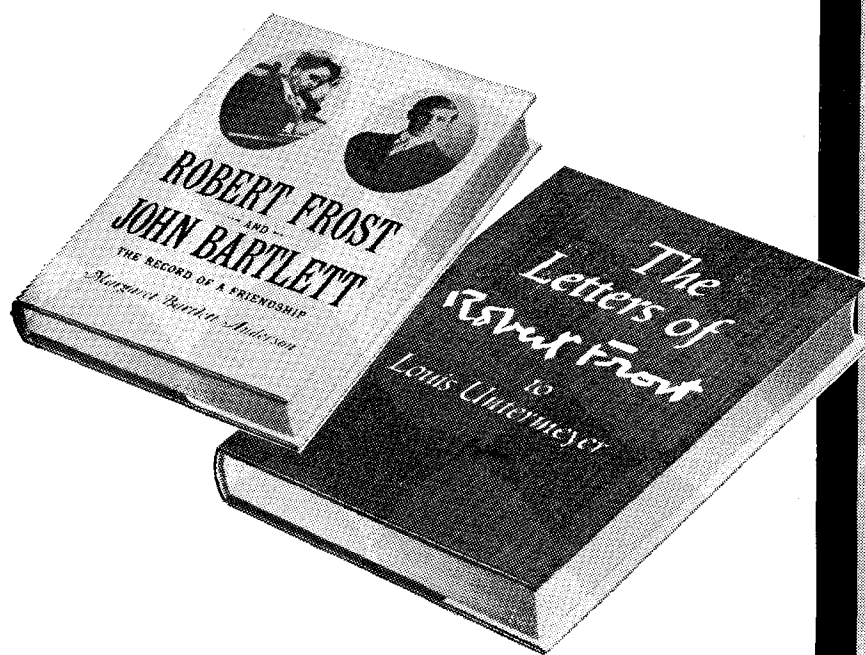
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some brilliant, some trivial, all essentially the oddments turned out by a novelist who is not writing a novel. The presidential angle portentously recalls the Beerbohm cartoon of "Walt Whitman, inciting the Bird of Freedom to soar."

EPIGRAMS

THE NEUROTIC'S NOTEBOOK (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50) is a collection of remarks by MIGNON McLAUGHLIN on everything from anxiety to vice. (I cannot find a topic under z.) They are short, precise, and funny, partly because they are coldly accurate about matters generally prettied up in public, and partly because of the unexpected juxtaposition of ideas that are, taken singly, quite ordinary and harmless.

"We climb mountains because they are there, and worship God because He is not."

"The neurotic always believes that his enemies are more sincere than his friends—and more sensible."

"We all have a pretty clear understanding of goodness, but it seldom applies to the situation we're in at the moment."

"Anything one man can do well, a good team can botch."

These epigrams go off like a string of firecrackers, getting noisier the longer they are in action. They resemble nothing except, remotely, Ambrose Bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary*, which defined longevity as "uncommon extension of the fear of death."

AZTEC CHRONICLE

In the late sixteenth century, FRAY DIEGO DURAN, a Dominican friar brought up in Mexico and presumably assigned to missionary work there, wrote a history of the country before the coming of Cortes. The manuscript lay about unpublished until the nineteenth century, when hardworking scholars got it more or less into print. A cut and edited version of this work has now been translated into English by Doris Heyden and Fernando Horcasitas and appears as **THE AZTECS** (Orion, \$12.50), for the friar's own title remains a bewilderment.

An introduction by Dr. Ignacio Bernal identifies Fray Diego, explains the history of his work, and discusses its probable sources.



Duran spoke Nahuatl fluently. It is very likely that he had access to Aztec history books, which Dr. Bernal believes were less rare in the friar's day than they have since become. Since Aztec writing was a kind of shorthand memory-jogger rather than a word-for-word text, an Indian expert was needed to interpret it. Such an expert presumably accounts for the long and disconcertingly elegant speeches attributed by Duran to the various heads of the Aztec state. Just how Duran got his entire chronicle into shape, Dr. Bernal can only conjecture, but that it was, and is, an extraordinary work is plain to the most casual reader.

The history begins in the fog of legend with a divinely led pilgrimage from somewhere in the north. It moves gradually into the clear light of reality and recounts a game of power politics and territorial aggrandizement, for a century before the coming of the Spaniards, that would have impressed Machiavelli himself. It also makes the Spanish conquest not less spectacular, but less improbable. The Aztecs had never learned to bribe their satellite allies with the equivalent of Roman citizenship, and the vast territory they controlled was largely populated by people who hated them.

Duran appears to have taken his text literally from Aztec chronicles, which protested innocence of aggression and complained of the ingratitude of Aztec subjects in a thoroughly familiar style. An occasional digression gives the viewpoint of a rival city, denouncing the Aztecs as wily, greedy, bloodthirsty thieves. Another type of digression is the friar's own opinion, which pops up now and then in irate asides about wanton murder and children of the devil.

In general, and not, according to Dr. Bernal, merely because of the cutting it has undergone, Duran's text sticks to the Aztec view of things with something close to sympathy. His official reason for recording the barbarous unchristian past was sound, if not generally admired by his clerical colleagues: he thought the Aztecs could not be truly converted until they had been truly understood through their own ideas about their history. His deeper reasons must have been a passionate interest in his subject and a sneaking admiration for his Indians. On the evidence of his book, they both deserved it.



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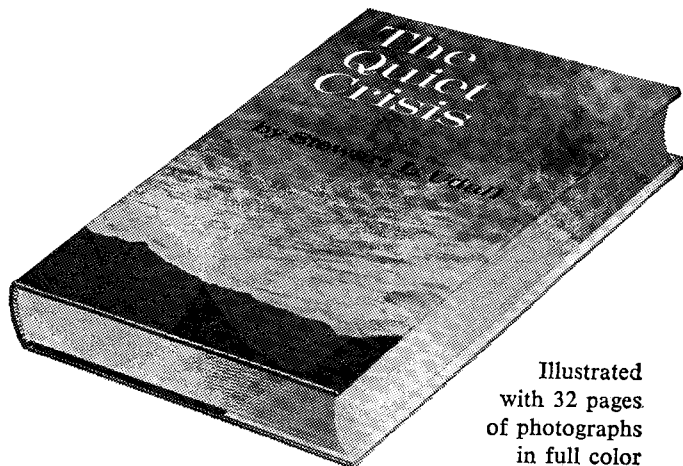
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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A Christmas List

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of seven juveniles, is Children's Book Editor for the San Francisco CHRONICLE.

The following books, chosen from the hundreds that burgeon from the presses at this season, are written with originality and imagination and illustrated with pictures that reflect the feeling of the text.

We begin with the alphabet books for the youngest readers and proceed chronologically, with selections from the various categories in each age group, to those for the early teenagers.

ABCEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ, written and illustrated by KARLA KUSKIN (Harper & Row), begins with ants nibbling plants, alternates activities of insects and small animals throughout, and finishes with zoos filled with gnus. A happy combination of precise pen-and-ink drawings washed with color and a humorous couplet for each alphabetical participant.

DR. SEUSS'S ABC BOOK (Random House). The twenty-six letters, big and little, bravely adapt themselves to Dr. Seuss's nonsense rhymes, alliterative word groups, comical pictures, and made-up words.

HAROLD'S ABC, written and illustrated by CROCKETT JOHNSON (Harper & Row), pictures pajama-clad Harold and his familiar purple crayon, with which he draws alphabet stepping-stones that provide him with a solid footing for his trip to the moon.

COWBOY'S SECRET LIFE, written and illustrated by JOAN WALSH ANGLUND (Harcourt, Brace & World). Moppets who enjoy their own peregrinations into special, private worlds will relish the magical adventures of this brave cowboy who can quell fierce dragons with a glance, command a ship in a raging storm, or transport himself effortlessly to Eskimoland or outer space. Real and imaginary exploits charmingly defined by the author-artist.

DORCAS PORKUS, written and illustrated by TASHA TUDOR (Walck),

is an ingratiating tale, with pictures to match, that tells about the troubles of Sylvie Ann when she decided to give her pig a bath on the day her mother was having a quilting party.

A TRAIN TO SPAIN, written and illustrated by WADE RAY (Knopf). A complete panorama of gay pictures tells, along with the simple text, just how a determined group of people in southern France get to a fiesta in Spain to which they have been invited.

PARIS IN THE RAIN WITH JEAN AND JACQUELINE by THEA BERGERE, pictures by Richard Bergere (McGraw-Hill). Protected by a huge umbrella, two French children wander the slick, cobbled streets, peek into sidewalk cafés, sail boats in the overflowing gutters, pause to watch the tugs and barges on the Seine, and enjoy many other adventures before popping into bed to listen to the raindrops drumming on the roof. Watercolor scenes in misty purple with an occasional splash of red.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT'S DRAGON, written and illustrated by DENISE and ALAIN TREZ (World). Unimpressed by tales of his father's brave deeds of chivalry, Little Knight simply continued to play marbles quite happily. Then he heard that a beautiful princess was held captive by a fierce dragon, and off he galloped in shining armor, not forgetting his marbles, which came in very handy. Comic pictures in full color.

MRS. POPOVER GOES TO THE ZOO by DALE EVERSON, pictures by Janet McCaffery (Morrow). Plump Mrs. Popover, generous with cakes and cookies, had a serious fault that the neighborhood children tried to overlook. The day she took twenty-four of them to the zoo, however, it was almost her undoing. A jolly counting story, with a marvelous sequence of pictures in rainbow colors.

JUST BEYOND PRIMERS

THE GOLDEN FROG by ANICO SURANY, illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher (Putnam). An Indian boy living on a remote island in the San Blas group discovers a shining relic of another civilization while pursuing his dog into the thick, tropical jungle. A fresh locale, good adventure, and an altogether charming tale, with illustrations in brilliant color, inspired by textiles woven by Panamanian Indians.

LOOKING FOR ALEXANDER by DAVID CORNEL DEJONG, illustrated by Harvey Weiss (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is an enjoyable sequel to *The Happy Birthday Egg*. In this story David's cat, Alexander, climbs to the top of a flagpole to escape a pack of dogs and then is afraid to come down. All methods of persuasion fail until David thinks of an idea that really works. Good reading fun, large type, and witty illustration.

ROLLING ROUND, written and illustrated by ROLF MYLLER (Atheneum). When Hildegard, the king's horse, developed a temperature and was too sick to carry the king to remote towns in the kingdom, other means of transportation had to be found immediately. Thus begins the amusing saga of how not only the king's problem was solved but that of the rest of the world as well by the invention of the wheel. Wonderful spot drawings throughout show the progress of various forms of locomotion up to the present.

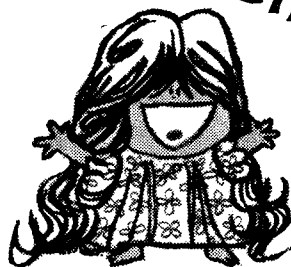
THE WITCHES OF VENICE, written and illustrated by BENI MONTRESOR (Knopf). A merry, rosy-cheeked little boy and a beautiful little girl, both rejected flower-plant children, outwit the King of Venice and the Witches of the Grand Canal in this delightful new fairy tale, which does not neglect traditional rules but injects a seasoning of the modern. The illustrations are some of the best this talented artist has yet done.

A WHITE HERON by SARAH ORNE JEWETT, illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Crowell). Small Sylvia, living with her grandmother on a lonely farm in Maine, made friends with animals and birds in the swamps and woods and was quite happy until a hunter, intent on finding the rare white heron, disturbed the tranquillity of her days. Sensing that Sylvia could help him but never would, the disappointed hunter is forced to leave. Pictures like Japanese prints interpret the quiet beauty of this gentle story.

BURT DOW: DEEP-WATER MAN, written and illustrated by ROBERT McCLOSKEY (Viking). The comic adventure of an old Maine fisherman, who puts to sea in a leaky dory accompanied by his giggling pet gull and who almost meets disaster in the belly of a huge whale. New England know-how gets him out of that situation and others during a stormy day when he barely manages to get home. The spectacular part of this

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What Jim Knew

By MARY ANN HOBERMAN. Illustrated by Norman Hoberman. Exuberant verse and funny pictures about familiar beliefs of a five-year-old: such as, if you dig deep enough you will come out in China; if you jump high enough you can ride on a cloud. 4 up. \$2.75

*Looking for Alexander

By DAVID CORNEL DEJONG. Illustrated by Harvey Weiss. David rescues his cat Alexander with the help of his familiar umbrella. "A gay and suspenseful little adventure for younger readers and pre-school listeners."—*The Horn Book*. 6-8. \$3.00

Little Hawaiian Horse

By WILMA PITCHFORD HAYS. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. Adventure on a ranch in Hawaii in a fine spellbinder for first and second readers. 6-8. \$2.50

Snug in the Snow

By ELIZABETH LOW. Illustrated by Ronnie Solbert. Helping the animals prepare for winter nearly leaves Jamie unprepared for his first snowstorm. 6-8. \$2.95

*What Does a Barometer Do?

By WILLIAM COURTNEY. Illustrated by Leonard Darwin. All about barometers in a book of basic information like Corbett's *What Makes a Car Go?* 7-9. \$2.75

Fins and Tails

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The Adventures of Isabel

By OGDEN NASH. Illustrated by Walter Lorraine. ". . . bold, broad crayon strokes in scarlet and purple embellish Isabel, the bugaboo chaser."—*Book Week*. 7 up. \$2.75

Sink It, Rusty

By MATT CHRISTOPHER. Illustrated by Foster Caddell. An exciting basketball story from a skillful and popular author. 7-10. \$2.95

Miranda and the Cat

By LINELL SMITH. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. "The tale of an alley cat and of Miranda, who loved cats but could not make friends with this one."—*Saturday Review*. 7-11. \$2.75

Land in the Sun

The Story of West Africa

By RUSSELL DAVIS and BRENT ASHABRANNER. Illustrated in color by Robert William Hinds. "Highly informative . . . hearteningly readable."—*The Horn Book*. "Highly recommended."—*Liberty Journal*. 8 up. \$4.50

*By the Great Horn Spoon!

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*Farm Dog

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The Battle of New Market

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*The Black Joke

By FARLEY MOWAT. Illustrated by Victor Mays. A rousing sea story of modern pirates. "Recommended highly for boys."—*Library Journal*. 12 up. \$3.75

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THE NEUROTIC'S NOTEBOOK

by Mignon McLaughlin

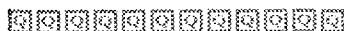
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THE MIDDLE YEARS

WILDFIRE by EVANS G. VALENS, JR., pictures by Clement Hurd (World). Author and artist with their combined talents vividly describe a forest fire which, starting from a tiny ember fanned by a slight breeze, sweeps through the woods, driving animals and birds before it and leaving charred ruins in its wake.

THE BEAST WITH THE MAGICAL HORN by ELEANOR CAMERON, illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Mrs. Cameron, well known for her *Mushroom Planet* stories, has directed her versatile imagination to writing a charming fairy story. Pictures in color and black and white.

THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE by JOAN AIKEN, illustrated by Pat Marriott (Doubleday). This spell-binder is set in a country house in nineteenth-century England and tells of spine-chilling and at the same time funny situations that arise when two girls are left to the tender mercies of a wicked governess named Miss Slightcarp, whom they eventually outwit.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON by EDMUND SPENSER, adapted by Sándor Stoddard Warburg, illustrated by Pauline Baynes (Houghton Mifflin). Taken from the first book of the *Faerie Queene*, the legend of the Redcross Knight is translated from archaic English, at first simplified, then gradually made more like the original, until the last canto, which becomes pure Spenser. Those who might resist the poem in its original form will find this version pleasurable reading that could open the way for further delving into the poet's work. A handsome example of typographical design with delicate line drawings throughout.

BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON! by SID FLEISCHMAN, illustrated by Eric von Schmidt (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Jack Flagg and Praiseworthy, his young aunt's butler, sought to recoup the family's lost fortune by taking ship from Boston to California during the gold rush. Never dismayed, these bold adventurers cut villains down to size, made and lost fortunes, and invariably turned hopeless situations into triumphs. Ten- to twelve-year-olds will chuckle over

the humorous dialogue and inadvertently get a bit of history from the authentic background.

TIME AT THE TOP by EDWARD ORMONDROYD, illustrated by Peggy Bach (Parnassus). Susan was terribly cross and fidgety when she took the creaky old elevator to the top, and no wonder, what with disappointments at home and at school. What took place from the time the elevator deposited her is a highly original tale of fantasy and realism, its segments dovetailed so neatly that the reader is unaware of where one ends and the other begins. A book not to miss, beautifully illustrated with black-and-white drawings, which are as much a part of the story as Tenniel's are of *Alice*.

YOUNG MAN FROM THE PIEDMONT by LEONARD WIBBERLEY (Ariel) is the first volume of a projected three-volume series about the life of Thomas Jefferson. This first book begins with Jefferson's birth in 1743 and closes with his signing the Declaration of Independence in 1776. In between, the reader learns of his life at home and at school and how his activities related to the political, social, and intellectual times just prior to the American Revolution.

GUNS IN THE HEATHER by LOCKHART AMERMAN (Harcourt, Brace & World). Son of an American secret agent, Jonathan Flower, who attends school near Edinburgh, receives a telegram ostensibly from his father instructing him to meet a certain Mr. Finch, who turns out to be one of an enemy gang intent upon doing away with Flower senior. Thus begins a chase that leads father and son all over Scotland, in and out of harrowing situations, until the villains get their just due. Many literary allusions, witty dialogue, and a fine background of bleak moors, boiling waterfalls, and threatening skies, all of which are eminently suitable to the story.

SISTER OF THE BRIDE by BEVERLY CLEARY, illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (Morrow). Everyone in the family approached the impending wedding of eighteen-year-old Rosemary from a different viewpoint. The future bride was completely practical; Grandma thought of heirloom veils and gowns; Mother and Dad struggled to keep the affair within a certain budget; but sister Barbara, still in high school, enveloped herself in a rosy romantic dream, a dream that did not seem

nearly so important once the wedding was over.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

HOW MRS. SANTA CLAUS SAVED CHRISTMAS by **PHYLLIS MCGINLEY**, illustrated by Kurt Werth (Lippincott). At first, Santa would have none of Mrs. Claus's ideas for a new kind of Christmas, and putting them out of his mind, fell asleep. Mrs. Claus went straight to work, and when Santa woke up, he was as pleased as she with the new plan. Jolly pictures in red and green augment this gay story in verse.

MR. WILLOWBY'S CHRISTMAS TREE, written and illustrated by **ROBERT BARRY** (McGraw-Hill). Faced with a tree so huge that it could not be brought into the house, Mr. Willowby solved the problem neatly, and as a result all the little forest animals were able to share in his Christmas celebration. Appealing verse and spirited pictures.

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA, illustrated by **ADRIENNE ADAMS** (Scribner's). Glowing watercolors illustrate each stage of the seventeenth-century Provençal carol as it is interpreted by French children and their parents on Christmas Eve, and has been for the past three centuries.

THE SHEPHERD'S REWARD by **LEONARD WIBBERLEY**, illustrated by Thomas Fisher (Washburn). An unusual, reverent version of the Nativity scene told in verse with pen-and-ink illustrations.

THE LAMB AND THE CHILD by **DEAN FRYE**, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (McGraw-Hill). This story is based on *The Second Shepherd's Play* from the fifteenth-century Wakefield cycle, in which the thieving Mak outwits the honest shepherds while they sleep. This version, played in the English villages for centuries, has lovely realistic touches of humor in text and pictures.

THE FOREVER CHRISTMAS TREE by **YOSHIKO UCHIDA**, illustrated by Kazue Mizumura (Scribner's). When Takashi, living in a remote Japanese village, heard how Christmas was celebrated in other parts of the world, with trees laden with ornaments and lights, he longed for a Christmas tree of his own. The story tells how he found and decorated a special tree, thereby making the whole village, and particularly a lonely old neighbor, very happy.

MARK VAN DOREN



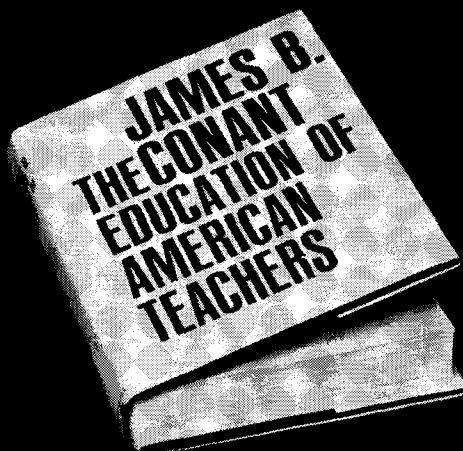
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H. L. MENCKEN'S *THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE* (Knopf, \$12.95), which went through sundry revisions and additions during the author's later years, has been converted into a one-volume abridged edition by Raven I. McDavid, Jr. Professor McDavid has inserted a little new material and has added some notes. Since nothing but mayhem and massacre could destroy the interest of the study, a pioneer in the field, or dent Mencken's gingery style, the editor's discreet meddling does no harm at all. If Mencken must be abridged, this is the way to do it.

LETTERS OF THE GREAT ARTISTS (Random House, \$12.95) is an obvious gift book — two volumes, boxed, edited by Richard Friedenthal, and offering extracts from the correspondence of everyone who wielded brush, chisel, and pen from Ghiberti to Jackson Pollock. There are a great many pictures, not top-drawer as to color, but very well chosen to illustrate what the letter writers were doing and how. There is no pattern to the arrangement of material, except the chronological, but the letters do reveal that not all artists are good correspondents, and they also suggest that the independence of artists in general (the very great men, of course, had always been independent) dates from the seventeenth century.

DIARY OF A GERMAN SOLDIER (Coward-McCann, \$4.50) was kept by a dutiful Nazi named WILHELM PRÜLLER, who fought earnestly until he was wounded and then hoped for victory until the grim tag end of the war. Prüller was prissy, humorless, and unimaginative — the sort of loyal dog who could write: "We shall not lay down our arms until the Yugoslav Government in its present state is crushed; until that destructive herd, who set off the greatest blood bath of all times — the first World War — is 'taken care of'" and mean every word of it. He sounds like something out of an uplifting Victorian book for boys. This dreary fellow was undoubtedly a good soldier, prompt, obedient, and uncomplaining, but since there is no guarantee that the German Army

functioned primarily on men of this type, one cannot be certain that anything is to be gained by putting up with Prüller's company for 186 pages.

The *NONESUCH BIBLE* (Random House, \$45.00) reproduces the King James text, unmodernized and unmonkeyed with, in three volumes — two for the Old Testament, one for the New. The books are a good shape, of manageable size, with type that contrives to look antique while remaining splendidly readable.

WILLY LEY subtitles his *WATCHERS OF THE SKIES* (Viking, \$7.50) "An Informal History of Astronomy from Babylon to the Space Age," and this description is so accurate that further comment is hardly necessary. Professor Ley writes simply, briskly, and with authority. He assumes that the reader knows a little something of astronomical procedures, which he does not always bother to explain, and nothing at all of Greek gods, for whom he always accounts in detail.

The Venezuelan writer ARTURO USLAR PIETRI has also been a diplomat, a government administrator, and a teacher. His novel *THE RED LANCES* (Knopf, \$4.95) concerns the War of Independence of 1811 in Venezuela, but it is designed to represent this war, and similar wars, at any time in any country. The action shifts rapidly from place to place and person to person, explanations are omitted, continuity is vague. One sees a world fall apart and another world growing like a stalagmite from the pieces. The technique suggests, in fact, cinema and is powerful if sometimes confusing in its effects.

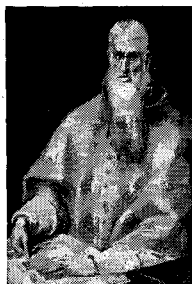
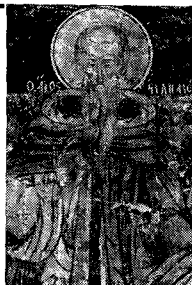
THE LORE OF SHIPS (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$23.95) is beautifully made, presenting the history of ship design through plans and diagrams, with a minimum of text. The book has been put together through the cooperation of nautical experts from half a dozen countries, under the generalship (pardon, admiralship) of Tre Tryckare, and printed in Sweden. It is a fine thing for a really abandoned ship buff.

EROTIC POETRY (Random House, \$8.95) is a stout, bustling sort of anthology, edited by William Cole, whose taste runs to comedy and satire as well as the more usual aspects of love poetry. He includes a large number of modern poems, most of them very good indeed.

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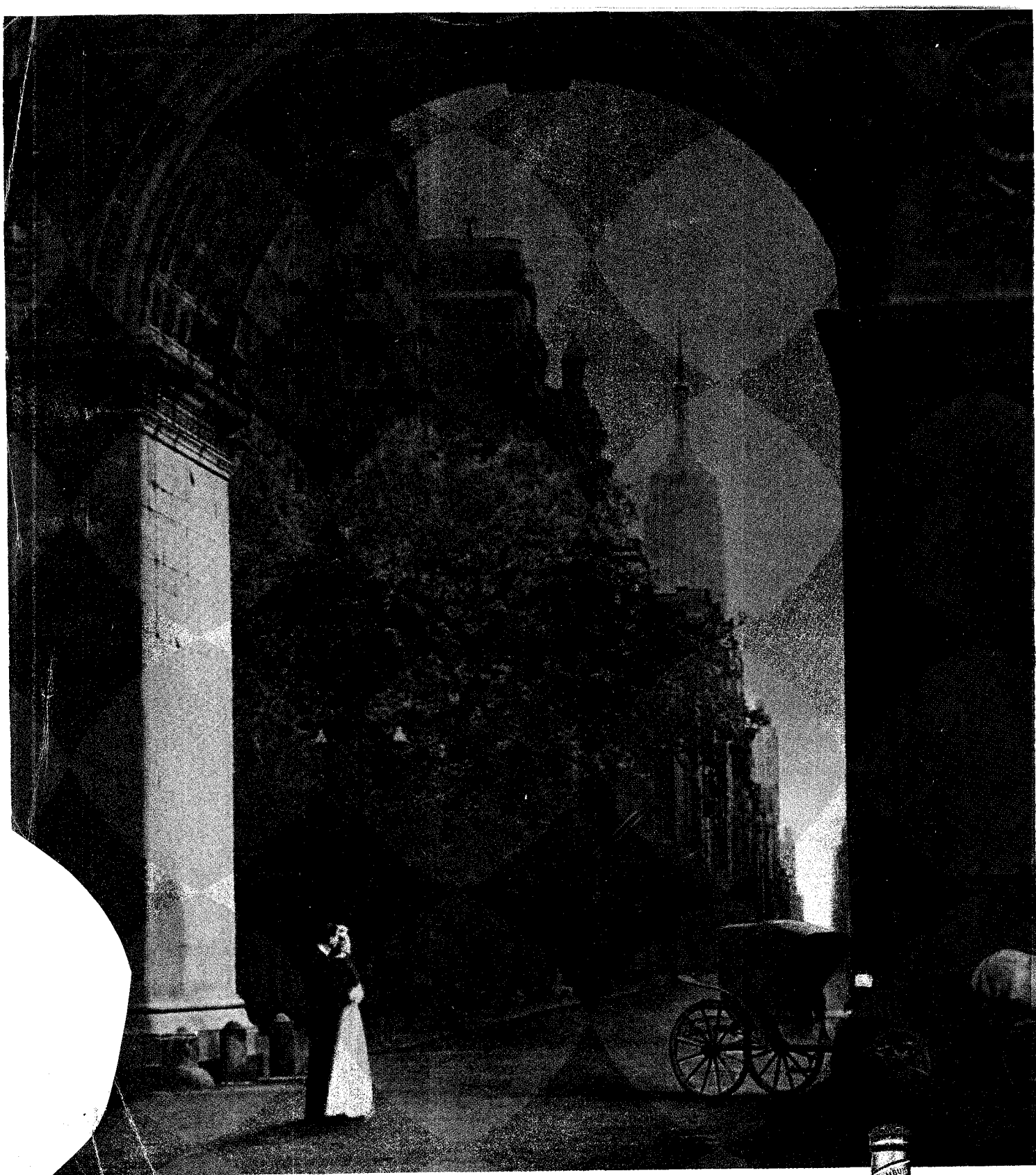
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